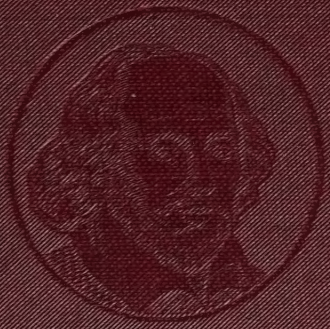

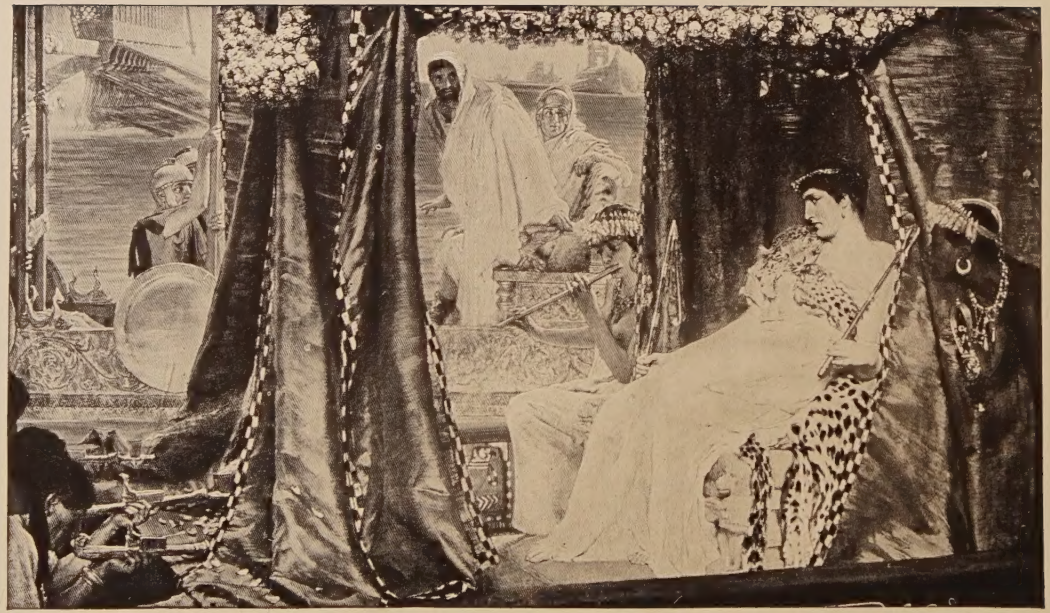

Antony and Cleopatra on the Cydnus

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA *Act* II *Scene* 2

Edition De Luxe

THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Volume Nine

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
HENRY VI. PART I
HENRY VI. PART II
HENRY VI. PART III

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Antony and Cleopatra

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Preface.

The First Edition. *Antony and Cleopatra* was first printed in the First Folio. It is mentioned among the plays entered by Blount in 1623 on the Stationers' Registers as "not formerly entered to other men." A play on the same subject was registered by the same publisher on May 20th, 1608; it was probably the present drama, but for some reason or other no Quarto was issued.

The text of the play, as printed in the First Folio, was probably derived from a carefully written manuscript copy, and is on the whole most satisfactory.

The Date of Composition. There is almost unanimity among scholars in assigning *Antony and Cleopatra* to 1607-8, *i.e.* during the year preceding the entry referred to above. This date is corroborated by internal and external evidence. Particularly striking are the results arrived at from the application of the metrical tests. In *Antony and Cleopatra* the Poet seems for the first time to have allowed himself the freedom of using the unemphatic weak monosyllables at the end of his lines—a characteristic peculiar to the plays of the Fourth Period.* The rhyme test and the feminine ending test similarly stamp the play as belonging to the same late period.† So far as "date" of composition is concerned, *Antony and*

* *Antony and Cleopatra* numbers 28 "weak endings"; Coriolanus 44, Cymbeline 52, Winter's Tale 43, Tempest 25, while Macbeth contains but 2 instances, Hamlet none; no play before *Antony* has more than 2; most of them have none at all.

† *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus* have each 42 rhymes.

Cleopatra links itself, therefore, with *Coriolanus* rather than with *Julius Cæsar,* with *Macbeth* rather than with *Hamlet.* The same is true of its "ethical" relations to these plays.*

Macbeth III. i. 54-57 should be compared with *Antony and Cleopatra,* II. iii. 19-22; *Cymbeline,* II. iv. 69-73 with Act II. ii. 189-221; while the subject of *Timon* was in all probability suggested to the dramatist in reading for the present play (*vide* Preface to *Timon*).

The Source of the Plot. *Antony and Cleopatra* was directly derived from Sir Thomas North's famous version of Plutarch's "*Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans,*" the book to which Shakespeare was indebted also for his *Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar,* and, to some extent, for *Timon of Athens* (*vide* Prefaces to these plays for Shakespeare's obligations to Plutarch). In the present play the dramatist follows the historian closely, but not to the same extent as in the former productions;† the glamour of the play is all the Poet's; the prose Life does not dazzle the reader; the facts of Cleopatra's history are those Shakespeare found in his original; the superb portraiture of the "enchanting queen" is among the great triumphs of the Poet's matured genius; "he paints her," wrote Campbell, "as if the gipsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil."

Plays on the Subject of "Antony and Cleopatra." Cleopatra has been among the most popular of subjects

* The spiritual material dealt with by Shakespeare's imagination in the play of *Julius Cæsar* lay wide apart from that which forms the centre of the *Antony and Cleopatra.* Therefore the Poet was not carried directly forward from one to the other. But having in *Macbeth* studied the ruin of a nature which gave fair promise in men's eyes of greatness and nobility, Shakespeare, it may be, proceeded directly to a similar study in the case of Antony.

† A detailed analysis of the relation of *Antony and Cleopatra* to Plutarch's "*Life of Antony*" is to be found in Vol. XXI. of the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch,* contributed by Dr. Fritz Adler.

for the modern drama, and some thirty plays are extant, in Latin, French, Italian, and English, dealing with her fascinating story; the French dramatists contribute no less than sixteen items to the catalogue, starting with the *Cleopatra* of Jodelle, the first regular French tragedy. Two English productions preceded Shakespeare's play, Lady Pembroke's *Antonie,* translated from Garnier, and Daniel's companion drama *Cleopatra* (1594) called forth by the former:—

> *" thy well-graced Anthony*
> *(Who all alone remained long)*
> *Required his Cleopatra's company."*

Dryden's " All for Love." Dryden's *"All for Love; or, The World Well Lost,"* " written in imitation of Shakespeare's style " (pub. 1678, 1692, 1703, 1709) was its author's favourite production,—" the only play he wrote for himself "; its popularity was great; and the older critics were fond of praising its regularity and poetic harmony, though they generously recognized that it fell short of its first model in fire and originality (*cf.* Baker's *Bibliographia Dramatica*). It held the stage for a century, and has in all probability been acted ten times oftener than Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra.* Campbell evidenced this fact as a proof of England's neglect of Shakespeare, as a disgrace to British taste. " Dryden's *Marc Antony* is a weak voluptuary from first to last. . . . A queen, a siren, a Shakespeare's Cleopatra alone could have entangled Shakespeare's Antony, while an ordinary wanton could have enslaved Dryden's hero."

Duration of Action. The Time of the Play, as represented on the stage, covers twelve days, with intervals:— *Day* 1, Act I. Sc. i.-iv. *Interval of twenty days. Day* 2, Act I. Sc. v.; Act II. Sc. i.-iii. *Day* 3, Act II. Sc. iv. *Interval. Day* 4, Act II. Sc. v.-vii. [Act III. Sc. iii.] Interval (?). *Day* 5, Act III. Sc. i. and ii. *Interval. Day* 6, Act III. Sc. iv. and v. *Interval. Day* 7, Act III.

Sc. vi. *Day* 8, Act III. Sc. vii. *Day* 9, Act III. Sc. viii.-x. *Interval.* *Day* 10, Act III. Sc. xi.-xiii.; Act IV. Sc. i.-iii. *Day* 11, Act IV. Sc. iv.-ix. *Day* 12, Act IV. Sc. x.-xv.; Act V. Sc. i. and ii. (*cp. Trans. New Shak. Soc.*, 1877-79).

The historic period embraces as many years as there are days in the play, stretching from about B.C. 42 to 30; that is, from the events immediately following the deaths of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi to the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra in Egypt.

"The gorgeous East, with liberal hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. After the defeat of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, the Roman Empire had been divided among the triumvirs, Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus. Antony having summoned a vassal of his Eastern dominions—Cleopatra, queen of Egypt—to answer for her conduct in aiding Brutus and Cassius, is himself taken captive by her charms. He goes with her to Alexandria, where they give themselves over to the voluptuous life of her court. A messenger arrives to inform Antony of the death of his deserted wife Fulvia. Another messenger brings him word of an attack upon Italy by the maritime forces of Sextus Pompeius. Antony shakes off his amorous chains and hastens back to the seat of the empire.

II. Antony reaches Rome just in time to patch up serious differences with the other two triumvirs, to whom he explains the attack upon Italy as merely a feint on the part of his late wife Fulvia to recall him from Egypt. He renews alliance with the other triumvirs by marrying Octavia, the sister of Octavius. A treaty of peace is made between the triumvirate and Pompey.

III. Octavia, instead of serving as a bond to the friendship of Octavius and Antony, becomes a knot to strangle it; for Octavius soon breaks his peace with Pompey, defeats him in battle, and presently seizes Lepidus, whom he holds in prison. None now remains between Octavius and absolute dominion save Antony, who might have proved a strong rival had not the enticements of

Cleopatra lured him once more over sea, while his wife is on a mission of peace to Octavius, who, no doubt, is incensed because of the treatment his sister has received, but is also glad to have this pretext for attacking Antony. The hostile fleets engage near Actium, where the defection of Cleopatra's admiral gives the victory to Octavius. Antony seeks to make terms with the victor, and being unsuccessful, hurls defiance at him.

IV. The forces now encounter upon land, and Antony wins the first day's fight. But on the second day the Egyptian admiral yields Antony's fleet to the foe, and the desertion of other of Antony's forces leaves him defeated, disheartened, and dishonoured. In a stormy scene he upbraids Cleopatra with treachery, and soon after falls upon his sword. He dies in her presence, begging to lay his last kiss upon her lips.

V. Cleopatra, who, despite her duplicity, has been passionately engrossed with Antony and his fortunes, determines to follow him to speedy death. Her purpose is strengthened by the fact that Octavius makes her a hostage of war, and reserves her to grace his triumph. She flees to a monument, and there perishes by the bite of an asp secretly brought to her in a basket of figs.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Antony.

The tragic interest evidently centres not in Cleopatra, but in the victim of her "strong toil of grace." In tracing the operation of her spell upon Antony, Shakespeare on the whole follows Plutarch's facts as far as they go; but he interprets and expands them in the light of his own finer psychology and humaner ethics. Some coarser and duller touches in both characters he effaces. The hoyden disappears in her; the vulgar debauchee, the sour misanthrope, and the gull, in him. In her most wilful and wan-

ton moods she is still the queen; and Antony, revelling or raging, blindly rushing on his fate or desperately succumbing to it, is still the great-hearted man of genius. His subjection to Cleopatra is even more absolute in proportion as it acts through subtler and more complicated sources of attraction. It is just as fatal to his judgement and, for a moment, to his instinct of military honour. His fatuous decision to "fight at sea," and his unmanly flight in the train of Cleopatra and her fugitive galleys, seal his fate as surely in the play as in the history; and Shakespeare exposes them, through the mouth of Enobarbus, as incisively as Plutarch. But for Plutarch the whole relation of Antony to Cleopatra, and indeed of lovers in general, is typified in this fatuous oblivion of his better self. . . . Antony's doings in the Parthian wars are wholly omitted; his long sojourn in Rome becomes a brief visit. Of his two wives, Fulvia is only heard of as a troublesome thorn in his flesh, and Octavia's "holy, cold, and still conversation" is denuded of charm for us as for Antony. He has an exquisite phrase for her stillness, as for everything else; but his marriage is purely diplomatic, even nominal, and it hardly needed the shrewdness of Enobarbus to foresee that "the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity." HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

III.

Cleopatra.

I have not the slightest doubt that Shakspeare's Cleopatra is the real historical Cleopatra—the "Rare Egyptian"—individualized and placed before us. Her mental accomplishments, her unequalled grace, her woman's wit and woman's wiles, her irresistible allurements, her starts of irregular grandeur, her bursts of ungovernable temper, her vivacity of imagination, her petulant caprice, her fickleness and her falsehood, her tenderness and her truth,

her childish susceptibility to flattery, her magnificent spirit, her royal pride, the gorgeous Eastern colouring of the character; all these contradictory elements has Shakspeare seized, mingled them in their extremes, and fused them into one brilliant impersonation of classified elegance, Oriental voluptuousness, and gypsy sorcery.

What better proof can we have of the individual truth of the character than the admission that Shakspeare's Cleopatra produces exactly the same effect on us that is recorded of the real Cleopatra? She dazzles our faculties, perplexes our judgement, bewilders and bewitches our fancy; from the beginning to the end of the drama, we are conscious of a kind of fascination against which our moral sense rebels, but from which there is no escape. The epithets applied to her perpetually by Antony and others confirm this impression: "enchanting queen!"—"witch"—"spell"—"great fairy"—"cockatrice"—"serpent of old Nile"—"thou grave charm!" are only a few of them; and who does not know by heart the famous quotations in which this Egyptian Circe is described with all her infinite seductions? . . .

To these traits we must add, that with all her violence, perverseness, egotism, and caprice, Cleopatra mingled a capability for warm affections and kindly feeling, or rather what we should call, in these days, a constitutional *good-nature*; and was lavishly generous to her favourites and dependents. These characteristics we find scattered through the play; they are not only faithfully rendered by Shakspeare, but he has made the finest use of them in his delineation of manners. Hence the occasional freedom of her women and her attendants, in the midst of their fears and flatteries, becomes most natural and consistent: hence, too, their devoted attachment and fidelity, proved even in death. But as illustrative of Cleopatra's disposition, perhaps the finest and most characteristic scene in the whole play is that in which the messenger arrives from Rome with the tidings of Antony's marriage with Octavia. She perceives at once with quickness that

all is not well, and she hastens to anticipate the worst, that she may have the pleasure of being disappointed. Her impatience to know what she fears to learn, the vivacity with which she gradually works herself up into a state of excitement, and at length into fury, is wrought out with a force of truth which makes us recoil. . . . The pride and arrogance of the Egyptian queen, the blandishment of the woman, the unexpected but natural transitions of temper and feeling, the contest of various passions, and at length—when the wild hurricane has spent its fury—the melting into tears, faintness, and languishment, are portrayed with the most astonishing power, and truth, and skill in feminine nature. More wonderful still is the splendour and force of colouring which is shed over this extraordinary scene. The mere idea of an angry woman beating her menial, presents something ridiculous or disgusting to the mind; in a queen or a tragedy heroine it is still more indecorous; yet this scene is as far as possible from the vulgar or the comic. . . .

Shakspeare has shown profound judgement and feeling in adhering closely to the classical authorities; and to say that the language and sentiments worthily fill up the outline is the most magnificent praise that can be given. The magical play of fancy and the overpowering fascination of the character are kept up to the last: and when Cleopatra, on applying the asp, silences the lamentations of her women—

> Peace! peace!
> Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
> That sucks the nurse to sleep?—

these few words—the contrast between the tender beauty of the image and the horror of the situation—produce an effect more intensely mournful than all the ranting in the world. The generous devotion of her women adds the moral charm which alone was wanting: and when Octavius hurries in too late to save his victim, and exclaims, when gazing on her,—

> She looks like sleep—
> As she would catch another Antony
> in her strong toil of grace,—

the image of her beauty and her irresistible arts, triumphant even in death, is at once brought before us, and one masterly and comprehensive stroke consummates this most wonderful, most dazzling delineation.

I am not here the apologist of Cleopatra's historical character, nor of such women as resemble her: I am considering her merely as a dramatic portrait of astonishing beauty, spirit, and originality. She has furnished the subject of two Latin, sixteen French, six English, and at least four Italian tragedies; yet Shakspeare alone has availed himself of all the interest of the story, without falsifying the character. He alone has dared to exhibit the Egyptian queen with all her greatness and all her littleness—all her frailties of temper—all her paltry arts and dissolute passions—yet preserved the dramatic propriety and poetical colouring of the character, and awakened our pity for fallen grandeur, without once beguiling us into sympathy with guilt and error.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

Pascal says in his *Pensées*: "Si le nez de Cléopâtre eût été plus court, toute la face de la terre aurait changé." But her nose was, as the old coins show us, exactly what it ought to have been; and in Shakespeare we feel that she is not only beauty itself, but charm, except in one single scene, where the news of Antony's marriage throws her into a paroxysm of unbeautiful rage. Her charm is of the sense-intoxicating kind, and she has, by study and art, developed those powers of attraction which she possessed from the outset, till she has become inexhaustible in inventiveness and variety. She is the woman who has passed from hand to hand, from her husband and brother to Pompey, from Pompey to the great Cæsar, from Cæsar to countless others. She is the courtesan by temperament,

but none the less does she possess the genius for a single, undivided love. She, like Antony, is complex, and being a woman, she is more so than he. *Vir duplex, femina triplex.*

From the beginning and almost to the end of the tragedy she plays the part of the great coquette. What she says and does is for long only the outcome of the coquette's desire and power to captivate by incalculable caprices. She asks where Antony is, and sends for him (I. ii.). He comes. She exclaims: "We will not look upon him," and goes. Presently his absence irks her, and again she sends a messenger to remind him of her and keep him in play (I. iii.):—

> "If you find him sad,
> Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
> That I am sudden sick . . ."

He learns of his wife's death. She would have been beside herself if he had shown grief, but he speaks with coldness of the loss, and she attacks him because of this:—

> "Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
> With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
> In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be."

This incalculability, this capriciousness of hers extends to the smallest matters. She invites Mardian to play a game of billiards with her (an amusing anachronism), and, finding him ready, she turns him off with: "I'll none now."

But all this mutability does not exclude in her the most real, most passionate love for Antony. The best proof of its strength is the way in which she speaks of him when he is absent. Nor is it irony when Enobarbus, in reply to Antony's complaint (I. ii.), "She is cunning past man's thought," makes answer, "Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love." This is literally true—only that the love is not pure in the

sense of being sublimated or unegoistic, but in the sense of being quintessential erotic emotion, chemically free from all the other elements usually combined with it.

And outward circumstances harmonize with the character and vehemence of this passion. He lays the kingdoms of the East at her feet; with reckless prodigality, she lavishes the wealth of Africa on the festivals she holds in his honour.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IV.

Octavia.

Octavia has furnishings enough for the heroine of a great tragedy; but she is not fitted to shine in the same sphere with Cleopatra, as her mild, steady, serene light would needs be paralyzed by the meteoric showers of the Egyptian enchantress. The Poet has not done justice to her sweet and solid qualities, and indeed, from the nature of the case, the more justice they had received, the more had they suffered by contrast with the perilous brilliancy of her rival. Yet he shows that he fully knew and felt her beauty and elevation of character, by the impression others take of her. Her behaviour is always most dignified, discreet, and womanly; while her "holy, cold, and still conversation," the dreaded chastisements of her sober eye, her patience, modesty, and silent austerity of reproof, as these are reflected from the thoughts of those who have given themselves most cause to wish her other than she is, gain her something better than our admiration. The Poet's good judgement in never bringing her and Cleopatra together is deservedly celebrated.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

I do not understand the observation of a late critic [Hazlitt] that in this play "Octavia is only a dull foil to

Cleopatra ... Cleopatra requires no foil, and Octavia is not dull, though in a moment of jealous spleen her accomplished rival gives her that epithet. It is possible that her beautiful character, if brought more forward and coloured up to the historic portrait, would still be eclipsed by the dazzling splendour of Cleopatra's; for so I have seen a flight of fireworks blot out for a while the silver moon and ever-burning stars. But here the subject of the drama being the love of Antony and Cleopatra, Octavia is very properly kept in the background, and far from any competition with her rival: the interest would otherwise have been unpleasantly divided, or rather Cleopatra herself must have served but as a foil to the tender, virtuous, dignified, and generous Octavia, the very *beau ideal* of a noble Roman lady.

Dryden has committed a great mistake in bringing Octavia and her children on the scene, and in immediate contact with Cleopatra. To have thus violated the truth of history might have been excusable, but to sacrifice the truth of nature and dramatic propriety, to produce a mere stage effect, was unpardonable. In order to preserve the unity of interest, he has falsified the character of Octavia as well as that of Cleopatra: he has presented us with a regular scolding-match between the rivals, in which they come sweeping up to each other from opposite sides of the stage, with their respective trains, like two peahens in a passion. Shakspeare would no more have brought his captivating, brilliant, but meretricious Cleopatra into immediate comparison with the noble and chaste simplicity of Octavia, than a connoisseur in art would have placed Canova's Dansatrice, beautiful as it is, beside the Athenian Melpomene, or the Vestal of the Capitol.

The character of Octavia is merely indicated in a few touches, but every stroke tells. We see her with "downcast eyes sedate and sweet, and looks demure—with her modest tenderness and dignified submission—the very antipodes of her rival! Nor should we forget that she has furnished one of the most graceful similes in the whole

compass of poetry, where her soft equanimity in the midst of grief is compared to—

> The swan's down-feather,
> That stands upon the swell at full of tide
> And neither way inclines.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

V.

Enobarbus.

On the whole, after Octavia, Enorbarbus is rather the noblest character in the play. His blunt, prompt, rough-spoken sagacity, mingled with a certain slyness of thought, a racy infusion of humour, and a pungent, searching irony of discourse, interpret with remorseless fidelity the moral import of the characters and movements about him; while the splitting of his heart with grief and remorse for having deserted the ship of his master, which he knew to be sinking, shows him altogether a noble vessel of manhood. That Antony's generosity kills him, approves, as nothing else could do, how generous he is himself. The character is almost entirely the Poet's own creation, Plutarch furnishing but one or two unpregnant hints towards it. In the play, he seems designed in part to serve as the organ and mouthpiece of the author's judgement respecting the other persons; so that in him we have at once a character and a commentary.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Shakespeare's Way and Dryden's.

If I were to select any historical play of Shakespeare, in which he has combined an almost literal fidelity to history with an equal faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and in which he superinduces the merit of skilful dramatic management, it would be [*Antony and Cleopatra*]. In his portraiture of Antony there is, perhaps,

a flattered likeness of the original by Plutarch; but the similitude loses little of its strength by Shakespeare's softening and keeping in the shade his traits of cruelty. In Cleopatra, we can discern nothing materially different from the vouched historical sorceress; she nevertheless has a more vivid meteoric and versatile play of enchantment in Shakespeare's likeness of her than in a dozen of other poetical copies in which the artists took much greater liberties with historical truth: he paints her as if the gypsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil.

At the same time, playfully interesting to our fancy as he makes this enchantress, he keeps us far from a vicious sympathy. The asp at her bosom, that lulls its nurse asleep, has no poison for our morality. A single glance at the devoted and dignified Octavia recalls our homage to virtue; but with delicate skill he withholds the purer woman from prominent contact with the wanton queen, and does not, like Dryden, bring the two to a scolding-match. The latter poet's *All for Love* was regarded by himself as his masterpiece, and is by no means devoid of merit; but so inferior is it to the prior drama, as to make it disgraceful to British taste for one hundred years that the former absolutely banished the latter from the stage. A French critic calls Great Britain the island of Shakespeare's idolaters; yet so it happens, in this same island, that Dryden's *All for Love* has been acted ten times oftener than Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Dryden's Marc Antony is a weak voluptuary from first to last. Not a sentence of manly virtue is ever uttered by him that seems to come from himself; and whenever he expresses a moral feeling, it appears not to have grown up in his own nature, but to have been planted there by the influence of his friend Ventidius, like a flower in a child's garden, only to wither and take no root. Shakespeare's Antony is a very different being. When he hears of the death of his first wife, Fulvia, his exclamation, "There 's a great spirit gone!" and his reflections on his

own enthralment by Cleopatra mark the residue of a noble mind. A queen, a siren, a Shakespeare's Cleopatra alone could have entangled Mark Antony, while an ordinary wanton could have enslaved Dryden's hero.

CAMPBELL.

VII.

The Poet's Lesson.

We do not mistake this feeling of Cleopatra towards Antony for love; but he has been for her (who had known Cæsar and Pompey) the supreme sensation. She is neither faithful to him nor faithless; in her complex nature, beneath each fold or layer of sincerity lies one of insincerity, and we cannot tell which is the last and innermost. Her imagination is stimulated and nourished by Antony's presence. And he, in his turn, finds in the beauty and witchcraft of the Egyptian something no less incommensurable and incomprehensible. Yet no one felt more profoundly than Shakspere—as his *Sonnets* abundantly testify—that the glory of strength and of beauty is subject to limit and to time. What he would seem to say to us in this play, not in the manner of a doctrinaire or a moralist, but wholly as an artist, is that this sensuous infinite is but a dream, a deceit, a snare. The miserable change comes upon Antony. The remorseless practice of Cleopatra upon his heart has done him to death. And among things which the barren world offers to the Queen she now finds death—a painless death—the least hateful. Shakspere, in his high impartiality to fact, denies none of the glory of the lust of the eye and the pride of life. He compels us to acknowledge these to the utmost. But he adds that there is another demonstrable fact of the world which tests the visible pomp of the earth, and the splendour of sensuous passion, and finds them wanting. The glory of the royal festival is not dulled by Shakspere or diminished; but, also, he shows us, in letters of flame, the handwriting upon the wall.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

VIII.

The Masterpiece of Passion.

Shakespeare can be complimented only by comparison with himself: all other eulogies are either heterogeneous, as when they are in reference to Spenser or Milton; or they are flat truisms, as when he is gravely preferred to Corneille, Racine, or even his own immediate successors, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and the rest. The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me, whether the *Antony and Cleopatra* is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. *Feliciter audax* is the motto for its style comparatively with that of Shakespeare's other works, even as it is the general motto of all his works compared with those of other poets. Be it remembered, too, that this happy valiancy of style is but the representative and result of all the material excellencies so expressed.

This play should be perused in mental contrast with *Romeo and Juliet*—as the love of passion and appetite opposed to the love of affection and instinct. But the art displayed in the character of Cleopatra is profound; in this, especially, that the sense of criminality in her passion is lessened by our insight into its depth and energy, at the very moment that we cannot but perceive that the passion itself springs out of the habitual craving of a licentious nature, and that it is supported and reinforced by voluntary stimulus and sought-for associations, instead of blossoming out of spontaneous emotion.

Of all of Shakespeare's historical plays, *Antony and Cleopatra* is by far the most wonderful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much—perhaps none in which he impresses it

more strongly. This is greatly owing to the manner in which the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature counteracting the historic abstraction. As a wonderful specimen of the way in which Shakespeare lives up to the very end of this play, read the last part of the concluding scene. And if you would feel the judgement as well as the genius of Shakespeare in your heart's core, compare this astonishing drama with Dryden's *All for Love.*

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

The greatest monument of [Shakespeare's] dramatic subtlety is the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra.* With all its noble bursts of passion and occasional splendour of description, this play has not perhaps the massive breadth of feeling and overpowering interest of the four great tragedies, *Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear,* and *Othello*; but it is greater even than *Macbeth* and *Othello* in the range of its mastery over the fluctuations of profound passion: it is the greatest of Shakespeare's plays in the dramatist's greatest faculty. The conflict of motives in *Hamlet* is an achievement of genius that must always be regarded with wonder and reverence; but, to my mind, *Antony and Cleopatra* is the dramatist's masterpiece. One may have less interest in the final end of the subtle changes wrought in the hero and heroine: but in the pursuit and certain grasp of those changes, Shakespeare's dramatic genius appears at its supreme height.

MINTO: *Characteristics of English Poets.*

On *Antony and Cleopatra* Shakspere has poured out the glory of his genius in profusion, and makes us stand by, saddened and distressed, as the noble Antony sinks to his ruin, under the gorgeous colouring of the Eastern sky, the vicious splendour of the Egyptian queen; makes us look with admiring hate on the wonderful picture he has drawn, certainly far the most wonderful study of woman

he has left us, of that Cleopatra of whom Enobarbus, who knew her every turn, said,—

> "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety; other women
> Cloy the appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
> Where most she satisfies."

That in her, the dark woman of Shakspere's *Sonnets*, his own fickle, serpent-like, attractive mistress, is to some extent embodied, I do not doubt. What a superbly sumptuous picture, as if painted by Veronese or Titian, is that where Cleopatra first met Antony upon the river of Cydnus! How admirably transferred from Plutarch's prose! And how that fatal inability to say "No" to woman shows us Antony's weakness and the cause of his final fall.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *triumvirs.*
LEPIDUS,
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS, } *friends to Antony.*
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO,
MÆCENAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS, } *friends to Cæsar.*
THYREUS,
GALLUS,
MENAS,
MENECRATES, } *friends to Sextus Pompeius.*
VARRIUS,
TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*
CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony.*
SILIUS, *an officer in Ventidius's army.*
EUPHRONIUS, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*
ALEXAS,
MARDIAN, *a eunuch,*
SELEUCUS, } *attendants on Cleopatra.*
DIOMEDES,
A Soothsayer.
A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, *queen of Egypt.*
OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.*
CHARMIAN, } *attendants on Cleopatra.*
IRAS,

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *In several parts of the Roman Empire.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the train, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Look, where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I 'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me: the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like:
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.
Where 's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say? both?
Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair
[*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I 'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let 's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There 's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
No messenger but thine; and all alone
To-night we 'll wander through the streets and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their train.*

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. Another room.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen?

O, that I knew this husband, which, you say,
must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is 't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloving than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.
Char. Then belike my children shall have no names:
prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?
Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.
Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.
Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.
Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.
Alex. We 'll know all our fortunes.
Eno. Mine and most of our fortunes to-night shall be —drunk to bed.
Iras. There 's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.
Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.
Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.
Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.
Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.
Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.
Sooth. I have said.
Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?
Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?
Iras. Not in my husband's nose.
Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas, —come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave,

fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they 'ld do 't!

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where 's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar,
Whose better issue in the war from Italy
Upon the first encounter drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward. On:
Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus—

This is stiff news—hath with his Parthian force
Extended Asia from Euphrates,
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia,
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick minds lie still, and our ills told us
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

First Att. The man from Sicyon, is there such an one?

Sec. Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?

Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

Sec. Mess. In Sicyon: 120
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

Ant. Forbear me.

[*Exit Sec. Messenger.*

There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she 's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know, 130
My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What 's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death 's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they 140
should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer

moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot

be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's,
which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home; Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people,
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do 't. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. Another room.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who 's with him, what he does:

I did not send you: if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.
[*Exit Alexas.*

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Enter Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What 's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there 's some good news.
What says the married woman? You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness grown sick of rest would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,

And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

Ant. She 's dead, my queen:
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awaked: at the last, best;
See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear, which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be: I am quickly ill and well,
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You 'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target. Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I 'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that 's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved, but there 's not it:
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou residing here go'st yet with me,
And I hence fleeting here remain with thee.
Away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Rome. Cæsar's house.

Enter Octavius Cæsar, reading a letter, Lepidus, and their train.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor: from Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary
Rather than purchased, what he cannot change
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear

So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for 't: but to confound such time
That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here 's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is beloved of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:
It had been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime

Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsedst. On the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this—
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,

It is my business too. Farewell.
Lep. Farewell, my lord: what you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian!
Char. Madam?
Cleo. Ha, ha!
Give me to drink mandragora.
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treason!
Char. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!
Mar. What 's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed!
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou movest?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me: now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. 'Good friend,' quoth he,

'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both.
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who 's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,

If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgement: cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I 'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Messina. Pompey's house.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make

No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd, but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

Enter Varrius.

How now, Varrius!

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that 's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Rome. The house of Lepidus.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time

For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mæcenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mæcenas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies and to fight,
I should do thus. [*Flourish.*

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cæs. Nay, then.

Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practised?

Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befal me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself

By laying defects of judgement to me, but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never

Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar!

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I required them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected rather,
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I 'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mæc. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech, for 't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar.

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage
All little jealousies which now seem great,
And all great fears which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway out great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon 's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What 's his strength
By land?

Cæs. Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*

Mæc. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas!
My honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mæc. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by 't in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance,
And made the night light with drinking.

Mæc. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mæc. She 's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem,
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mæc. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mæc. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. Cæsar's house.

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them, and Attendants.

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Good night, sir.
Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt? 10
Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!
Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.
Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?
Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, 20
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore

Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone: 30
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him.
[*Exit Soothsayer.*
He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine
When it is all to nought, and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter Ventidius.

O, come, Ventidius, 40
You must to Parthia: your commission 's ready;
Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The same. A street.

Enter Lepidus, Mæcenas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mæc. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You 'll win two days upon me.
Mæc. } Sir, good success!
Agr. }
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
All. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone; let 's to billiards: come Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore: best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman. Come, you 'll play with me, sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I 'll none now:
Give me mine angle; we 'll to the river: there,

My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up,
I 'll think them every one an Antony,
And say 'Ah, ha! you 're caught.'

Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antonius dead! If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss: a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there 's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there 's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.
Mess. Will 't please you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Mess. Madam, he 's well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mess. And friends with Cæsar.
Cleo. Thou 'rt an honest man.
Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mess. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet'!
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he 's friends with Cæsar,
In state of health, thou say'st, and thou say'st, free.
Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He 's bound unto Octavia.
Cleo. For what good turn?
Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he 's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I 'll unhair thy head:
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He 's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long. [*Draws a knife.*

Mess. Nay, then I 'll run.
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call.

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.
[*Exit Charmian.*

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter Charmian and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say 'Yes.'

Mess. He 's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerged and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: he 's married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou 'rt sure of! Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. Good your highness, patience.
Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for 't now.
Lead me from hence;
I faint: O Iras, Charmian! 'tis no matter.
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.
[*Exit Alexas.*
Let him for ever go: let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way 's a Mars. [*To Mardian*] Bid you Alexas
Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter Pompey and Menas from one side, with drum and trumpet: at another, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Enobarbus, Mæcenas, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was 't
That moved pale Cassius to conspire, and what
Made the all-honour'd honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We 'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At land indeed
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house:
But since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us—
For this is from the present—how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There 's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh

What it is worth embraced.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs. }
Ant. } That 's our offer.
Lep. }

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience: though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;
For I have gain'd by 't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;

But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That 's the next to do.

Pom. We 'll feast each other ere we part, and let 's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now: how farest thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;
And well am like to do, for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never loved you much, but I ha' praised ye
When you have well deserved ten times as much

As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. }
Ant. } Show us the way, sir.
Lep. }

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*

Men. [*Aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep 't back again.

Men. You 've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum.

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.

First Serv. Here they 'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

Sec. Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more'; reconciles them to his entreaty and himself to the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

Sec. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

First Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Pompey, Agrippa, Mæcenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other captains.

Ant. [*To Cæsar*] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You 've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you 'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is 't?

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus?

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where 's this cup I call'd for?

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] I think thou 'rt mad. The matter?
[*Rises, and walks aside.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith. What 's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That 's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha 't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:

All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on 't! In me 'tis villany;
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*Aside*] For this
I 'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus!

Ant. Bear him ashore. I 'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here 's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There 's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*

Men. Why?

Eno. A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!
Here 's to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear 't.
It 's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain

And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I 'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. [*To Antony*] Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let 's ha 't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let 's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:
The while I 'll place you: then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more? Pompey, good night.
Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let 's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words. Good night.
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I 'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give 's your hand.

Pom. O Antony, 131
You have my father's house,—But, what? we are friends.
Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.
[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*
Menas, I 'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.
These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound out! [*Sound a flourish, with drums.*

Eno. Hoo! says 'a. There 's my cap.

Men. Hoo! noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A plain in Syria.

Enter Ventidius, as it were in triumph, with Silius, and other Romans, Officers, and soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body

Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve 's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him, and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier and his sword
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I 'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,

The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On, there; pass along!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Rome. An ante-chamber in Cæsar's house.

Enter Agrippa at one door, and Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey; he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad, and Lepidus
Since Pompey's feast, as Mena says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What 's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say 'Cæsar': go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number—ho!—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. [*Trumpet within.*] So;
This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!

Ant. The April 's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.
Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house, and—
Cæs. What,
Octavia?
Octa. I 'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue, the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide
And neither way inclines.
Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep?
Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in 's face.
Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.
Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] That year indeed he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.
Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, sir, come;
I 'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*
Ant. Farewell!
[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I 'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? Come thou near.
Mess. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued or low?
Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.
Cleo. That 's not so good. He cannot like her long.
Char. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue and dwarfish.
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
Mess. She creeps:
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He 's very knowing;
I do perceive 't: there 's nothing in her yet:
The fellow has good judgement.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow—
Cleo. Widow! Charmian, hark.
Mess. And I do think she 's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long or round?
Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.
Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There 's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:

I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepared. [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature 's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Athens. A room in Antony's house.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,

Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it; if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's: the mean time, lady,
I 'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same. Another room.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There 's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They 'll grind the one the other. Where 's Antony?

Eros. He 's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries 'Fool Lepidus!'
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy 's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Rome. Cæsar's house.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,
In Alexandria: here 's the manner of 't:
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mæc. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia and Phœnicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mæc. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it, and have now received
His accusations.

Agr. Who does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily

Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abused
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mæc. He 'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, with her train.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented

The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved: we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Octa. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceived both how you were wrong led
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mæc. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Near Actium. Antony's camp.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,

And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not denounced against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside*] Well, I could reply:
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is 't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus, an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne? You have heard on 't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomed the best of men,

To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea: what else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to 't.

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land,
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forgo
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard
From firm security.

Ant. I 'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium,
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We 'll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea; 61
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well: away!

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't: so our leader's led, 70
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as

Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who 's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time 's with labour, and throes forth
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

A plain near Actium.

Enter Cæsar, Taurus, with his army, marching.

Cæs. Taurus!

Taur. My lord?

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

Another part of the plain.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene X.

Another part of the plain.

Enter Canidius, marching with his land army one way; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, with his army, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer!
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What 's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence, 9
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt—
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The breese upon her, like a cow in June!—
Hoists sails and flies.
Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.
Scar. She once being loof'd,

The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own!

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then good night
Indeed.

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to 't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I 'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XI.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Antony with Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't;
It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world that I

Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure 's in the harbour, take it. O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:
Nay, do so; for indeed I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you: I 'll see you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Iras; Eros following.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Char. Do! why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fie, fie, fie!

Char. Madam!

Iras. Madam, O good empress!

Eros. Sir, sir!

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah! stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me: O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head 's declined, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods

Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead.
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene XII.

Egypt. Cæsar's camp.

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that 's come from Antony.
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Euphronius, ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be 't so: declare thine office.

Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit Euphronius.*
[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XIII.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other, why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The mered question: 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter Antony, with Euphronius the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Euph. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she

Will yield us up.

Euph. He says so.

Ant. Let her know 't.
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again: tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I 'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*

Eno. [*Aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness and be staged to the show
Against a sworder! I see men's judgements are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgement too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my women,
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose

That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.
[*Exit Attend.*

Eno. [*Aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,
Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour therefore he
Does pity as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god and knows
What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [*Aside*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What 's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!

What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried 'Ho!'
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears?
I am Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. [*Aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him. Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what 's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with Thyreus.*

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,

And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:
But when we in our viciousness grow hard—
O misery on 't!—the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgements; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at 's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is 't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: for I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendants, with Thyreus.

Is he whipp'd?

First Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon:

First Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't,
When my good stars that were my former guides
Have empty left their orbs and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranched bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, begone! [*Exit Thyreus.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source, and the first stone

Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There 's hope in 't yet.

Cleo. That 's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I 'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let 's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more:
Let 's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought to have held it poor, but since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we 'll speak to them; and to-night I 'll force
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen;
There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight
I 'll make death love me, for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.
[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*

Eno. Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas, with his army: Cæsar reading a letter.

Cæs. He calls me boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die, meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

Mæc. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he 's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now

Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done:
And feast the army; we have store to do 't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius?
Eno. No.
Ant. Why should he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I 'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well?
Eno. I 'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'
Ant. Well said; come on.
Call forth my household servants: let 's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—

Thou,—and thou,—and thou: you have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What means this?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night: 20
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You 'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master 30
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,

Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you
Where rather I 'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let 's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. Before the palace.

Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

First Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
Sec. Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
First Sold. Nothing. What news?
Sec. Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.
First Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.
Third Sold. And you. Good night, good night.
[*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*
Fourth Sold. Here we: and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

Third Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.
[*Music of hautboys as under the stage.*
Fourth Sold. Peace! what noise?
First Sold. List, list!
Sec. Sold. Hark!
First Sold. Music i' the air.
Third Sold. Under the earth.
Fourth Sold. It signs well, does it not?
Third Sold. No.
First Sold. Peace, I say!
What should this mean?
Sec. Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,
Now leaves him.
First Sold. Walk; let 's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
Sec. Sold. How now, masters!
All. [*Speaking together*] How now! How now! Do you hear this?
First Sold. Ay; is 't not strange?
Third Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let 's see how it will give off.
All. Content. 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The same. A room in the palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Charmian and others attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros with armour.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her: come.
Cleo. Nay, I 'll help too.
What 's this for?
Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I 'll help: thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly, sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen 's a squire
More tight at this than thou: dispatch. O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in 't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.
Sold. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.
[*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.
All. Good morrow, general.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I 'll leave thee
Now like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close; I 'll bring you to 't. Adieu.
[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.*
Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.
Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then Antony—but now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Alexandria. Antony's camp.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted and the soldier
That has this morning left thee would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who 's gone this morning?
Sold. Who!
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee, or from Cæsar's camp
Say 'I am none of thine.'
Ant. What say'st thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.
Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch. Enobarbus!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar with Agrippa, Enobarbus, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*
Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus:
I tell you true: best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid

My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't, I feel.
I fight against thee! No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Field of battle between the camps.

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H. [*Retreat afar off.*
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I 'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter Antony, in a march; Scarus, with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests. To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 's, we 'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as 't had been
Each man 's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. [*To Scarus*] Give me
thy hand; 11

Enter Cleopatra, attended.

To this great fairy I 'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing!
Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day
As if a god in hate of mankind had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I 'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand:
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

Cæsar's camp.

Sentinels at their post.

First Sold. If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: the night
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle

By the second hour i' the morn.
Sec. Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to 's.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—
Third Sold. What man is this?
Sec. Sold. Stand close, and list him.
Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!
First Sold. Enobarbus!
Third Sold. Peace!
Hark further.
Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular,
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*
Sec. Sold. Let 's speak to him.
First Sold. Let 's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.
Third Sold. Let 's do so. But he sleeps.
First Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his

Was never yet for sleep.
Sec. Sold. Go we to him.
Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.
Sec. Sold. Hear you, sir?
First Sold. The hand of death hath raught him. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark! the drums
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.
Third Sold. Come on, then; he may recover yet.
[*Exeunt with the body.*

Scene X.

Between the two camps.

Enter Antony and Scarus, with their army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.
Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would they 'ld fight i' the fire or i' the air;
We 'ld fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven . . .
Where their appointment we may best discover
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XI.

Another part of the same.

Enter Cæsar, and his army.

Cæs. But being charged, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XII.

Hills adjoining to Alexandria.

Enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I 'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.
[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.
[*Exit Scarus.*
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here, even here

Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars and call'd them home,
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy hath at fast and loose
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*
'Tis well thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon,
And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for 't. Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

Scene XIII.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.
Char. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.
Cleo. To the monument!
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. To the monument! [*Exeunt.* 10

Scene XIV.

The same. Another room.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish,
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory

With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million moe, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter Mardian.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake

Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!'
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. [*To Mar.*] That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit Mardian.*
Off, pluck off:
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace!
No more a soldier. Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.
[*Exit Eros.*
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture: since the torch is out,
Lie down and stray no farther: now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my queen. Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died
I have lived in such dishonour that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come—which now
Is come indeed—when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do 't; the time is come:
Thou strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cured.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me!

Ant. When I did make thee free, sworest thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then: thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Kills himself.*

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter Dercetas and Guard.

First Guard. What 's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
Sec. Guard. The star is fall'n.
First Guard. And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.
First Guard. Not I.
Sec. Guard. Nor I.
Third Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where 's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there.
Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit Dercetas.*
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw—

Which never shall be found—you did suspect
She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I prithee.

Dio. What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*

Scene XV.

The same. A monument.

Enter Cleopatra, and her maids aloft, with Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, Diomedes.

How now! is he dead?

Dio. His death 's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;
Help, friends below; let 's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
Dear my lord, pardon, I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here 's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness;
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little—
Wishers were ever fools—O, come, come, come;
[*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I 'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes

Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest, and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,
[*Antony dies.*
The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She 's dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt,
Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras!

Cleo. "No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded"
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All 's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does

Become a dog that 's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it 's out! Good sirs, take heart:
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
Ah, women, women! Come; we have no friend
But resolution and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt: those above bearing off Antony's body.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcenas, Gallus, Proculeius, and others, his council of war.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that darest
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,

He was my master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I 'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is 't thou say'st.

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mæc. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mæc. When such a spacious mirror 's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this. But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars
Unreconciliable should divide
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—

Enter an Egyptian.

But I will tell you at some meeter season:
The business of this man looks out of him;
We 'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Egyp. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she 's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Egyp. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says
And how you find of her.
Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*
Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gallus*] Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?
All. Dolabella!
Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Alexandria. The monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, Proculeius, Gallus, and Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What 's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You 're fall'n into a princely hand; fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I 'll report, dear lady.

Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised.
[*Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*
Guard her till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*Seizes and disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I 'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I 'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I 'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye

Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen
I 'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.
[*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you 'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is 't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dreamed there was an emperor Antony:
O, such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they lived in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But if there be, or ever were, one such,
It 's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites

My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—
Dol. Though he be honourable,—
Cleo. He 'll lead me then in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't.
[*Flourish and shout within*: ' Make way there: Cæsar!'

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mæcenas, Seleucus, and others of his train.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?
Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleopatra kneels.*
Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes and put your children
To that destruction which I 'll guard them from
If thereon you rely. I 'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where 's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips than to my peril
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours,
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust
Than love that 's hired! What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I 'll catch thine eyes,

Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token have I kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus*] Prithee, go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.
[*Exit Seleucus.*

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-thought
For things that others do, and when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be 't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe
Cæsar 's no merchant, to make prize with you

Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Dolabella!

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dolabella.*

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded
And forced to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: saucy lictors
Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that 's certain.

Iras. I 'll never see 't; for I am sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that 's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter Charmian.

Now, Charmian!
Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch
My best attires: I am again for Cydnus,

To meet Mark Antony: sirrah Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we 'll dispatch indeed,
And when thou hast done this chare I 'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.
[*Exit Iras. A noise within.*
Wherefore 's this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.
Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guardsman.*
What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in a basket.

Guard. This is the man.
Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guardsman.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?
Clown. Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.
Cleo. Rememberest thou any that have died on 't?
Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very

honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt: truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm 's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Setting down his basket.*

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people, for indeed there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Iras with a robe, crown, etc.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have

Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So; have you done?
Come then and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base.
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He 'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Dies.*

Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown 's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

First Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies an asp.*
O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

First Guard. Approach, ho! All 's not well: Cæsar 's beguiled.

Sec. Guard. There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.

First Guard. What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

Sec. Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

[*Within.* 'A way there, a way for Cæsar!'

Re-enter Cæsar and his train.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and being royal
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

First Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

First Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

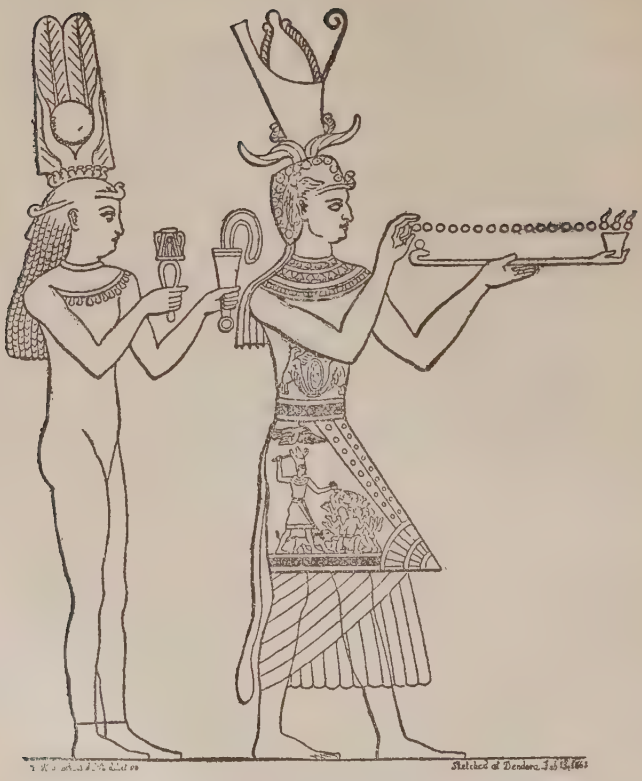
Cæs. O noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument:
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral,
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*



Cleopatra and her son Cæsarion Sacrificing to the Gods.
Sculptured in the great Temple, at Dendera, upper Egypt.

Glossary.

Abhorring, abomination; V. ii. 60.

Abode, staying; I. ii. 177.

Abstract; "the a. of all faults," a microcosm of sinfulness; I. iv. 9.

Abused, ill-used; III. vi. 86.

Abysm, abyss; III. xiii. 147.

Admitted, acknowledged; registered (Theobald, "*omitted*"); V. ii. 140.

Afeard, afraid; II. v. 81.

Affect'st, pleases (Folio 1, "*affects*"); I. iii. 71.

Aid; "pray in a.," seek assistance, call in help from another; V. ii. 27.

Alcides, Hercules; IV. xii. 44.

Alike; "having a. your cause," "being engaged in the same cause with you" (Malone); II. ii. 51.

All-obeying, obeyed by all; III. xiii. 77.

Alms-drink, "leavings" (according to Warburton a phrase amongst good fellows to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him); II. vii. 5.

Angle, angling-line, fishing-line; II. v. 10. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Answer, render account; III. xiii. 27.

Antoniad, the name of the flagship of Cleopatra; III. x. 2.

Apace, fast; IV. vii. 6.

Appeal, impeachment; III. v. 12.

Approof; "and as my farthest band shall pass on thy a.," *i.e.* "such as when tried will prove to be beyond anything that I can promise" (Schmidt); III. ii. 27.

Approves, proves; I. i. 60.

Arabian bird, i.e. the Phœnix; III. ii. 12.

Argument, proof; III. xii. 3.

Arm-gaunt (*vide* Note); I. v. 48.

Armourer, one who has care of the armour of his master; IV. iv. 7.

As, as if; I. ii. 100.

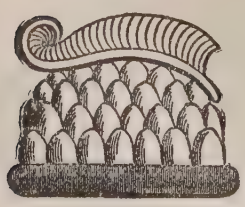
As low as, lower than; III. iii. 37.

Aspic, asp, a venomous snake; V. ii. 293.

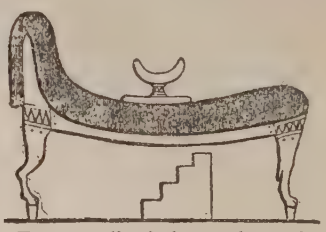
From a wall-painting in a Theban tomb.

Aspic's (Folios 2, 3, 4, *"Aspects"*); V. ii. 350.
As't, as if it; IV. viii. 6.
At heel of, on the heels of, immediately after; II. ii. 159.
Atone, reconcile; II. ii. 102.
Attend, witness, take notice of; II. ii. 60.
——, await; III. x. 32.
Augurer, diviner, foreteller; V. ii. 333.
Auguring, prophesying; II. i. 10.
Avoid, begone, withdraw; V. ii. 242.
Awry, not straight (Pope's emendation of Folios, *"away"*); V. ii. 318.

Band, bond; II. vi. 128; III. ii. 26.
Banquet, dessert; I. ii. 11.
Bark'd, peeled; IV. xii. 23.
Basket; "enter Clown bringing in a basket"; V. ii. 241.



(direc.). The annexed cuts represent ancient Egyptian baskets, fig. 2 showing also the fruit covered by a palm-leaf.
Battery; "b. from my heart," *i.e.* the battery proceeding from the beating of my heart; IV. xiv. 39.
Battle, army; III. ix. 2.
Beck'd, beckoned; IV. xii. 26.
Bed; "the bed of Ptolemy"; I. iv. 17. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a wall-painting on the tomb Rameses III., at Thebes.

Beguiled, cheated; V. ii. 323.
Belike, I suppose; I. ii. 35.
Bench-holes, holes of a privy; IV. vii. 9.
Bereave, deprive; V. ii. 130.
Best, it were best; IV. vi. 26.
Bestrid, did stride over; V. ii. 82.
Betime, betimes, in good time; IV. iv. 20.
Blown, swollen; V. ii. 348.
Blows, swells; IV. vi. 34.
Boar; "the b. of Thessaly," *i.e.* the boar killed by Meleager; IV. xiii. 2.
Boggler, inconstant woman; III. xiii. 110.

Bolts up, fetters; V. ii. 6.
Bond, "bounden duty" (Mason); I. iv. 84.
Boot; "make b.," take advantage; IV. i. 9.
Boot thee with, give thee to boot, give thee in addition; II. v. 71.
Boy my greatness, alluding to the fact of boys or youths playing female parts on the stage in the time of Shakespeare; V. ii. 220.
Branded, stigmatised; IV. xiv. 77.
Brave, defy; IV. iv. 5.
Break, communicate; I. ii. 179.
Breather, one who lives; III. iii. 24.
Breathing, utterance; I. iii. 14.
Breese, gadfly; III. x. 14.
Brief, summary; V. ii. 138.
Bring, take; III. v. 24.
Bring me, i.e. bring me word; IV. xiii. 10.
Brooch'd, adorned as with a brooch (Wray conj. "*brook'd*"); IV. xv. 25.
Burgonet, a close-fitting helmet; I. v. 24.
But, if not; V. ii. 103.
But being, except, unless we are; IV. xi. 1.
But it is, except it be, if it be not; V. i. 27.
By, according to; III. iii. 43.

Call on him, call him to account; (?) "visit" (Schmidt); I. iv. 28.
Cantle, piece; III. x. 6.
Carbuncled, set with carbuncles; IV. viii. 28.
Carriage; "the c. of his chafe," the bearing of his passion, *i.e.* his angry bearing; I. iii. 85.
Carries beyond, surpasses; III. vii. 76.
Cast, cast up, calculate; III. ii. 17.
Chance; "wounded ch.," broken fortunes; III. x. 36.
——, fortune; V. ii. 174.
——, occur; III. iv. 13.
Chare, task; V. ii. 231.
Chares, drudgery; IV. xv. 75.
Charm, charmer; IV. xii. 16.
Check, rebuke; IV. iv. 31.
Chuck, a term of endearment; IV. iv. 2.
Circle, crown; III. xii. 18.
Clip, embrace; IV. viii. 8.
——, surround; V. ii. 358.
Close, hidden; IV. ix. 6.
Cloth-of-gold of tissue, i.e. "cloth-of-gold in tissue or texture"; (?) cloth-of-gold on a ground of tissue; II. ii. 202.
Clouts, cloths; (?) blows, knocks; IV. vii. 6.
Cloyless, preventing satiety; II. i. 25.
Colour, excuse, pretext; I. iii. 32.
Comes dear'd, becomes endeared (Folios, "*comes fear'd*"); I. iv. 44.
Comfort; "best of c.," *i.e.* "may the best of comfort be yours" (Steevens); (Rowe, "*Be of comfort*"); III. vi. 89.

Command, all power to command; III. xi. 23.
Commission, warrant; II. iii. 41.
Comparisons, advantages, *i.e.* "things in his favour, when compared to me" (Pope, "*caparisons*"); III. xiii. 26.
Competitor, associate; I. iv. 3.
Compose, come to a composition; II. ii. 15.
Composure, composition; I. iv. 22.
Conclusion; "still c.," *i.e.* quiet inference (Collier MS., "*still condition*"); IV. xv. 28.
Conclusions, experiments; V. ii. 354.
Confound, waste; I. i. 45.
——, destroy; III. ii. 58.
Congealment, congealed blood; IV. viii. 10.
Content, agreed; IV. iii. 24.
Continent; "thy c.," that which encloses thee; IV. xiv. 40.
Contriving; "many our c. friends," *i.e.* "many friends who are busy in our interest"; I. ii. 184.
Conversation, deportment; II. vi. 123.
Corrigible, submissive to correction; IV. xiv. 74.
Couch, lie; IV. xiv. 51.
Could, would gladly; I. ii. 128.
Course, pursue hotly; III. xiii. 11.
Court of guard, guard room; IV. ix. 2.
Crack, burst of sound; V. i. 15.
Crescent, increasing; II. i. 10.
Crested, formed the crest of; V. ii. 83.
Crownet, crown; IV. xii. 27.
Crownets, coronets; V. ii. 91.
Cunning, "dexterous and trickish in dissembling"; I. ii. 147.
——, skill, art; II. iii. 34.
Curious, careful; III. ii. 35.
Curstness, ill-humour; II. ii. 25.

Daff't, doff it, take it off (Folio 1, "*daft*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*doft*"; Rowe, "*dof't*"); IV. iv. 13.
Dare, defiance; I. ii. 186.
Darkens, obscures; III. i. 24.
Darkling, in the dark; IV. xv. 10.
Dealt on lieutenantry, acted by proxy; III. xi. 39.
Death and honour, honourable death; IV. ii. 44.
Declined, decayed, fallen; III. xiii. 27.
Defeat'st, dost destroy; IV. xiv. 68.
Defend, forbid; III. iii. 46.
Demon, attendant spirit; II. iii. 19.
Demurely, solemnly, gravely; IV. xv. 29; IV. ix. 31.
Demuring, looking with affected modesty; IV. xv. 29.
Deputation; "in d.," by deputy (Folios, "*disputation*"); III. xiii. 74.
Derogately, disparagingly; II. ii. 34.
Desires; "your d. are yours," your desires are granted; III. iv. 28.
Determine, decide, resolve; V. i. 59.

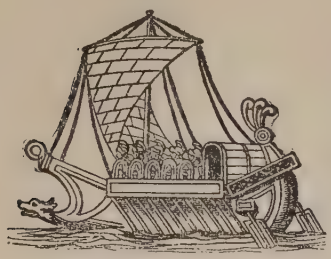
Determines, comes to an end; III. xiii. 161.
Diminutives, insignificant creatures; IV. xii. 37.
Disaster, disfigure; II. vii. 17.
Discandy, melt; IV. xii. 22.
Discandying, melting, thawing (Ff., "*discandering*"; Rowe, "*discattering*"); III. xiii. 165.
Discontents, malcontents; I. iv. 39.
Dislimns, effaces, blots out (Folios, "*dislimes*"); IV. xiv. 10.
Dismission, dismissal, discharge; I. i. 26.
Disponge, pour down; IV. ix. 13.
Dispose, dispose of; V. ii. 186.
Disposed, settled matters (Collier MS., "*compos'd*"); IV. xiv. 123.
Disposition; "pinch one another by the d.," "touch one another in a sore place" (Warburton); "try each other by banter" (Clarke); II. vii. 7.
Distractions, detachments; III. vii. 77.
Divine, prophesy, predict; II. vi. 116.
Doits, the smallest sum of money (Folios, "*Dolts,*" *i.e.* fools; for which reading much is to be said); IV. xii. 37.
Doughty-handed, stout of hands; IV. viii. 5.
Dread, fear; IV. xiv. 127.
Droven, driven; IV. vii. 5.
Dumb'd, silenced (Folios, "*d u m b*"; Warburton, "*done*"); I. v. 50.

Ear, plough; I. iv. 49.
Earing, tilling, ploughing; I. ii. 112.
Ebb'd, declined, decayed; I. iv. 43.
Edges, blades, swords; II. vi. 39.
Edict; "make thine own e.," decree the reward you desire; III. xii. 32.
Effects, realisation; V. ii. 330.
Egypt, i.e. the Queen of Egypt; I. iii. 78.
Egypt's widow, i. e. Cleopatra, who had been married to young Ptolemy, afterwards drowned; II. i. 37.
Elder, better, superior; III. x. 13.
Embattle, be drawn up in battle array; IV. ix. 3.
Emboss'd, foaming at the mouth; a hunting term (Folios, "*imbost*"); IV. xiii. 3.
Enforce, urge; II. ii. 99.
——, lay much stress upon; V. ii. 125.
Enfranched, enfranchised (Theobald, "*enfranchis'd*"); III. xiii. 149.
Enfranchise, set free, deliver; I. i. 23.
Enow, enough (used as plural of *enough*); I. iv. 11.
Ensued, followed; IV. xiv. 77.
Entertainment, reception; III. xiii. 140.
——, service; IV. vi. 17.

Enter with, recommend to; IV. xiv. 113.
Envy, malice; V. ii. 164.
Estridge, ostrich; III. xiii. 197.
Eternal; "e, in our triumph," *i.e.* "be for ever recorded as the most glorious trophy of our triumph"; (Thirlby conj. "*eternaling*"); V. i. 66.
Every of, every one of; I. ii. 38.
Evidence, proof; I. iii. 74.
Exigent, exigency, decisive moment; IV. xiv. 63.
Expedience, expedition; I. ii. 180.
Extended, seized upon; a law term; I. ii. 102.
Eye, appear; I. iii. 97.

Faction, dissension; I. iii. 48.
Fairy, enchantress; IV. viii. 12.
Fall, befall, fall upon; III. vii. 40.
——, let fall; III. xi. 67.
Fallible; blunder for *infallible* (Folio 1, "*falliable*"); V. ii. 258.
Fame, rumour, report; II. ii. 165.
Fast and loose, a cheating game of gipsies; IV. xii. 28.
Fats, vats; II. vii. 119.
Favour, face, countenance; II. v. 38.
Fear, frighten; II. vi. 24.
Fearful, full of fear; III. xi. 55.
Feature, external appearance; II. v. 112.
Feeders, parasites; III. xiii. 109.
Fellows, companions; IV. ii. 13.
Fervency, eagerness; II. v. 18.
Fetch in, take, capture; IV. i. 14.
Fever, put in a fever; III. xiii. 138.
Figs; "I love long life better than f.," a proverbial phrase; I. ii. 32.
Files, lines of soldiers; I. i. 3.
Finish, end, die; V. ii. 193.
Flaw; "becomes his f.," *i.e.* "accommodates himself to his misfortune"; III. xii. 34.
Fleet, float (Rowe, "*float*"); III. xiii. 171.
Flush youth, "youth ripened to manhood" (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*flesh y.*"); I. iv. 52.
Foison, plenty; II. vii. 21.
Follow'd, chased; V. i. 36.
Footmen, foot soldiers; III. vii. 45.
For, as for, as regards; III. vi. 34; III. xii. 19; V. ii. 66.
Forbear, withdraw; V. ii. 175.
Forbear me, leave me alone; I. ii. 122.
Formal, ordinary; II. v. 41.
Forspoke, gainsaid; III. vii. 3.
Forth, out of; IV. x. 7.
For that, nevertheless; II. ii. 70.
——, because; III. vii. 30.
Frame to, conform; V. i. 55.
From, away from; II. vi. 30.
Front, oppose, face; I. iv. 79.
Fronted, opposed; II. ii. 61.
Frustrate, frustrated; V. i. 2.
Fullest, most perfect; III. xiii. 87.

Galley; II. vi. 82. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From the *Vatican Virgil* MS.

Garboils, disturbances, turmoils; I. iii. 61.
Gaudy, festive; III. xiii. 183.
Gests, deeds (Warburton's conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, "*guests*"); IV. viii. 2.
Get, win; IV. viii. 22.
Give, give out, represent; I. iv. 40.
Give off, go off, cease; IV. iii. 23.
Got, won; V. ii. 30.
Got upon, won, gained; IV. xiv. 98.
Grace, honour; III. xiii. 81.
——; "to gr.," by gracing; IV. xiv. 136.
Graceful, favourable; II. ii. 60.
Grants, allows, admits; III. i. 29.
Grates me, it vexes me; I. i. 18.
'Greed, agreed; II. vi. 38.
Green sickness, a disease of women, characterised by a pale, lurid complexion; III. ii. 6.
Griefs, grievances; II. ii. 100.
Grow to, be added to; II. ii. 25.

H, formerly pronounced *ache*; here used with play upon the letter and the word; IV. vii. 8.
Hap, accident, chance; II. iii. 32.
Haply, perhaps; III. xiii. 48.
Hardly, with difficulty; V. i. 74.
Harried, vexed, put in fear; III. iii. 43.
Hearts; "my h.," a familiar appellation; IV. ii. 41.
Heaviness, used with play upon the two senses of the word (i) weight, (ii) sorrow; IV. xv. 33.
Heavy, sad; IV. xv. 40.
Held my cap off, acted as a faithful servant; II. vii. 60.
Herod, a common character in the old Mystery plays; typically, a fierce tyrant; I. ii. 28.
Hie, hasten; II. iii. 15.
Hie thee, hasten; V. ii. 194.
High-battled, commanding proud armies; III. xiii. 29.
His, its; III. xii. 10.
Holding, burden of the song; II. vii. 115.
Homager, vassal; I. i. 31.
Home, "without reserve, without ceremony"; I. ii. 106.
Hope, suppose; II. i. 38.
Humanity, human nature; V. i. 32.

Idleness, frivolousness; I. iii. 92.

If that, if; III. xiii. 80.
Immoment, insignificant, of no moment; V. ii. 166.
Immortal, blunder for *mortal,* deadly; V. ii. 247.
Imperious, imperial; IV. xv. 23.
Import, carry with them; II. ii. 134.
Impress, press, impressment; III. vii. 37.
In, in for it; II. vii. 34.
Inclips, encloses; II. vii. 71.
Ingross'd, collected, got together; III. vii. 37.
Inhoop'd, enclosed in a hoop; II. iii. 38. (The annexed copy of an elegant Chinese miniature painting represents some ladies engaged at this amusement, where the quails are actually inhooped.)

Injurious, hurtful, malignant; IV. xv. 76.
Intend; "how i. you," what do you mean; II. ii. 40.
Intrinsicate, intricate (Capell's Errata, "*intrinsecate*"; Wray conj. "*intricate*"); V. ii. 304.
Isis, one of the chief Egyptian divinities; originally the goddess of the Earth, afterwards of the Moon; her worship was afterwards introduced into Rome; I. ii. 61.
It own, its own; II. vii. 46.

Jack, term of contempt; III. xiii. 93.
Jaded, spurned; III. i. 34.
Jump, hazard, stake; III. viii. 6.

Keep; "k. yourself within yourself," keep within bounds, restrain yourself; II. v. 75.
Kind; "do his k.," *i.e.* "act according to his nature"; V. ii. 263.
Knave, boy; IV. xiv. 12.
——, servant; V. ii. 3.
Known, known each other; II. vi. 86.

Lack blood, turn pale; I. iv. 52.
Lance, cut; in order to cure (Folios, "*launch*"; Pope, "*launce*"); V. i. 36.
Languish, lingering disease (Johnson conj. "*anguish*"); V. ii. 42.
Lank'd, became thin; I. iv. 71.
Late, lately; IV. i. 13.
Lated, belated; III. xi. 3.

Legions, bodies of infantry, each consisting of six thousand men; III. x. 34.
Length, length of life (Steevens conj. "*life*"); IV. xiv. 46.
Lethe'd, oblivious, unconscious (Folios, "*Lethied*"); II. i. 27.
Levell'd at, guessed at; V. ii. 335.
Lichas, the companion of Hercules (Folios, "*Licas*"); IV. xii. 45.
Life; "her l. in Rome," *i.e.* her being brought alive to Rome; V. i. 65.
Lightness, used in double sense, with play upon the two senses of the word; I. iv. 25.
Like, same; I. iii. 8; III. vi. 37.
——, likely; III. xiii. 29.
List, listen to; IV. ix. 6.
Loathness, unwillingness; III. xi. 18.
Loof'd, luffed, brought close to the wind; III. x. 18.
Lottery, prize; II. ii. 246.
Loud, in high words; II. ii. 21.
Luxuriously, lustfully; III. xiii. 120.

Make note, notice, observe; III. iii. 26.
Mallard, drake; III. x. 20.
Mandragora, mandrake; a plant, the root of which was thought to resemble the human figure and to cause madness, and even death when torn from the ground; I. v. 4.
Marble-constant, firm as marble; V. ii. 240.
Mean, means; III. ii. 32.
Mechanic, vulgar, journeyman-like; IV. iv. 32.
Medicine, elixir; (?) physician; I. v. 36.
Meeter, more fitting; V. i. 49
Meetly, well; I. iii. 81.
Mered; "m. question," *i.e.* "the sole cause and subject of the war" (Rowe, "*meer*"; Johnson, "*mooted*"; Jackson, "*meted*"; Kinnear, "*merest,*" etc.); III. xiii. 10.
Merely, absolutely; III. vii. 8; III. vii. 48.
Merits, deserts; V. ii. 178.
Mermaids; II. ii. 210. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From L. Andrewe's *Myrrour and Dyscrypcyon of the Worlde,* n. d.

Mind; "less noble m.," *i.e.* being of less noble mind (Rowe, Pope, "*less noble-minded*"); IV. xiv. 60.

Mingle, union; I. v. 59.
Misdoubt, mistrust; III. vii. 63.
Mislike, dislike; III. xiii. 147.
Missive, messenger; II. ii. 74.
Mis-thought, misunderstood, misjudged; V. ii. 176.
Modern, ordinary; V. ii. 167.
Moe, more; IV. xiv. 18.
Moment; "upon far poorer m.," with less cause; I. ii. 144.
Moody, sad; II. v. 1.
Moons, months; III. xii. 6.
Morn-dew, morning-dew; III. xii. 9.
Mortal, deadly; V. ii. 303.
Most, utmost; II. ii. 168.
Motion; "in my m.," intuitively; II. iii. 14.
Mount; "at the M.," *i.e.* M. Misenum; II. iv. 6.
Muleters, muleteers, muledrivers (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Muliters*"; Folio 1, "*Militers*"); III. vii. 36.
Mused of, thought of, dreamed of; III. xiii. 83.
Muss, "a scramble, when any small objects are thrown down, to be taken by those who can seize them" (Nares); III. xiii. 91.

Naught, worthless; IV. xv. 78.
Negligent; "in n. danger," *i.e.* in danger through being negligent; III. vi. 81.
Nessus; "the shirt of N.," the shirt dipped in the poisoned blood of Nessus, which caused Hercules the most terrible agony when he unwittingly put it on; IV. xii. 43.
Nice, tender, dainty; III. xiii. 180.
Nick'd, "set the mark of folly on"; III. xiii. 8.
Noises it, causes a disturbance; III. vi. 96.
Number, put into verse; III. ii. 17.

O, circle; V. ii. 81.
Oblivion, oblivious memory, forgetfulness; I. iii. 90.
Observance, powers of observation; III. iii. 25.
Obstruct, obstruction (Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, "*abstract*"; Keightley, "*obstruction*"; Cartwright conj. "*obstacle*"); III. vi. 61.
Occasion, necessity; II. vi. 132.
Of, by; I. iv. 37; II. ii. 160.
——, about, concerning; II. vi. 116.
——, from; IV. viii. 22.
——, for; IV. xv. 60.
——, with; V. ii. 212.
Office, function, service; I. i. 5.
On, of; I. v. 27; II. ii. 85; III. ii. 61.
Oppression, difficulty (Warburton conj., adopted by Hanmer, "*opposition*"); IV. vii. 2.
Orbs, spheres; III. xiii. 146.
Ordinary, meal; II. ii. 230.
Ostentation, display (Theobald, "*ostent*"; S. Walker conj. "*ostention*"); III. vi. 52.
Out-go; "the time shall not o.," "life shall not last longer than"; III. ii. 61.

Outstrike, strike faster than; IV. vi. 36.
Owe, own; IV. viii. 31.

Pace, break in; II. ii. 64.
Pack'd, sorted, shuffled in an unfair manner; IV. xiv. 19.
Pacorus, son of Orodes, King of Parthia; III. i. 4.
Pales, impales, encloses; II. vii. 71.
Pall'd, decaying, waning; II. vii. 85.
Palter, equivocate; III. xi. 63.
Pants, pantings, palpitations; IV. viii. 16.
Paragon, compare; I. v. 71.
Parcel; "a p. of," *i.e.* of a piece with; III. xiii. 32.
——, specify; V. ii. 163.
Part, depart; I. ii. 181.
Particular, private affairs; I. iii. 54.
——, personal relation; IV. ix. 20.
Partisan, a kind of halberd; II. vii. 13.
Parts, sides; III. iv. 14.
Past, beyond; I. ii. 147.
Patch a quarrel, make a quarrel of pieces and shreds; II. ii. 52.
Pelleted, formed into small balls; III. xiii. 165.
Penetrative, penetrating; IV. xiv. 75.
Perforce, of necessity; III. iv. 6.
Period, end; IV. ii. 25.
Persisted; "most p. deeds," deeds most persisted in; V. i. 30.
Petition; "p. us at home," request us to come home; I. ii. 185.
Piece, masterpiece; III. ii. 28.
——, master-piece (Warburton, adopted by Theobald, "*prize*"); V. ii. 99.
Pinion'd, bound; V. ii. 53.
Pink eyne, half-shut eyes; II. vii. 118.
Placed, fixed, firm; V. ii. 238.
Plant, place; IV. vi. 9.
Planted, rise (Warburton MS., "*planned*"); I. iii. 26.
Plants, the soles of the feet (used quibblingly); II. vii. 2.
Plated, clothed in armour; I. i. 4.
Plates, pieces of money, silver coins; V. ii. 92.
Pleach'd, folded; IV. xiv. 73.
Points, tagged laces, used for tying parts of the dress; III. xiii. 157.
Pole, load-star; IV. xv. 65.
Port, gate; IV. iv. 23.
——, carriage, bearing; IV. xiv. 52.
Possess, give possession; III. xi. 21.
Possess it, i.e. (?) "be master of it" (Collier MS., "*Profess it*"; Kinnear conj. "*Pledge it,*" etc.); II. vii. 104.
Power, armed force; III. vii. 58.
——, vital organ; III. xii. 36.
Practised, plotted; II. ii. 40.
Practise on, plot against; II. ii. 39.
Pray ye, I pray you, are you in earnest or jesting?; II. vi. 113.

Precedence, what has preceded; II. v. 51.
Prescript, direction; III. viii. 5.
Precedent, former; IV. xiv. 83.
Pregnant, in the highest degree probable; II. i. 45.
Present, present purpose, business; II. vi. 30.
Present, represent; V. ii. 217.
Presently, immediately; II. ii. 160.
Process, mandate; I. i. 28.
Project, shape, form (Hanmer, "*parget*"; Warburton, "*procter*"; Orger conj. "*perfect*"); V. ii. 121.
Proof of harness, armour of proof, tested and tried armour; IV. viii. 15.
Proper, fine, nice; III. iii. 41.
Propertied, endowed with qualities; V. ii. 83.
Prorogue, "linger out, keep in a languishing state"; II. i. 26.
Prosecution, pursuit; IV. xiv. 65.
Ptolemy; "the queen of Pt.," *i.e.* belonging to the line of the Ptolemies, the Macedonian dynasty in Egypt; I. iv. 6.
Purchased, acquired; I. iv. 14.
Purge, be cured; I. iii. 53.
Pyramises, pyramids; II. vii. 35.

Quality, character; I. ii. 193.
Queasy, disgusted; III. vi. 20.
Quick, lively, sprightly; V. ii. 216.
Quicken, receive life; IV. xv. 39.
Quit, requite; III. xiii. 124.

Race; "r. of heaven," "of heavenly origin" (Schmidt); "smack or flavour of heaven" (Warburton); (Hanmer, "*ray*"); I. iii. 37.
Rack, floating vapour; IV. xiv. 10.
Ram, thrust (Hanmer, "*Rain*"; Delius conj. "*Cram*"); II. v. 24.

From the sculpture on Trajan's column at Rome.

Ranged, disposed in order; I. i. 34.
Ranges, ranks; III. xiii. 5.
Rates, is worth; III. xi. 69.
Raught, reached; IV. ix. 29.
Reel, stagger as a drunkard; I. iv. 20.
Regiment, sway III vi. 95.
Religion, sacred, holy obligation; V. ii. 199.
Remarkable, worthy of note, distinguished; IV. xv. 67.
Remove, removal, departure; I. ii. 198.
Render, give up; III. x. 33.
Render'd, gave up (Folio 1, "*rendred*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*tendred*"); IV. xiv. 33.
Reneges, denies; I. i. 8.

Reports, reporters; II. ii. 47.
Requires, begs, asks; III. xii. 12.
Revolted, who have revolted; IV. ix. 8.
Ribaudred, lewd (Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, "*Yon'ribald-rid nag*"; Tyrwhitt conj. Collier (ed. 2), "*Yon ribald hag,*" etc.); III. x. 10.
Riggish, wanton; II. ii. 243.
Right, very, true; IV. xii. 28.
Rivality, co-partnership; III. v. 8.
Rive, split, sever; IV. xiii. 5.

Safe, make safe; I. iii. 55.
Safed, conducted safely (Steevens conj.; Folios, "*saf't*"); IV. vi. 26.
Salt, wanton; II. i. 21.
Scald, scabby, scurvy; V. ii. 215.
Scantly, grudgingly; III. iv. 5.
Scotches, cuts; IV. vii. 10.
Scrupulous, "prying too nicely into the merits of either cause"; I. iii. 48.
Seal, make an end (Hanmer, "*sleep*"; Johnson conj. "*seel*"); IV. xiv. 49.
Seel, blind; a term of falconry; III. xiii. 112.
Self, same; V. i. 21.
Semblable, similar; III. iv. 3.
Sennet, a set of notes played on the trumpet or cornet; II. vii. 17 (direc.).
Several, separate; I. v. 62.
Shall, will; II. i. 1.
Shards, wing-cases of beetles; III. ii. 20.
Should make, ought to have made; V. i. 14.
Shown, appeared, shown yourselves; IV. viii. 7.
——, made a show of, exhibited; IV. xii. 36.
Shows, seems, appears; I. ii. 165.
Shrewd, bad; IV. ix. 5.
Shrowd, shelter, protection (Hanmer, "*shrowd, the great,*"; Collier MS., "*shrowd, who is*"; Bulloch conj. "*stewardship*"; Gould conj. "*shield*"); III. xiii. 71.
Signs; "it s. well," it is a good omen; IV. iii. 14.
Sirs, used with reference to the waiting-women; IV. xv. 85.
Snare, trap; IV. viii. 18.
So, if only (according to some = thus); I. iii. 73.
——, if; III. xiii. 15.
Sober, modest, demure; V. ii. 54.
Soils, blemishes (Folios, "*foyles*" and "*foyls*"; Collier conj. "*foibles*"); I. iv. 24.
Something, somewhat; IV. viii. 20; V. ii. 348.
Soonest, quickest; III. iv. 27.
Soothsay, predict; I. ii. 48.
Sottish, stupid; IV. xv. 79.
Space, space of time, time enough; II. i. 31.
Spaniel'd, followed like a spaniel, a dog; IV. xii. 21.
Speeds, succeeds, prospers; II. iii. 35.
Spot, disgrace; IV. xii. 35.

Spritely, lively; IV. vii. 15.
Square, quarrel, fight; II. i. 45; III. xiii. 41.
——; "kept my square," *i.e.* kept my rule, proper position, "kept straight"; II. iii. 6.
Square, fair, just; II. ii. 188.
Squares, squadrons; III. xi. 40.
Stablishment, settled inheritance; III. vi. 9.
Staged, exhibited publicly; III. xiii. 30.
Stain, eclipse (Theobald, "*strain*"; Warburton MS. and Boswell conj., adopted by Collier (ed. 2), "*stay*"; Jackson conj. "*stun,*" etc.); III. iv. 27.
Stall, dwell; V. i. 39.
Stand on, be particular about; IV. iv. 31.
Stands upon; "s. our lives u.," *i.e.* concerns us, as we value our lives; II. i. 50.
Station, mode of standing; III. iii. 22.
Stays upon, awaits; I. ii. 116.
Steer, direct, control; V. i. 32.
Still, continually, always; III. ii. 60.
Stirr'd, roused, incited; I. i. 43.
Stomach, inclination; II. ii. 50.
——, resent; III. iii. 12.
Stomaching, giving way to resentment; II. ii. 9.
Straight, straightway, immediately; II. ii. 171; IV. xii. 3.
Strangler, destroyer (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*stranger*"; Rowe, "*estranger*"); II. vi. 122.
Stroy'd, destroyed; III. xi. 54.
Studied; "well s.," desire earnestly; II. vi. 48.
Subscribe, sign; IV. v. 14.
Success, result, issue; III. v. 6.
Such, very great, very considerable; III. iii. 44.
Suffer, sustain loss or damage; III. xiii. 34.
Sufficing, sufficient; IV. xiv. 117.
Sum; "the s.," *i.e.* tell me the whole in few words; I. i. 18.
Sworder, gladiator; III. xiii. 31.
Synod, the assembly of the gods; III. x. 5.

Tabourines, drums; IV. viii. 37.
Take in, take, conquer; I. i. 23; III. vii. 24.
Tall, sturdy; II. vi. 7.
Targes, targets, shields; II. vi. 40.
Teeth; "from his t.," not from his heart; III. iv. 10.
Telamon, Ajax Telamon; IV. xiii. 2.
Temper, freedom from excess; I. i. 8.
Temperance, chastity; III. xiii. 121.
——, moderation, calmness; V. ii. 48.
Tended; "t. her i' the eyes," watched her very look; II. ii. 210.
Terrene, terrestrial, earthly; III. xiii. 153.
Thanks, thanks for (Capell conj. "*thanks for*"); V. ii. 21.

Them, themselves (Capell's emendation; Folios, "*his*"; Theobald, "*their*"); III. vi. 88.

Theme; "was th. for you," was undertaken in your interest; II. ii. 44.

Thereabouts, of that opinion; III. x. 30.

Thetis; "my Th.," *i.e.* "my sea-goddess"; III. vii. 61.

Thick; "so th.," *i.e.* in such quick succession; I. v. 63.

Thickens, grows dim; II. iii. 27.

Think; "th. and die," *i.e.* "despond and die" (Hanmer, "*Drink*"; Tyrwhitt conj. "*Wink*"; Becket conj. "*Swink*"); III. xiii. 1.

Thought, sorrow; IV. vi. 36.

Throes, puts in agony (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*throwes*"; Folio 4, "*throws*"; perhaps "*throws forth*"=brings forth); III. vii. 81.

Throw upon, bestow upon; I. ii. 189.

Tight, able, adroit; IV. iv. 15.

Timelier, earlier; II. vi. 52.

Tinct, tincture; I. v. 37.

Tires, head-dresses, head-gear; II. v. 22.

Token'd; "the t. pestilence," spotted plague; "the death of those visited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *Goa's tokens*" (Steevens); III. x. 9.

Top, height of; V. i. 43.

To 't, to get to it; III. x. 32.

Touch, attain; V. ii. 330.

Touches, sensations, feelings; I. ii. 182.

Toward, in preparation; II. vi. 74.

Toys, trifles; V. ii. 166.

Treaties, proposals for a treaty; III. xi. 62.

Triple, third; I. i. 12.

Triple-turn'd, three times faithless (Jackson conj. "*triple-train'd*"); IV. xii. 13.

Trull, worthless woman; III. vi. 95.

Turpitude, extreme baseness; IV. vi. 33.

Undoing, destruction; V. ii. 44.

Unequal, unjust; II. v. 101.

Unfolded, exposed; V. ii. 170.

Unnoble, ignoble; III. xi. 50.

Unpolicied, devoid of policy; V. ii. 308.

Unpurposed, not intended; IV. xiv. 84.

Unqualitied, deprived of his character and faculties; III. xi. 44.

Unseminar'd, destitute of seed; I. v. 11.

Unstate, divest of estate and dignity; III. xiii. 30.

Unto, over; II. ii. 145.

Upon the river, upon the shores of the river; II. ii. 190.

Urge; "did u. me in his act," "made use of my name as a pretence for the war" (Warburton); II. ii. 46.

Urgent, pressing; I. ii. 182.

Use; "in u.," in usufruct; I. iii. 44.
Use, are used, are accustomed; II. v. 32.
Useful, usefully; IV. xiv. 80.

Vacancy, empty and idle time; I. iv. 26.
Vantage, advantage; III. x. 12.
Varletry, rabble (Folio 1, "*Varlotarie*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Varlotry*"); V. ii. 56.
Vessels; "strike the v.," *i.e.* "tap the casks" (? "strike your cups together"); II. vii. 100.
Vials; "sacred v.," "alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend"; I. iii. 63. (*Cp.* ilustration.)

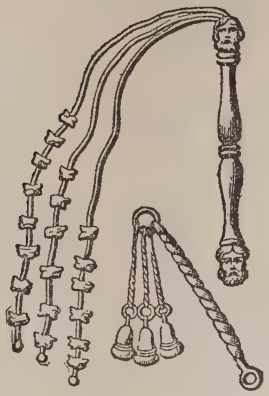
From specimens found in Roman cemeteries in England.

Vie, contend with, rival; "v. strange forms with fancy," *i.e.* "contend with, rival, fancy in producing strange forms"; V. ii. 98.
View; "to my sister's v.," to see my sister; II. ii. 169.
Virtue, valour; IV. viii. 17.

Waged, were opposed to each other (Folio 2, "*way*"; Folios 3, 4, "*may*"; Rowe, "*weigh'd*"; Ritson conj. "*Weigh*"); V. i. 31.
Wail'd, bewailed; III. ii. 58.
Waned, faded (Folios, "*wand*"; Johnson conj. "*fond*"); II. i. 21.
Wassails, carousing (Pope's emendation of Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Vassailes*" and "*Vassails*"; Folio 4, "*Vassals*"); I. iv. 56.
Way's, way he is (so Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*wayes*"; Hanmer, "*way he's*"); II. v. 117.
Weet, wit, know; I. i. 39.
Well said, well done; IV. iv. 28.
Wharfs, banks; II. ii. 216.
What, why (Collier MS., "*Why*"); V. ii. 313.
Which, who; I. ii. 4.
Whipp'd with wire; II. v. 65. (The engraving represents two Roman whips. The thongs of the larger one are set with bones taken from sheeps' feet, the other is composed of metal knobs and chains.)
Whole, well again; IV. viii. 11.
Windowed, placed in a window; IV. xiv. 72.
With, by; I. i. 56; III. x. 7; V. ii. 171.

With's, with us; III. i. 36.
Woo't, wouldst thou (Capell, "*Wou't*"); IV. ii. 7.
Words, flatters with words, cajoles; V. ii. 191.
Worky-day, ordinary; I. ii. 51.
Worm, snake; V. ii. 243.
Wot'st, knowest; I. v. 22.
Wrongled, misled (Capell, "*wrong'd*"); III. vi. 80.

Yare, light, active; III. vii. 39.
——, ready; III. xiii. 131.
——, be quick; V. ii. 283.
Yarely, readily; II. ii. 214.
Yield, reward, requite; IV. ii. 33.



Roman whips (See II. v. 65.)

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 18. *'Grates me: the sum.'*; Folio 1, *'Grates me, the summe.'*; Folios 2, 3, *'Rate me, the summe.'*; Rowe, *'Rate me the sum.'*; Pope, *'It grates me. Tell the sum.'*; Capell, *''T grates me:—The sum.'*; Steevens (1793), *'Grates me:—The sum.'*

I. i. 60-61. *'liar, who Thus speaks of him'*; Pope reads *'liar Fame, Who speaks him thus.'*

I. ii. 5. *'charge'*; Warburton and Southern MS. conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, *'change'*; Jackson conj. *'chain'*; Williams conj. *''hang.'*

I. ii. 38. *'fertile'*; Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, *'foretell'* and *'foretel'*; Pope, *'foretold'*; Collier MS., *'fruitful.'*

I. ii. 59-60. *'Alexas,—come'*; Theobald's reading of the Folio text, where *Alexas* is erroneously printed as though the name of the speaker.

I. ii. 79. *'Saw you my lord?'*; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1 reads *'Saue you, my lord.'*

I. ii. 100-105. The arrangement of the text was first given by Steevens.

I. ii. 111. *'minds'*; Warburton conj., adopted by Hanmer; Folios 1, 2, *'windes'*; Collier conj. *'winds.'*

I. ii. 129. *'enchanting'*; so Folio 1; omitted in Folios 2, 3, 4; Rowe reads *'Ægyptian.'*

I. ii. 138. *'a compelling occasion'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'a compelling an occasion'*; Nicholson conj. *'so compelling an occasion,'* etc.

I. ii. 195-196. *'like the courser's hair,'* etc., alluding to the popular notion that horsehair put into water will turn into a snake or worm.

I. iv. 3. *'Our'*; Heath and Johnson conj., adopted by Singer; Folios, *'One'*; Hanmer, *'A.'*

I. iv. 22. *'as'*; Johnson conj. *'and.'*

I. iv. 46. *'lackeying'*; *'lacquying,'* Theobald's correction from Anon. MS.; Folios, *'lacking'*; Pope, *'lashing'*; Southern MS., *'backing.'*

I. v. 48. *'an arm-gaunt'*; Folios, *'an Arme-gaunt'*; Hanmer, *'an arm-girt'*; Mason conj., adopted by Steevens, 1793, *'a termagant'*; Jackson conj. *'a war-gaunt'*; Boaden conj., adopted by Singer, *'an arrogant'*; Lettsom conj. *'a rampaunt'*; the latter ingenious emendation certainly commends itself; unless *'arm-gaunt'* = 'having lean fore-limbs.'

I. v. 50. *'beastly'*; Hanmer, *'beast-like'*; Collier MS., *'boastfully'*; Becket conj. *'basely.'*

II. i. 10. *'powers are crescent'*; Theobald reads, *'pow'r's a crescent'*; Becket conj. *'power is crescent'*; Anon. conj. *'power's a-crescent.'*

II. ii. 44. *'Was theme for you,' i.e.* 'had you for its theme'; Johnson conj. *'Had theme from you'*; Collier (ed. 2). *'For theme was you'*; Staunton conj. *'Had you for theme'*; Orson conj. *'Was known for yours,'* etc.

II. ii. 111. *'your considerate stone,' i.e.* 'I am silent as a stone'; Heath conj. *'your confederate love'*; Johnson, *'your considerate ones'*; Blackstone conj. *'your consideratest one,'* etc., etc.

'Anthony enthroned in the market-place did sit alone.'

II. ii. 211. *'And made their bends adornings'*; *i. e.* "and made their very act of obeisance an improvement on their beauty" (Steevens); the passage has been variously interpreted, but this seems the simplest solution.

II. ii. 218. *'Antony, enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone.'* A good idea of the public enthronement of the Roman emperors is afforded by the accompanying engraving of a coin of Trajan. The emperor superintends the bestowal of gifts upon his citizens by his steward.

II. iii. 2. *'my prayers'*; Rowe reads *'in prayers'*; Collier MS., *'with prayers.'*

II. iii. 22. *'a fear'*; Collier (ed. 2), Thirlby conj. *'afeard'*; S. Walker conj. *'afear.'*

'His cocks do win the battle.'

II. iii. 30. *'he away, 'tis'*; Pope's emendation of Folio 1, *'he alway 'tis'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'he alway is.'*

II. iii. 36. *'His cocks do win the battle.'* The accompanying representation of a cock-fight, presided over by two genii deeply interested in the game, is derived from a bas-relief on an ancient Roman lamp in terra cotta.

II. iii. 38. *'inhoop'd,' i.e.* enclosed in a hoop; Hanmer, *'incoop'd'*; Seward conj., adopted by Capell, *'in whoop'd-at.'*

II. v. 12. *'Tawny-finn'd'*; Theobald's emendation of Folios, *'Tawny-fine'*; Rowe reads *'Tawny-fin.'*

II. v. 103. *'That art not what thou'rt sure of!'*; Hanmer, *'That say'st but what thou'rt sure of'*; Johnson conj. *'That art—not what?—Thou'rt sure on't,'* etc.; perhaps the words of the text mean 'that are not the evil thing of which thou art so certain'; other interpretations have been advanced.

II. v. 116. *'Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,'* alluding to the old 'perspective' pictures showing one picture from one point of view, another from another standpoint.

'The tears of it are wet.'

II. vii. 52. *'the tears of it are wet'*; Topsell's *History of Serpents* (1608) refers to the 'common proverbe *crocodili lachrimæ.*' (The popular sixteenth century notions of the form of the crocodile are seen in the annexed engraving, which is copied from an old woodcut.)

II. vii. 76. *'there'*; Pope, *'then'*; Steevens conj. *'theirs.'*

II. vii. 97. *'increase the reels'*; Steevens *'and grease the wheels'*; Douce *'increase the revels.'*

II. vii. 115. *'bear'*; Theobald's emendation; Folios, *'beat.'*

III. v. 14. *'Then, world, thou hast'*; Hanmer's emendation; Folios, *'Then would thou hadst'*; Warburton MS., *'Then would thou hadst'*; *'chaps, no,'* Theobald's reading of Folios, *'chaps no.'*

III. vi. 53. *'left unloved'*; Collier MS., *'held unloved'*; Singer conj., adopted by Hudson, *'felt unloved'*; Seymour conj., *'left unvalued.'*

III. vii. 5. *'If not denounced against us'*; Hanmer reads, *'Is't not denounc'd 'gainst us?'*; Jackson conj., *'Is't not? Denounce against us!'*; etc.

III. vii. 69. *'his whole action grows Not in the power on't,' i.e.* "his whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, namely, his land force, but on the caprice of a woman," etc. (Malone).

III. xii. 13. *'lessens'*; Folio, 'Lessons.' Mr. A. E. Thiselton, in support of the Folio reading, which he interprets 'schools' or 'disciplines,' calls attention to the initial capital letter indicating 'an emphasis which the feeble *lessens* would hardly carry.'

III. xii. 28-29. *'And in our name, what she requires; add more, From thine invention, offers'*; Grant White conj., *'What she requires; and in our name add more Offers from thine invention'*; Walker, *'and more . . . From thine invention offer.'*

III. xiii. 162. *'Cæsarion smite'*; Hanmer's emendation; Folios, *'Cæsarian smile.'*

IV. iv. 3. *'mine'*; Folios, *'thine.'*

IV. iv. 5-8. The text follows Malone's arrangement and reading (*vide* Cambridge Edition, Note VI.).

IV. v. 17. *'Dispatch. Enobarbus!'*; Steevens (1773) reading; Folio 1, *'Dispatch Enobarbus'*; Folio 2, *'Dispatch Eros'*; Folios 3, 4, *'Dispatch, Eros'*; Pope, *'dispatch my Eros'*; Johnson conj. *'Dispatch! To Enobarbus!'*; Capell, *'Dispatch.—O Enobarbus!'*; Rann, *'Eros! Dispatch'*; Ritson conj., adopted by Steevens 1793, *'Eros, despatch'*; Anon. conj., *'Domitius Enobarbus!'*.

IV. vi. 13. *'persuade'*; Rowe's correction of Folios, *'disswade.'*

IV. viii. 23. *'favouring'*; Theobald's emendation of Folios, *'savouring.'*

IV. xii. 25. *'soul'*; Capell, *'soil'*; Singer (ed. 2) from Collier MS., *'spell'*; S. Walker conj., *'snake'*: *'grave'*; Pope reads

'gay'; Collier (ed. 2) from Collier MS., *'great'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'grand.'*

IV. xiv. 87. *'Lo thee'*; Grant White conj., *'Lo there.'*

IV. xv. 10. *'Burn the great sphere'*; Hanmer, *'Turn from the sphere'*; Warburton, *'Turn from th' great sphere.'*

IV. xv. 11. *'shore'*; Staunton conj., adopted by Hudson, *'star.'*

IV. xv. 21. *'I dare not'*; Malone conj., *'I dare not descend'*; Ritson conj., adopted by Wordsworth, *'I dare not come down'*; Anon. conj., from Plutarch, *'I dare not ope the gates'*; etc.

'Fortune and her wheel.'
From a large brass coin of Gordian.

IV. xv. 44. *'the false housewife Fortune break her wheel.'* (*Cp.* illustration.)

IV. xv. 73. *'No more, but e'en a woman'*; Capell's version; Folios read *'No more but in a Woman'*; Rowe, *'No more but a meer woman'*; Johnson conj., adopted by Steevens, 1773, 1778, *'No more—but e'en a woman.'*

V. i. 15. *'crack: the round world'*; Steevens conj., *'crack than this: the ruin'd world'*; Singer conj., *'crack: the round world convulsive'*; Nicholson conj., *'crack: the round world in rending'*; Daniel conj., *'crack in the round world'*; etc.

V. i. 24. *'Splitted the heart'*; Collier MS., *'Split that self noble heart'*; Elze conj., *'Splitted that very heart.'*

V. i. 59-60. *'live To be ungentle'*; Rowe (ed. 2) and Southern MS.; Folios read *'leaue to be ungentle'*; Capell, *'Leave to be gentle'*; Tyrwhitt conj., *'learn To be ungentle'*; Gould conj., *'bear to be ungentle.'*

V. ii. 7. *'dug'*; Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald, *'dugg'*; Folios, *'dung'*; Nicholson conj., *'tongue'*; Cartwright conj., *'wrong'*; Bailey conj., *'doom.'*

V. ii. 50. *'necessary'*; Hanmer, *'accessary'*; Malone conj., *'necessary, I'll not so much as syllable a word'*; Ritson conj., *'necessary, I will not speak; if sleep be necessary.'*

V. ii. 87. *'an autumn 'twas'*; Theobald and Thirlby conj.; Folios read *'an Anthony it was'*; etc.

V. ii. 104. *'smites'*; Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, *'suites'*;

Folios 3, 4, '*suits*'; Pope '*shoots*.' I am inclined to agree with Mr. A. E. Thiselton that Pope's correction is unimpeachable.

V. ii. 174. '*my chance*,' *i.e.* my changed fortune, lot; Hanmer reads '*mischance*'; S. Walker conj., '*my change*'; Ingleby conj., adopted by Hudson, '*my glance*.'

V. ii. 178-179. '*We answer others' merits in our name, Are*'; Malone's reading; Folios, '*We answer others merits, in our name Are*'; etc.

V. ii. 352. '*caves*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*caues*'; Barry conj., '*canes*'; Anon. conj., '*eaves*'; Perring conj., '*course*.'

'*The barge she sat in*' (II. ii. 194.)

From a wall-painting on the tomb of Rameses III., at Thebes.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

8. *reneges*:—Coleridge's suggestion that this word should be spelled *reneague* is supported by the following passage quoted in Richardson's *Dictionary* from Udal's New Testament, Luke i.: "Those that vaunted themselves by the glorious name of Israel, those he hath *renegued* and put away from the inheritance of the promises made unto Israel."

1. *There's beggary*, etc.:—So in *Romeo and Juliet*, II. vi. 32: "They are but *beggars* that can count their worth." And in Martial, vi. 36: "Basia pauca cupit, qui numerare potest."

17. *Then must thou needs*, etc.:—Then must you set the boundary at a distance greater than the present visible universe affords.

44. *for the love of Love*:—That is, for the sake of the goddess of Love.

53. *To-night*, etc.:—So in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius*: "Sometime also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men's windows and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house, Cleopatra would be also in a chamber-maid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him."

60. That he *confirms* the common liar, *Fame*, in his case to be a true reporter. Shakespeare elsewhere uses *approve* for *prove*, as also *approof* for *proof*.

Scene II.

23. *heat my liver*:—The liver being considered the seat of love, Charmian says she would rather heat her liver with drinking than with love's fire. A heated liver was supposed to make a pimpled face.

27. *a child at fifty*:—"This," says Johnson, "is one of Shakespeare's natural touches. Few circumstances are more flattering to the fair sex than breeding at an advanced period of life."

35. *no names*:—Charmian has not been married, and, if she is not to have better fortune, her children will not know their father, therefore will be bastards and nameless. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i. 14-16: "That 's as much as to say, *bastard* virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore *have no names*."

49, 50. *an oily palm*, etc.:—This prognostic is alluded to in *Othello*, III. iv.:—

> "This *hand is moist*, my lady. . . .
> This argues *fruitfulness* and liberal heart."

101. *Stiff news* is *hard news*.

102. *Extended Asia from Euphrates*:—*Extend* is often found in the old writers for *seize*; *extent* for *seizure*, etc. So in *As You Like It*, III. i. 16, 17:—

> "And let my officers of such a nature
> Make an *extent* upon his house and lands."

So too in *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594:—

> Ay, though on all the world we *make extent*
> From the south pole unto the northern bear."

Plutarch tells us that Labienus was by the Parthian king made general of his troops, and had overrun Asia from Euphrates, and Syria to Lydia and Ionia. Euphrates here is accented on the first syllable. Shakespeare uses the name only in this instance. Drayton's *Polyolbion*, 21, has it accented in the same way in this line: "That gliding go in state, like swelling Euphrates."

125-127. *the present pleasure*, etc.:—The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain. There seems to be an implied allusion to the turning of a wheel, suggested, as some think, by the "wheel of fortune."

Scene III.

3. *I did not send you*:—"You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge." So in *Troilus and Cressida*, IV. ii. 72: "We met by chance; you did not find me here."

8. *I do not?*—We must understand *that* as supplied: "What should I do *that* I do not?" The ellipsis of the relative was common then, as it is now.

16, 17. *the sides of nature*, etc.:—So in *Twelfth Night*, II. iv. 95, 96:—

> "There is no woman's *sides*
> Can bide the beating of so strong a passion."

36. *in our brows' bent*:—That is, in the bending or arching of our brows. The brow is that part of the face which expresses most fully the mental emotions. So in *King John*, IV. ii. 90: "Why do you *bend* such solemn *brows* on me?"

57, 58. *Though age*, etc.:—Cleopatra here apparently means, "Though age could not exempt me from folly, at least it frees me from a childish and ready belief of every assertion. Is it possible that Fulvia is dead? I cannot believe it."

63, 64. *vials . . . water*:—Alluding to the lachrymatory vials filled with tears, which the Romans placed in the tomb of a departed friend.

84. *Herculean*:—Antony traced his descent from Anton, a son of Hercules.

91-93. *But that*, etc.:—An antithesis is intended between *royalty* and *subject*. The meaning is, "But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, I should suppose you, from this idle discourse, to be the very genius of idleness itself."

96, 97. *Since my becomings*, etc.:—That which would seem to become me most is hateful to me when it is not acceptable in your sight.

103, 104. *That thou residing here*, etc.:—A strikingly similar thought occurs in Sidney's *Arcadia*:—

> "She went, they staid; or, rightly for to say,
> She staid with them, they went in thought with her."

Scene IV.

12, 13. *His faults*, etc.:—As the stars or spots of heaven appear more bright and prominent from the darkness of the night, so

the faults of Antony seem enlarged by his virtues, which give relief to his faults, and make them show out more prominently.

25-28. *If he fill'd . . . call on him for't*:—If Anthony followed his debaucheries at times of leisure only, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by *surfeits* and *dry bones*.

36-38. *Pompey . . . fear'd Cæsar*:—Those whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæsar now show their affection for Pompey.

55-71. *Antony . . . lank'd not.*:—This superb speech is based upon the following passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius*, where the writer is relating what happened after the death of Julius Cæsar, but before the Triumvirate was formed: "Cicero, being the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, stirred up all men against Antonius, and sent Hircius and Pansa, then Consuls, to drive him out of Italy. These two Consuls, together with Cæsar, who also had an army, went against Antonius, that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battell; but both the Consuls were slain there. Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery al at once; but the chiefest want of al other, and that pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit, he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity; and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant he shewed himselfe. And it was a wonderfull example to the souldiers to see Antonius, that was brought up in al finenesse and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle water, and to eate wild fruits and roots. And moreover it is reported, that even as they passed the Alpes they did eate the barkes of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before."

Scene V.

4. *Mandragora*:—Compare *Othello*, III. iii. 330-333:—

> "Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
> Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
> Which thou owedst yesterday."

So too in Adlington's translation of *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius: "I gave him no poyson but a doling drink of *mandragora*, which is of such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe as though he were dead."

36, 37. *that great medicine*, etc.:—Alluding, perhaps, to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, was said to convert base metal into gold. The alchemists called the matter, whatever it was, by which they performed transmutation a *medicine*. So Chapman in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594: "O then, thou *great elixir* of all treasures." And on this passage he has the following note: "The philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina*, is called the *great elixir*." Walker thinks that *medicine* here means physician, and so the word was sometimes used.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

4, 5. *Whiles we are suitors*, etc.:—*Whiles* for *while*; often used so by Shakespeare. The passage means, while we are praying, the thing for which we pray *is losing its value*.

26, 27. *prorogue his honour . . . dulness*:—"Delay his sense of honour from exerting itself till he is become habitually sluggish." *Till* means *to*, according to an ancient usage.

30, 31. *since he went . . . travel*:—Since he left Egypt time enough has elapsed for a longer journey.

Scene II.

8. *I would not shave't*:—I would meet him without even such a show of respect.

78. *told him of myself*:—Warburton, followed by others, explains this as meaning, "I told him the condition I was in when he had his last audience." Hudson's explanation (Harvard ed.) is, "I told him this of *my own accord*; or volunteered this information about myself."

85, 86. *The honour*, etc.:—Mason explains that the force of *now* does not fall with *talks*, but with *is sacred*; "the point of honour, which he talks on, is sacred with me *now*, however negligent, or untrue to my oath, I may have been *then*." He accordingly excuses his fault, asks pardon, and tenders reparation.

92-94. *mine honesty*, etc.:—My power or greatness shall not work in disregard of my honesty.

112 *et seq.* Cæsar means, "I do not think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition; for it cannot be we shall remain in friendship; yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it."

123. *Were well deserved of rashness*:—That is, you might be reproved for your rashness, and would well deserve it.

157-159. *I must thank him only*, etc.:—I must barely thank him lest I be thought too willing to forget his courtesies; and then I will defy him.

173. *from Egypt*:—In *Julius Cæsar* we have a glimpse of the ennobling developments that arose when sincere Romans stooped to drink from the well-springs of Greek philosophy and science; in *Antony and Cleopatra* we behold the counter influence and contamination from too close proximity to Asia—for Egypt is in nature Asiatic—the school of courtiers and of all the arts of servility and seduction that courts give harbour and protection to.

189, 190. Enobarbus is made to say that Cleopatra gained Antony's heart on the river Cydnus; but it appears from the conclusion of his own description, that Antony had never seen her there; that whilst she was on the river, Antony was sitting alone, enthroned in the market-place, whistling to the air, all the people having left him to gaze upon her; and that when she landed he sent to her to invite her to supper.

194 *et seq.* The reader may be pleased to compare Dryden's description with that of Shakespeare:—

"Her galley down the silver Cyndus row'd,
The tackling, silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails:
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,
Where she, another seaborn Venus, lay.—
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em: Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
That play'd about her face: But if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad
That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,
But hung upon the object: To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time; and while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more;
For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice."

239. *Her infinite variety*:—Cleopatra, as appears from the tetradrachms of Antony, was no Venus; and indeed the majority of women who have most successfully enslaved the hearts of princes, were less remarkable for personal than mental attractions. The reign of insipid beauty is seldom lasting; but permanent must be the rule of a woman who can diversify the sameness of life by an inexhausted variety of accomplishments.

Scene III.

3. *bow my prayers*:—The same construction is found in *Coriolanus*, I. i. 217: "*Shouting* their emulation." And in *King Lear*, II. ii. 82: "*Smile you* my speeches?"

Scene V.

3. *billiards*:—Many critics have called this an anachronism, as billiards, they say, were not known to the ancients. But Hudson asks, "How do they know this? Late researches," he declares, "have shown that many things were in use in old Egypt which, afterwards lost, have been reinvented in modern times. But Shakespeare did not know this? Doubtless not; but then he knew that by using a term familiar to his audience he would lead their thoughts to what has always followed in the train of luxury and refinement. Suppose he had been so learned, and withal such a slave to his learning, as to use a term signifying some game which the English people never had heard of. Which were the greater anachronism?"

16-18. *when your diver*, etc.:—This circumstance is from Plutarch: Antony had fished unsuccessfully in Cleopatra's presence, and she laughed at him. The next time, therefore, he directed the boatman to dive under water, and attach a fish to his hook. The queen perceived the stratagem, but affecting not to notice it, congratulated him on his success. Another time, however, she determined to laugh at him once more, and gave orders to her own people to get the start of his divers, and put some dried *salt fish* on his hook.

23. *Philippan*:—The battle of Philippi being the greatest action of Antony's life, it was an adroit piece of flattery to name his sword from it. The swords of the heroes of romance have generally pompous names.

115. Cleopatra is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but of Antony.

Scene VI.

13. *ghosted*:—This verb is used by Burton in the preface to his *Anatomy of Melancholy*: "What madness *ghosts* this old man? but what madness *ghosts* us all?"

26, 27. *At land indeed* thou dost exceed me in possessions, having added to thy own my father's house. *O'ercount* is here used equivocally, and Pompey insinuates that Antony not only outnumbered, but had overreached him. The circumstance of Antony's obtaining the house of Pompey's father the Poet had from Plutarch.

28, 29. Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can.

43-47. *though I lose*, etc.:—Clarke here comments: "The historical fact of Sextus Pompey's having courteously received Antony's mother in Sicily when she fled from Italy is recorded by Plutarch; but the touch of delicacy in sentiment—declaring that to remind or reproach another with a benefit conferred is to forfeit the merit of it—is the dramatist's own exquisite addition."

55. *What counts . . . my face*:—A metaphor from making *marks* or *lines* in casting accounts.

71. *A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress*:—This is from the margin of North's *Plutarch* (the *Life of Julius Cæsar*), 1579: "Cleopatra trussed up in a *mattrasse*, and so brought to Cæsar upon Apollodorus' backe." Reference is here made to this passage in the text. He goes on thus: "She, only taking Apollodorus Sicilian of all her friends, took a litle bote, and went away with him in it in the night, and came and landed hard by the foot of the castell. Then, having no other meane to come into the court without being knowne, she laid herselfe downe upon a mattrasse or flock-bed, which Apollodorus tied and bound up together like a bundle with a great leather thong, and so took her upon his backe, and brought her thus hampered in this fardle unto Cæsar in the castle gate. This was the first occasion, it is reported, that made Cæsar to love her." The incident is dramatized with much spirit in Fletcher's *False One*.

Scene VII.

95-97. *The third part . . . reels*:—Difficulties have been made about this passage, in which Singer saw none. He explained it thus: "Menas says, 'The third part of the world is drunk (meaning Lepidus, one of the *triumvirs*), would it were all so, that it might go on wheels,' that is, turn round or change. To which Enobarbus replies, 'Drink thou; increase *the reels,*' that is, increase its giddy course."

118. *pink eyne*:—The following is in *Horman's Vulgaria,* 1519: "Some have mighty yies and some be *pinkyied.* Quidam pergrandis sunt luminibus, quidam peti." The flower called a *pink* is in French *œillet,* or *little eye.* To *pink* and *wink* is to contract the eyes and peep out of the lids. Hence *pinky* for tipsy, from the peculiar expression of the eyes of persons in liquor. The epithet is therefore well appropriated to the god of wine.

128, 129. *the wild disguise hath almost antick'd us all*:—Has almost made us antics or buffoons. Upon this scene Clarke observes: "The discriminative characterization developed in each of the revellers—Lepidus's fatuity and solemn dulness floundering beneath the overpowering effect of the repeated healths or toasts with which he is plied; Octavius's reluctance at the subversion of his cold equanimity by the riot of the carousal and the effect of the wine; Enobarbus's mad spirits—yet he even at length giving token of being 'weaker than the wine'; Pompey's capital bit of maudlin ('O Antony, you have my father's house—But, what? we are friends'), half lingering resentment, half drunken magnanimity of forgiveness; the untouched strength of the seasoned Mark Antony, able to bear any amount of drained cups; together with the rich gusto and classical grape-crowned animation of the whole scene, combine to render this one of the most magnificently painted orgy-descriptions ever set down on paper. It glows before our eyes like a Rubens canvas."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

[*Enter Ventidius.*] How conscientiously Shakespeare kept in view the resolve to indicate the proceeding metamorphosis of the Roman state and Roman society, at the same time that he set forth the characters and fortunes of the triumvir and his para-

mour, is well seen in the short Parthian entrance of Ventidius. He has embodied the biography of Antony by Plutarch from the point at which he takes it up with as much skill as comprehensiveness.

1. *Struck* alludes to *darting*. Thou, whose darts have often struck others, art struck now thyself.

27-29. *Thou hast, Ventidius,* etc.:—Warburton interprets thus: "'Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.' This was wisdom, or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him why he did not pursue his advantages; and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight."

Scene II.

40. Octavia is to sail with Antony from Rome to Athens, and her brother wishes that the elements—winds and seas—may be kind to her; in other words, that she may have a prosperous voyage. Johnson and others, however, have explained: "May the different elements of the body be in such proportion and harmony as to keep you cheerful."

52. *were he a horse*:—A horse is said to have *a cloud in his face,* when he has a dark-coloured spot in his forehead between the eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill temper, is of course looked upon as a great blemish. Burton has applied the phrase to the look of a female: "Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of herselfe—thin, leane, chitty-face, have *clouds in her face,* be crooked," etc.

59. *wept*:—The old copies have *weepe*. Theobald's reading, here given, has been followed by most recent editors. Steevens tried to give a meaning to the old reading: "Believe that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which, in reality (like his), will be tears of joy."

Scene III.

32-34. *is't long on round,* etc.:—This is from the old writers on physiognomy. So in Hill's *Pleasant History,* 1613: "The head

very round to be forgetful and *foolish*." Again: "The *head* long, to be prudent and wary." "A low forehead," etc., p. 218.

35, 36. *her forehead as low as she would wish it*:—"As one would wish it" was a cant phrase common in Shakespeare's day. The perverted fancy of our Elizabethan ancestors for a high, that is, bald forehead, is often shown in the Poet and his contemporaries. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. iv. 198: "Ay, but her *forehead's low*."

44. *no such thing*:—That is, nothing very remarkable—a colloquial phrase.

Scene IV.

10. *from his teeth*:—A common expression. So Dryden in his *Wild Gallant*: "I am confident she is only angry *from the teeth* outward." And Fuller, in his *Holie Warre*: "This bad breath, though it came but *from the teeth* of some, yet proceeded from the corrupt lungs of others." And in Withal's *Dictionarie for Children*, 1616: "*Lingua amicus*: A friend from the teeth outward."

10-16. The situation and sentiments of Octavia resemble those of Lady Blanch in *King John*, III. i.

Scene V.

[*Enter Enobarbus.*] The dramatic value of the character of Enobarbus, as Shakespeare has developed it, cannot be over-estimated in such a play with such a theme. Besides a remonstrance against Cleopatra's presence in the war, Plutarch furnishes little more towards the character than this: "Furthermore, he dealt very friendly and courteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatra's mind. For he being sick of an ague when he went and took a little boat to go unto Cæsar's camp, Antonius was very sorry for it, but yet he sent after him all his carriage train and men; and the said Domitius, as though he gave him to understand that he repented of his open treason, died immediately after." In the play, Domitius, while he is largely participant in riot and irregularity, and largely accessory to hasty imprudence, and yields to none in appreciation of the seductive charm of Cleopatra, is still in perfect contrast to Antony by his freedom from infatuation. In some respects he is like Cleopatra too, who looks on at the ruin she has made, and mingles pity with her return for the passion that in itself is too degenerate to be called

love unmingled. It is when Antony is gradually overtasking the sympathies of the spectator, that they are recalled by his proofs of nobility of nature on the desertion of Domitius, and the example holds us truer to the end.

14. *no more*:—Of course this phrase does not signify *no longer,* but has the same meaning as *and* no more, or *that is all*: "Thou hast now a *pair* of chaps and nothing more. Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey on between them."

23. *Naught* has here the same meaning as *naughty* or *bad.*

Scene VI.

3. *Tribunal* here is a stage or platform, as in the Latin usage. This scene is closely copied from North's *Plutarch.*

13. The old copy has *hither* instead of *he there,* and *King* instead of *Kings.* Corrected by Steevens.

Scene VII.

6, 7. *If not denounced,* etc.:—In the passage of Plutarch which supplied the basis of this scene, we have the following: "Now, after that Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he proclaimed open warre against Cleopatra, and made the people to abolish the power and empire of Antonius, because he had before given it up unto a woman. And Cæsar said, furthermore, that Antonius was not master of himselfe, but Cleopatra had brought him beside himselfe by her charmes and amorous poysons; and that they that should make warre with them should be Mardian the eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatraes bed-chamber, that frizeled her haire and dressed her head) and Charmian; the which were those that ruled all the affaires of Antonius empire."

60. *Thetis*:—Antony may address Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in allusion to her voyage down the Cydnus, when she appeared like Thetis surrounded by the Nereids.

Scene VIII.

In connection with these short scenes, which some critics regard as injuring the Poet's work with too many details and changes

in the action, it may be interesting to read this finely expressed judgement of Lloyd upon the structural quality of the drama: "The play throughout evinces the master hand of Shakespeare—It reads with unchecked freshness, as though it flowed with quickest facility from his pen, at the same time that every line is charged with the maturest autumn of his ripened mind. Luxuriant as the execution is, it is so governed by appropriateness, that I doubt whether any of Shakespeare's plays can be more justly entitled correct, in the technical sense, than *Antony and Cleopatra*—whether from any other a single line could less easily be struck out without apparent injury and loss." And Brandes has given us this observation: "Assuming that it was Shakespeare's design in *Antony and Cleopatra,* as in *King Lear,* to evoke the conception of a world-catastrophe, we see that he could not in this play, as in *Macbeth* or *Othello,* focus the entire action around the leading characters alone. He could not even make the other characters completely subordinate to them; that would have rendered it impossible for him to give the impression of majestic breadth, of an action embracing half of the then known world, which he wanted for the sake of the concluding effect."

Scene XI.

35, 36. *he at Philippi . . . dancer*:—The meaning appears to be, Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. It is alluded to in *All's Well that Ends Well,* II. i. 32, 33. "No *sword worn,* but one to *dance* with!"

52-54. *How I convey my shame,* etc.:—How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight.

Scene XIII.

47. [*Enter Thyreus.*] Cleopatra's entertainment of Thyreus is her most salient insincerity, and it is hard to decide how far this might not have proceeded. It was a yielding to temptation, if it was anything—the temptation of the ruling passion to fascinate and influence the powerful. Distinct plan is not to be considered in the matter.

55. *he is Cæsar*:—So the second Folio. The first Folio has,

"than he is Cæsar's," which brings obscurity. We have a clear meaning in the present reading: "Cæsar entreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider that he is Cæsar: that is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them."

127. *the hill of Basan*:—This is an allusion to the Psalms: "An high hill as *the hill of Basan*." The idea of the *horned herd* below is also from the same source: "Many oxen are come about me: fat bulls of Basan close me in on every side." It is not easy to surmise how Shakespeare came to have such allusions in a play like this.

162. *Cæsarion*:—Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.

167. *I am satisfied*:—Antony surprises Cleopatra unmistakably encouraging the messenger of Cæsar, and vents his rage upon the messenger by scourging, and his anger in high reproaches and complaints; and then, as soon as the queen can gain a hearing for honeyed words and high protestation, he is soothed and satisfied at once, and turns again to his old revelry that she had taught him and so often shared.

183. Feast days, in the colleges of either university, are called *gaudy* days, as they were formerly in the inns of court. "From *gaudium*," says Blount, "because, to say truth, they are days of joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

5. *I have many other ways to die*:—Hanmer, conforming the text to the story of Plutarch, read, "*He hath* many other ways," etc. This is certainly the sense of Plutarch, and given so in modern translations; but Shakespeare perhaps was misled by the ambiguity of the old one: "Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him: Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die than so."

Scene II.

8. *Take all*:—Let the survivor take all; no composition; victory or death. So in *King Lear*, III. i. 15: "And bids what will *take all*."

26, 27. "*Or if* you see me more, you will see me *a mangled*

shadow, only the external form of what I was." The thought is, as usual, taken from North's *Plutarch.*

35. *onion-eyed*:—We have a similar allusion in I. ii. 172.

38. *Grace grow where those drops fall*:—So in *Richard II.*, III. iv. 104, 105:—

> "Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
> I 'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace."

Scene III.

23. *Let's see how it will give off*:—This is from Plutarch: "Within a little of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and sorrowe, thinking what would be the issue and end of this warre, it is saide that sodainely they heard a marvellous sweete harmonie of sundry sortes of instruments of musicke, with the cry of a multitude of people as they had beene dauncinge, and had sung as they use in Bacchus feastes, with movings and turnings after the manner of the satyres: and it seemed that this daunce went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troupe that made this noise they heard went out of the city at that gate. Now such as in reason sought the interpretacion of this wonder, thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeate and resemble him, that did forsake them."

Scene V.

1. This and some subsequent speeches are given to Eros in the Folios. Theobald assigned them to the soldier, at the suggestion of Thirlby.

Scene VI.

6, 7. *the three-nook'd world,* etc.:—The meaning is, that the *three-cornered* world shall then enjoy the blessings of peace undisturbed. So in *King John,* V. vii. 116, 117:—

> "Come the *three corners of the world* in arms,
> And we shall shock them."

And for a like allusion to the *olive* see *2 Henry IV.*, IV. iv. 87: "But Peace puts forth her *olive* every where." What is the explanation of a three-cornered world, according to the notions of our ancestors? It has never been satisfactorily given.

Scene VIII.

22. *Get goal for goal of youth*:—At all plays of barriers the boundary is called a *goal*. To *win a goal* is to be superior in a contest of activity.

Scene X.

3, 4. As Brandes remarks, "Antony fights his last battle with Macbeth's Berserk fury, facing with savage bravery what he knows to be invincibly superior force."

7. *They have put forth the haven*:—The gap in this line has been filled in various ways by different editors: Rowe, *further on*; Capell, *hie we on*; Malone, *let's seek a spot*; Dyce, *forward, now* (adopted by Rolfe); White, *ascend we then*; Hudson, *mount we, then*. It should seem that any of these additions might answer well enough for the ordinary reader, whom the present text, perhaps quite as wisely, leaves to his own ingenuity.

Scene XII.

27. *Whose bosom was my crownet*:—"That which I looked to as the reward or crown of my endeavours." The allusion is to *finis coronat opus*.

28. *Like a right gipsy*:—Three times in Shakespeare (*Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv., and *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. i. and IV. xii.) Cleopatra is slightingly called *gipsy*, probably from the word's resemblance in sound to *Egyptian*. But there was a certain significance in this word-play; for the high-mindedness of the princess and the fickleness of the gipsy were mysteriously combined in her nature.

Scene XIV.

8. *vesper's pageants*:—The beauty both of the expression and the allusion in this theatrical figure is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakespeare's age. The following apposite passage from a sermon, by Bishop Hall, is cited by Boswell: "I feare some of you are like the *pageants* of your great solemnities, wherein there is a show of a solid body, whether of a lyon, or elephant, or unicorne; but if they be curiously look'd into, there is nothing but cloth, and

sticks, and ayre." "This is, without doubt," says Hazlitt, "one of the finest pieces of poetry in Shakespeare. The splendour of the imagery, the semblance of reality, the lofty range of picturesque objects hanging over the world, their evanescent nature, the total uncertainty of what is left behind—are just like the mouldering schemes of human greatness."

10. The fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture.

19. *To pack the cards* was often used metaphorically for contriving together to deceive another. The Poet means that Cleopatra, by collusion, played the great game they were engaged in falsely, so as *to sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy.*

53. *Dido and her Æneas*:—It has been remarked that Dido and Æneas were not likely to be found thus lovingly associated. Either the Poet forgot Virgil's celebrated description in the sixth book of the *Æneid,* or confounded Æneas with Sichæus inadvertently.

60. *Less noble mind* must be understood as if written less *noble-minded,* as some editors have it. Plutarch gives the passage thus: "O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee; but I am sory that, having bene so great a captaine and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of lesse courage and noble mind then a woman."

76, 77. *branded,* etc.:—Branded with baseness him who that followed.

Scene XV.

9-11. It should be remembered that, according to the old philosophy, the sun was accounted a planet, and thought to be whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed. Supposing this consumed, the sun must wander in endless space, and the earth be involved in endless night.

62. [*Antony dies.*] When Antony and Cleopatra perished with each other, she was in her thirty-ninth, he in his fifty-fourth year. She was thus almost three times as old as Juliet, he more than double the age of Romeo.

74. *Chares*:—This word—now spelt and pronounced *chores*—is used by Shakespeare only here and in V. ii. 231 of this play. It was long ago used, as it still is provincially, to denote odd jobs of work, especially daily tasks in domestic or farm service, and the like. So in Heywood's *Brazen Age,* 1613: "She, like a good wife, is teaching her servants sundry *chares.*"

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

5. *Appear thus*:—That is, with a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand.

47, 48. *should divide,* etc.:—That is, should have made us, in our equality of fortune, disagree *to* a pitch like this, that one of us must die.

52. *A poor Egyptian yet*:—That is, yet an Egyptian, or subject of the Queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject of Rome.

Scene II.

4-8. *and it is great,* etc.:—The meaning appears to be that voluntary death is an act which *bolts up change*; it produces a state which has no longer need of gross terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level. "*Nurse,*" says Hudson, "appears to be used here for *nourishment.* Cleopatra is speaking contemptuously of this life, as if anything that depends upon such coarse vulgar feeding were not worth keeping." Hudson, of course, reads *dung* instead of *dug.* On this alternative White, who also retains *dung,* remarks: "Warburton read 'the *dug.*' The correction is of the obvious sort, and is indicated by 'palates' and 'nurse,' as well as by the similarity in form between the original and the substituted word. But as I am unable to discern what is the dug which is the 'beggar's nurse and Cæsar's,' and as the word in the text is expressive of the speaker's bitter disgust of life, I make no change."

29, 30. "In yielding to him I only give him that honour which he himself has achieved."

35. [*Here Proculeius,* etc.] "This stage direction," says White, "is not in the Folio, but is formed upon the corresponding passage in North's *Plutarch.* The scene is one which it is almost impossible to play upon a modern stage; but in Shakespeare's day, when they could 'make believe' as hard as Mr. Richard Swiveller's little Marchioness did over her orange peel and water, there was no such difficulty." "Proculeius," says Plutarch, "came to the gates that were very thicke and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were some cranews through the which her voyce might be heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra de-

maunded the kingdome of Egypt for her sonnes; and that Proculeius aunswered her, that she should be of good cheere, and not be affrayed to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her aunswere unto Cæsar: who immediately sent Gallus to speak once againe with her, and bad him purposely hold her with talk, whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high windowe, by the which Antonius was tressed up, and came down into the monument with two of his men, hard by the gate, where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women shrieked out, O poore Cleopatra, thou art taken. Then when she sawe Proculeius behind her, as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came sodainly upon her, and taking her by both hands, sayd unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt doe thyselfe greate wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunitie openlie to shew his bounty and mercie, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeach him as though he were a cruel and mercilesse man that were not to be trusted. So even as he spake the word he tooke her dagger from her, and shooke her clothes for fear of any poison hid aboute her."

50. *Once* is used by Shakespeare for *one time, some time, any time.* We may take the meaning of this line, which Singer placed in parenthesis, to be, "If idle talk about my purposes be necessary for the nonce." Johnson has shown that *will be* is often used in conversation without relation to the future.

174. *My chance*:—Most editors have retained this reading, the meaning of which can only be that her native fire, which is now so overlaid with the ashes of misfortune as to seem extinguished, will flame up through them. Chaucer has a similar image: "Yet in our *ashen* cold is fire yreken." And in Gray's *Elegy*: "E'en in our *ashes* live their wonted fires." But Hudson (Harvard ed.) in following Dr. Ingleby and substituting *glance* for *chance* persuasively argues that her native fire might flame up through the ashes of her former beauty and burn in her eyes.

185. *Make not your thoughts your prisons*:—Be not a prisoner in imagination.

229. *Sirrah* was not anciently an appellation either reproachful or injurious; being applied, with a sort of playful kindness, to children, friends, and servants, and, what may seem more extraordinary, as in the present case, to women.

240. *Fleeting* is another form of *flitting*; is *changeable, inconstant.*

243. *Worm* was commonly used for *serpent.* The word is pure Saxon. We have it still in the *blindworm* and *slowworm.* Shakespeare uses it several times. The notion of a serpent that caused death without pain was an ancient fable, and is here adopted with propriety. The *worm of Nile* was the asp of the ancients, which is wholly unknown to us.

256, 257. *he that will believe,* etc.:—Warburton observes that "Shakespeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire": but he would have *all* and *half* change places. The confusion was probably designed to heighten the humour of the clown's speech.

289. *I am fire and air*:—According to the old philosophy there were four *elements*, fire, air, earth, and water, of which all things were composed. In *Henry V.*, III. vii. 22-24, the Dauphin describes his horse thus: "He is pure *air* and *fire*; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him."

293. *aspic*:—Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, to account for her falling so soon.

313. [*Dies.*] Notwithstanding that the folly of Antony and the falsehood of the Egyptian Queen are made most manifest, the modified triumph of the piece is theirs, and Cæsar and his soldiers are left duped and defied and disappointed.

319. *and then play*:—Charmian perhaps remembers the words of her mistress (231, 232): "When thou hast done this chare I 'll give thee leave to *play* till doomsday."

352-355. *Most probable . . . die*:—The following, somewhat condensed, is from the account given by Plutarch: "Cleopatra was very carefull in gathering all sorts of poisons together, to destroy men. Now, to make proofe of those poisons which made men die with least paine, she tried it upon condemned men in prison. She afterwards went about to prove the stinging of snakes and adders, and made some to be applyed unto men in her sight. So, when she had daily made diverse and sundry proofes, she found none of them all so fit as the biting of an aspicke; the which causeth only a heavinesse of the head, without swouning or complaining, and bringeth also a great desire to sleepe, with a sweate in the face; and so by litle and litle taketh away the senses and vitall powers, no living creature perceiving that the patients feel any paine."

Questions on

Antony and Cleopatra.

1. What is the date of composition? To what period of Shakespeare's development does it belong, and before and after what plays does it come?

2. Where did Shakespeare derive the materials of his plot? What elements of the play are due to the dramatist's own genius? What other plays have been written on the same subject?

3. How much time is covered by the action? What historic period is embraced in the limits of the action?

ACT FIRST.

4. How is the plot subsumed in the opening speech? Is there disregard of convention in bringing the two protagonists at once upon the stage?

5. What is the passion at once introduced? What other motive is it quickly brought in conflict with? Who is Fulvia? How does Antony receive Cleopatra's references to her?

6. What political relation did Egypt bear to Rome at this time? Who was emperor at Rome? What was his age; Antony's previous relations with him?

7. What was Antony's mission in the East? Officially what position did Antony hold in the Roman state? What is the nature of his utterance in Sc. ii., 97-100?

8. Who was Labienus? What is the recital of his achievements in the East designed to point out? What effect does the news have upon the mood of Antony?

9. What do you learn of the character of Fulvia? What had been her influence over Antony? How had the effect of this influence made him an easier mark for Cleopatra? How did Fulvia's death affect Antony?

10. How does Enobarbus meet Antony's determination to depart? What besides the death of Fulvia incited Antony to leave Egypt? Were his personal fortunes endangered?

11. What direction does Antony give to Enobarbus at the end of Sc. ii.?

12. What had induced in Cleopatra the mood she displays at the beginning of Sc. iii.? What trait of character does it show?

13. What statement of political conditions does Antony give Cleopatra? Could Cleopatra feel any personal interest in the recital? Had she the mind of a ruler?

14. Has Antony yet realized the strength of his thralldom under Cleopatra? What two opinions of Antony do you get at the opening of Sc. iv.? How much of each was just and how much due to the personal temper of the speakers?

15. Who was Lepidus? What was his relation to Octavius and Antony?

16. How large a stage does Sc. iv. set for the enveloping action? Are they historic facts that Cæsar mentions in lines 56-71?

17. What means line 69: *It wounds thine honour that I speak it now*?

18. What feeling overtakes Cleopatra in Antony's absence? What is the nature of her jests? How does she describe herself? How much is truth and how much historic exaggeration? To what do her words concerning Cæsar and Pompey refer?

19. How has Cleopatra contrived to get news of Antony during his absence? Do you call this passion of Cleopatra love? Does she so call it? How might it be named?

20. What has the first Act established as the *motif* of the play? What means are employed to suggest infinite proportions?

ACT SECOND.

21. Is Sc. i. the only one in the play in which Pompey and his associates absorb the action? May this departure from the principles of dramatic composition be said to violate the unity of the action? How is coördination effected and the plot advanced by regarding this Scene as corresponding to a Greek chorus?

22. What really fresh point of view do we get?

23. Was the quarrel with Pompey worthy the steel of the three triumvirs?

24. What view of Antony's soldiership do we derive from Pompey?

25. Antony says to Cæsar (Sc. ii. 63), *The third o' the world is yours*: which third? What parts went to the other triumvirs?

26. What are the causes of difference between Octavius and Antony? Who comes out the better in their quarrel? What traits of character does each display?

27. What humour is in Enobarbus?

28. What bond of friendship is proposed by Agrippa? What social custom of Rome do we see in the plighting of Octavia? Was Antony even half-hearted in his acceptance?

29. What scrupulousness of honour does he display in regard to Pompey?

30. Locate Mount Misenum.

31. Give the use of the word *fame* in line 165. Did Shakespeare invent Enobarbus's description of Cleopatra *upon the river of Cydnus*?

32. What comment on Antony's susceptibility does Enobarbus make? Does anybody aside from Enobarbus thoroughly understand Antony?

33. What impression do you get of Octavia (Sc. iii.) on her first entrance?

34. If the soothsayer had reported differently, had Antony force of character enough to pursue the changed course of his actions?

35. Against whom was Ventidius's expedition to Parthia?

36. Sc. iv. represents the setting forth in which direction?

37. What line of another play of Shakespeare's does the first of Sc. v. suggest?

38. What anachronism does this Scene contain?

39. Do you see any suggestion of cruelty in Cleopatra's nature embodied in her description of the fishing? What is the incident Cleopatra and Charmian here recall? Explain Cleopatra's probable meaning in calling Antony's sword *Philippan*.

40. Compare the scene where Cleopatra receives the messenger from Rome with some modern play of similar type—say Sardou's *La Tosca*. Has Shakespeare been excelled in emotional pitch? What passions here contend for mastery in Cleopatra? Cleopatra's impatience for news defeats her means of getting it: could this trait be properly attributed to a man? In her descent to violence with the messengers can you still apply the words of Enobarbus that *vilest things become themselves in her*?

41. Where was Misenum? What was the purpose of the meeting (Sc. vi.) of the generals? What special cause of quarrel had Pompey with Mark Antony? Was it on account of the *strange courtesies* that Antony previously referred to?

42. What new view of Enobarbus do you get from Pompey?

What prophesies of future events does Enobarbus make to Menas? Do we feel the force and truth of these observations? Is Enobarbus the perfect type of the man of the world?

43. Explain the meaning of vii. 5 applied to Lepidus, *They have made him drink alms-drink*? Is there dramatic reality in this colloquy of the servants; that is, is not the pitch too high for what might rationally be expected of servants? What function as "machinery" may they be said to perform? Do you find here the key struck for the succeeding dialogue in which Lepidus figures? Does this dialogue indicate the status of Lepidus among the triumvirs?

44. What does Menas propose to Pompey? Why does Pompey reply, *In me 'tis villany*? May we believe that Pompey's only motive for not entertaining Menas's proposal was the one he alleges?

45. *Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd, shall never find it more*: Where in another often quoted phrase has Shakespeare uttered the same thought?

46. Do we discover Enobarbus to be a wit equal, let us say, to Touchstone?

ACT THIRD.

47. What is the dramatic purpose of Sc. i.? Who was Marcus Crassus? How does this Scene extend the stage of action back of the limits of the present play? Is there justification for so doing?

48. What worldly wisdom does Ventidius display?

49. What is the temper of Enobarbus's words in his dialogue with Agrippa (Sc. ii.)?

50. What parting injunction respecting Octavia does Cæsar give Antony? What effect has it on Antony? Is the auditor sensible of a certain irony in the situation whenever these new marital relations of Antony are presented?

51. What is the effect of Sc. iii. in building up to the final catastrophe?

52. What new difference arises between Cæsar and Antony?

53. What mission is Octavia about to undertake as discussed by her and Antony in Sc. iv.?

54. What is the dramatic purpose of Sc. v.?

55. Where is Antony when Cæsar accuses him in Sc. vi.?

56. What do we learn of the developing fortunes of the triumvirs?

57. What is the æsthetic effect of the list of kings of the earth recited (vi. 68-76) by Cæsar?

58. What event has intervened before Scs. vi. and vii.?

59. What was the report current in Rome about the management of the war?

60. What advice did Antony get from his generals respecting the approaching fight? How does his conduct towards them point to his deterioration?

61. What was the condition of the fight when Cleopatra fled from the battle?

62. What does Enobarbus say about his continued allegiance to Antony?

63. What noble traits does Antony show in his shame? Do Antony's reproaches to Cleopatra at all lift the shame from his shoulders?

64. What overtures are sent by both Antony and Cleopatra to Cæsar? What is the reply of Cæsar? In what light does Cæsar's commission to Thyreus show up his previous judgement upon Antony and Cleopatra?

65. Did Cleopatra expect such answer as Enobarbus gave to her inquiry in Sc. xiii.?

66. What challenge did Antony send Cæsar after the receipt of Euphronius's message? What message does Thyreus bring? How is he answered by Cleopatra? How does she show her inconstancy?

67. In the reconciliation with Antony does Cleopatra employ deceit?

ACT FOURTH.

68. How does Cæsar receive Mark Antony's return of his messenger?

69. What does Sc. ii. show Antony to have lost?

70. What effect of mystery does Sc. iii. convey?

71. Is there return of the old Antony in his farewell to Cleopatra before going to battle?

72. Is there dramatic fitness in the way the desertion of Enobarbus is finally accomplished? Does it strengthen the feeling of the ruin that falls about Antony? What did Mark Antony do after hearing of it?

73. What was the result of the first day's fight?

74. What was the end of Enobarbus? Who, if any, was nobler or saner than he?

75. In Sc. xii. is there dignity in the anger of Antony against Cleopatra? Why does Cleopatra escape without attempting defence? What was Cleopatra's last supreme device for winning Antony? What is the effect on Antony of the news that Cleopatra is dead? Is it "divine despair"?

76. What service does Antony demand (Sc. xiv.) of Eros? What comment on Antony's reputation does Eros furnish in his self-sacrifice?

77. How does Dercetas hope to profit through Antony's death? What message does Diomedes bring to the wounded Antony?

78. What was the "monument"? What poetic refrain (Sc. xv.) does Antony utter?

79. What are Cleopatra's parting words to the dead Antony? What suggestion do they give of her infatuation? What supreme touch of poetry is given in lines 66-68?

80. Has Cleopatra uttered any more elevated sentiments than those with which the Act closes? Does Cleopatra justify suicide for her own case? Considered dramatically and historically, has this questioning of the sin of suicide any fitness in Cleopatra's utterance? Do we possibly derive here some insight into the secret working of Shakespeare's belief?

ACT FIFTH.

81. How does Cæsar receive the news of Antony's death?

82. What comment on Octavius does Agrippa utter?

83. What misgiving concerning Cleopatra does the entrance of the Egyptian at the particular moment when Antony's praises are sung, make on the reader?

84. What effect is produced by recalling the message with which Dolabella is sent?

85. What estimate of Cæsar does Cleopatra make in the opening of Sc. ii.? Do you feel it just? What estimate has Cæsar of Cleopatra? How does he design to use her? Where did Antony bespeak trust in Proculeius, and why? What does Cleopatra ask of Cæsar?

86. What alternative does Cleopatra prefer to going to Rome in the train of Cæsar? Who informs Cleopatra of Cæsar's determination concerning her future? What warning does Cæsar give her at their meeting? What trick of Cæsar was revealed by

Seleucus? Has Cleopatra's picture of the play at Rome historic or Elizabethan significance?

87. For inconsequence of speech, what others of Shakespeare's creations does the Clown resemble? What view of Cleopatra do you get, in that she could jest with a simple clown amid the ruin of her fortunes? Compare the self-slaughter of Cleopatra with that of Juliet. Which showed more courage?

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88. What similarity of theme do you notice between this play and *Macbeth*? Is this an action or a passion drama? Has Shakespeare ever before chosen so large a stage for his action?

89. How does this play supplement *Julius Cæsar*?

90. Compare *Romeo and Juliet* with this play and state any points of similarity or contrast. Which is the greater play?

91. How closely does Shakespeare hold to Plutarch's narrative?

92. Does the play seem overcrowded with minor characters?

93. How does the character of Antony as displayed in *Julius Cæsar* compare with the Antony of the present play?

94. Which side is the real Antony, the soldier or the artist-bohemian?

95. How in this play does Shakespeare make you feel the force of the qualities of Antony that the play of *Julius Cæsar* is more occupied with? Make a list of the descriptive epithets you find applied to him by the people of the play, and compare them with the impressions you have received of him.

96. Make a list of the descriptive epithets you find applied to Cleopatra. Do you feel the truth of these in the person that Shakespeare portrays?

97. In Dryden's *All for Love* Octavia and Cleopatra are made to meet and indulge in recrimination. Do you feel that Shakespeare shows the finer art in keeping them apart?

98. Do you find that Enobarbus possesses traits in common with Hamlet, or Charles II., or Dean Swift?

99. What underlying principle of the philosophy of life does Shakespeare inculcate in this play?

100. What can you say of the purely artistic or imaginative qualities of the play? Does it contain as beautiful poetry as, for instance, *Macbeth*? Is it overmatched in Oriental opulence of colour by any other play—say *Othello*? Notice the frequency with which the moon is referred to. What effect of mystery is thus obtained?

The First Part of
King Henry VI.

HENRY VI.—Parts I., II., and III.

Preface.

First Editions. (I.) *The First Part of Henry the Sixth* was in all probability printed for the first time in the First Folio. On November 8th, 1623, Blount & Jaggard entered, among other copies of Shakespeare's works "not formerly entered to other men," "the Thirde Parte of Henry the Sixt," by which term they evidently referred to the play which, chronologically considered, precedes the Second and Third Parts.

The opening lines of the play are sufficient to render it well-nigh certain that 1 *Henry VI.* is not wholly Shakespeare's;* and there can be little doubt that "the hand of the Great Master is only occasionally perceptible" therein. Probably we have here an inferior production by some unknown dramatist,† writing about 1589, to which Shakespeare made important "additions" in the year 1591; to him may safely be assigned the greater part of Act IV. ii.-vii., especially the Talbot episodes (Scene vii., in spite of its rhyme, has the Shakespearian note, and is noteworthy from the point of view of literary history); the wooing of Margaret by Suffolk (V. iii.) has, too, some-

* *Cp.* Coleridge, "If you do not feel the impossibility of [these lines] having been written by Shakespeare, all I dare suggest is, that you may have ears,—for so has another animal,—but an ear you can not have, *me judice.*"

† Dr. Furnivall sees at least four hands in the play; Mr. Fleay assigns it to Peele, Marlowe, Lodge or Nash, and Shakespeare. The attempt to determine the authorship is futile, owing to the absence of all evidence on the point.

thing of Shakespeare's touch; finally, there is the Temple Garden scene (II. iv.), which is certainly Shakespeare's, though, judged by metrical peculiarities, it may well have been added some years after 1591. We may be sure that at no time in his career could he have been guilty of the crude and vulgar presentment of Joan of Arc in the latter part of the play.

(II.) *The Second and Third Parts of Henry the Sixth,* forming together a two-section play, have come down to us in two versions:—(*a*) The Folio version, authorized by Shakespeare's editors; (*b*) a carelessly printed early Quarto version, differing in many important respects from (*a*); about 3240 lines in the Quarto edition appear either in the same or an altered form in the Folio edition, while about 2740 lines in the latter are entirely new.* The title-pages of the first Quartos, corresponding to Parts I. and II. respectively, are as follows:—(i.) "The First part of the Con | tention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke | and Lancaster, with the death of the good | Duke Humphrey | And the banishment and death of the Duke of | Suffolk, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall | of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion | of *Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorke's first claime vnto the* | *Crowne.* LONDON. Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, | and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peter's | Church in Cornwall. 1594.† [Quarto 1.] (ii.) "The | true Tragedie of Richard | *Duke of Yorke, and the death of* | good King Henrie the Sixt, | *with the whole contention betweene* | the two Houses Lancaster | and Yorke, as it was sundrie times | acted by the Right Honoura | ble the Earle of Pembrooke his Seruants. | Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Milling- | *ton, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder* | *Saint* Peter's Church in |

* "Out of 3075 lines in Part II., there are 1715 new lines and some 840 altered lines (many but very slightly altered), and some 520 old lines. In Part III., out of 2902 lines, there are about 1021 new lines, about 871 altered lines, and above 1010 old lines.

† Entered in the Stationers' Register, March 12th, 1593.

Cornwal, 1595." [Quarto 1.] Second editions of both (i.) and (ii.) appeared in 1600, and in 1619 a third edition of the two plays together:—"The | Whole Contention | betweene the two Famous | Houses, LANCASTER and | YORKE. | *With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke* Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, *and King Henrie the Sixt.* Divided into two Parts: and newly corrected and enlarged. Written by *William Shakespeare,* Gent. | Printed at LONDON, for T.P." [Quarto 3.]

(Both the First and Third Quartos have been reproduced by photolithography in the series of Quarto Facsimiles issued under the superintendence of Dr. Furnivall; Nos. 23, 24, 37, 38.) In the comparison of Quartos 1 and 3 one finds that the corrections are principally in Part I.; in Part II. the alterations are almost all of single words; taken altogether, however, the changes are slight, and are such "as may have been made by a Reviser who heard the Folio Play (*2 Henry VI.*) with a copy of Quarto 1 or Quarto 2 in his hand, or who had a chance of taking a note or two from the Burbage-play-house copy, and then made further corrections at home." At all events, Quarto 3 is a more correct copy of the older form of *2, 3 Henry VI.* than we have in Quarto 1, though its superiority does not bring it much nearer to the Folio version.*

The Relation of the Quartos to 2 and 3 Henry VI. The most cursory glance at the Quartos is enough to convince one that scant justice has been done to the author of the plays, and that the printers of the Quartos must have had very careless copy before them. Probably many errors may be referred to the indifferent reporters employed by the pirate publisher.

'Some by stenography drew
The plot, put it in print, scarce one word true';

* A condensed version of the three parts of *Henry VI.,* in one play, was prepared by Charles Kemble, and has recently been printed for the first time in the *Irving Shakespeare* from the unique copy in Mr. Irving's possession.

so complained Thomas Heywood of the treatment to which one of his productions had been subjected; he complained, too, that "plays were copied only by the ear," "publisht in savage and ragged ornaments." But this probable cause of much corruption in *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* will not account for (*a*) the inherent weakness of a great part of both plays; (*b*) the un-Shakespearian character of many important passages and whole scenes. On the other hand, many of these latter passages are to be found (it is true, often in an improved form) in *the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.*, as printed in the Folio. Hence arises the most complex of Shakespearian problems, and scholars are divided on the question; their views may be grouped under four heads, according as it is maintained (1) that Shakespeare was the author of the four plays;* (2) that Shakespeare was merely the reviser, retaining portions of his predecessor's work, altering portions, and adding passages of his own;† (3) that the portions common to the old plays, and 2, 3 *Henry VI.*, were Shakespeare's contribution to the original dramas (by Marlowe, Greene, Shakespeare, and, perhaps, Peele);‡ (4) that Marlowe, Greene, and, perhaps, Peele, were the authors of the old plays, while Shakespeare and Marlowe were the revisers, working as collaborators. The fourth view has been strenuously maintained in an elaborate study of the subject, contributed to the Transactions of the New Shakespeare Society,§ where the Marlowan passages in the Quartos are definitely attributed to Marlowe, the Greenish to Greene, and others to Peele, while the Marlowan lines which occur for the first time in 2, 3 *Henry VI.* are accounted for by assu-

* *Cp.* Knight's Essay on the subject in *The Pictorial Shakespeare.*

† Malone, *Variorum Shakespeare,* 1821. Vol. XVIII.

‡ R. Grant White, *Shakespeare,* Vol. VII. *Cp.* Halliwell, *First Sketches of 2 and 3 Henry VI.*; *Sh. Soc. Reprints,* 1843; Swinburne, *Study of Shakespeare*; etc.

§ Miss Jane Lee, *New Shak. Soc.,* 1876.

ming that Marlowe and Shakespeare jointly revised the older plays; so that in some cases we have Shakespeare revising the work of Marlowe and Greene, at others Shakespeare and Marlowe revising the works of Greene.*

It is undoubtedly true that many passages in *The Contention* and *The True Tragedie* are reminiscent of Marlowe and Greene, and that such a passage as *2 Henry VI.* Act IV. i. 1-11, which occurs for the first time in the Folio, is also strongly Marlowan in character, but this and similar rhetorical sketches may very well have been in existence before 1594, being omitted from the acting version of the play, and hence not found in *The Contention.* Again,

* Miss Lee's conjectural table of Shakespeare's and Marlowe's shares in *2, 3 Henry VI.* is none the less of value, as indicating the doubtful elements of the plays, though one may not accept her final conclusions. It is here printed as simplified by Prof. Dowden (Shakespeare Primer, p. 76; *Cp. Shak. Soc. Trans.,* 1876, pp. 293-303). "The table shows in detail how the revision was effected. Thus "Act I. Sc. i. S., *M. and G.*" means that in this scene Shakespeare was revising the work of Marlowe and Greene; "Act IV. Sc. x. S. and M., *G.*" means that here Shakespeare and Marlowe were revising the work of Greene.

Henry VI. Part II.—Act I. Sc. i. S., *M. and G.*; Sc. ii. S., *G.*; Sc. iii. S., *G. and M.*; Sc. iv. S., *G.* Act II. Sc. i. S., *G.*; Sc. ii. S., *M.* and (?) *G.*; Sc. iii. S. and (?) M., *G.*; Sc. iv. S., *G.* Act III. Sc. i. S. and (?) M., *M. and G.*; Sc. ii. S. and M., *M. and G.*; Sc. iii. S., *M.* Act. IV. Sc. i. M., *G.*; Sc. ii., iii., iv., S., *G.*; Sc. v. unrevised, *G.*; Sc. vi., vii., viii., ix. S., *G.*; Sc. x. S. and M., *G.* Act V. Sc. i. M. and S., *M. and* (?) *G.*; Sc. ii. M. and S., *G. and M.*; Sc. iii. S., *G. and M.*

Henry VI. Part III.—Act. I. Sc. i. S., *M.*; Sc. ii. M., *M.*; Sc. iii. unrevised, *M.*; Sc. iv. S., *M. and* (?) *G.* Act II. Sc. i. M. and (?) S., *M. and* (?) *G.*; Sc. ii. (?) M., *M., G., and* (?) *P.*; Sc. iii. S. and M., *M.*; Sc. iv. M., *G.*; Sc. v. S. and (?) M., *G.*; Sc. vi. M., *M. and G.* Act III. Sc. i. S., *G.*; Sc. ii., S., *G. and* (?) *M.*; Sc. iii. (?) M., *G. and* (?) *P.* Act IV. Sc. i. S., *G.*; Sc. ii. M., *M.*; Sc. iii. S., *M.*; Sc. iv. S., *G.*; Sc. v. S., (?) *G.*; Sc. vi., vii., S., *G.*; Sc. viii. S., (?). Act V. Sc. i. M., *G. and* (?) *P.*; Sc. ii. S., *M. and G.*; Sc. iii. M., *G.*; Sc. iv. S., *G. and* (?) *P.*; Sc. v., vi. S., *M.*; Sc. vii. unrevised, *G.*"

the famous Jack Cade scene (Act IV. ii.) is common to the Quarto and Folio; according to this fourth view it must be attributed to Greene, but there is nothing in the whole of his extant plays to justify the ascription. The most striking speech in the whole of 2 and 3, *Henry VI.*—viz., York's *"She-wolf of France but worse than wolves of France,"* is to be found *verbatim* in the older Quartos. That Marlowe was capable of this and of higher efforts none will deny, but there is in the speech, high-sounding as it is, a certain restraint and sanity, an absence of lyrical effect, which would make one hesitate before assigning it to Marlowe, even if external evidence told in favour of, and not against, his authorship. Weighing carefully all the evidence, one is inclined to see in the Quartos of 1594-5, a garbled shorthand edition of an acting version, popular at the time, perhaps chiefly by reason of Shakespeare's 'additions' to earlier plays, previously unsuccessful, possibly the work of Marlowe and Greene, or of some clever disciple; the correct copy of this pirated edition may have served as basis for the revised version which Shakespeare subsequently prepared, though he did not in this instance attempt a thorough recast of his materials: the comparatively few important 'additions' which appear in the Folio version, and only there, may be (i.) Shakespeare's contributions to the older plays before 1594; or (ii.) the work of the original author or authors, omitted from the acting version; or (iii.) new matter added by Shakespeare any time between 1594 and 1600 (*e.g.* 3 *Henry VI.*, v., ll. 1-50).*

Date of Composition. (1.) There is no mention of *Henry VI.* in Meres famous list in *Palladis Tamia* (1598), although reference is there made to so doubtful a produc-

* The Cambridge editors put the matter cautiously:—"We cannot agree with Malone on the one hand, that they (the old plays) contain nothing of Shakespeare's, nor with Mr. Knight on the other, that they are entirely his work; there are so many internal proofs of his having had considerable share in their composition."

tion as *Titus Andronicus*; the omission must have been due to the vexed question of authorship, and not to any want of popularity on the part of the plays: as early as 1592 Nash in his "*Pierce Penniless*" referred to the enthusiasm of Elizabethan playgoers for the Talbot scenes: —"*How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to think that after he had been two hundred years in his tomb he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators (at least at several times), who, in the tragedian that represents his person, behold him fresh bleeding.*" There can be little doubt that 1 *Henry VI.* is here referred to, and especially the Shakespearian contributions to the play. According to Henslowe's Diary '*Henry* (or *Hary, Harey,* etc.) *the Sixth*' was performed as a new play in March 1591; the repeated entries in 1592 fully bear out Nash's eulogy. If, as seems very probable, Henslowe's "*Henry VI.*" is identical with 1 *Henry VI.*, we have the actual date of Shakespeare's additions to an old and crude 'chronicle drama,' the property of Lord Strange's Company.*

(II.) To the same year as Nash's "*Pierce Penniless*" belongs Greene's posthumous tract '*The Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance.*'† At the end of the pamphlet, published by Chettle before Dec. 1592, occurs the famous address 'To those gentlemen his quondam acquaintance,' etc.‡ The three playmakers to whom his remarks are directed have been identified as (1) Christopher Marlowe, (2) Thomas Nash (or possibly Lodge), and (3) George Peele. The point of the whole passage is its attack on players in general, and on one player in particular, who was usurping the playwright's

* Shakespeare in all probability belonged to this Company; in 1594 it was merged into the Lord Chamberlain's (*vide* Halliwell's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*).

† *Cp. Shakspere Allusion-Books*, Part I. Edited by C. M. Ingleby for *The New Shakespeare Society* (1874).

‡ *Vide* quotation at the end of this Preface.

province.* The words '*tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*' parody the line '*O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide,*' which is to be found in both *The True Tragedy* and 3 *Henry VI.* (I. iv. 137). Some critics are of opinion that Greene's allusion does not necessarily imply Shakespeare's authorship of the passage in which the line occurs; this view, however, seems untenable, judging by the manner in which the quotation is introduced. Nevertheless the passage may perhaps show (i.) that Greene himself had some share in *The Contention*; (ii.) that Marlowe had likewise a share in it; (iii.) that Greene and Shakespeare could not have worked together; and (iv.) that Marlowe and Shakespeare may have worked together. One thing, however, it conclusively proves—viz., Shakespeare's connexion with these plays before 1592. Furthermore, in December of the same year, Chettle apologised for the publication of Greene's attack on Shakespeare:—"Myselfe have seene his demeanour no lesse civill, than he exelent in the qualitie he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of daling," etc.* It is not likely that the subject of this eulogy could have been a notorious plagiarist;† if, as some

* Nash, in his *"Apologie for Pierce Penniless,"* tells us that Greene was "chief agent" of Lord Pembroke's Company, "for he wrote more than four other." It is significant that the title-page of Quarto 1 of "The True Tragedie" expressly states that the play had been acted by this Company.

† Chettle's *'Kind-Heart's Dream.'*

‡ One does not deny that Greene may possibly have given Shakespeare 'the ground' of these plays, as later on he gave him the stuff for his *Winter's Tale.* "R. B. *Gent.*" has the following significant verse in a volume entitled *Greene's Funeralls* (preserved in the Bodleain Library):—

"Greene is the pleasing object of an eye;
Greene pleased the eyes of all that looked upon him;
Greene is the ground of every painter's die;
Greene gave the ground to all that wrote upon him;
Nay more, the men that so eclipst his fame,
Purloined his plumes; can they deny the same?"

maintain, no line in the Quartos can justly be attributed to Shakespeare, he would perhaps have merited Greene's rancour. But "*it is not so, and it was not so, and God forbid that it should be so!*"

(III.) In 1599 Shakespeare concluded his Epilogue to *Henry V.* with the following lines:—

> "Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned King
> Of France and England, did this King succeed;
> Whose state so many had the managing,
> That they lost France and made his England bleed:
> *Which oft our stage hath shown:* and, *for their sake,*
> In your fair minds let this acceptance take."

From these words we may infer (i.) that 1 *Henry VI.* preceded *Henry V.*; (ii.) that probably the *Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.* are also referred to; (iii.) that Shakespeare claimed in some degree these plays as his own.

(IV.) Finally, the intimate connexion of 2, 3 *Henry VI.* (and *The Contention* and *The True Tragedie*) with the play of *Richard III.*, throws valuable light on the date of composition, and confirms the external and internal evidence for assigning Shakespeare's main contributions to these plays to the year 1591-2, or thereabouts (*Cp. Preface to 'Richard the Third'*).

Sources of the Plot. The materials for 1, 2, 3 *Henry VI.*, were mainly derived from (i.) Holinshed's *Chronicles,* and (ii.) Hall's *Chronicle*; the account of the civil wars in the former work is merely an abridgement of the latter; the author's attention would therefore, naturally, be directed to the chief history of the period covered by the plays [*cp.* title-page of the first edition, 1548:—"The Union of the two noble and illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke, being long in continual discension for the croune of this noble realme, with all the actes done in bothe the tymes of the princes, bothe of the one linage and of the other, beginnyng at the tyme of Kyng Henry the

fowerth, the first Author of this division, and so successively proceadyng to the reigne of the high and prudent prince Kyng Henry the eighth, vndubitate flower and very heire of both the sayd linages"].* Although in no part of *Henry VI.* is Holinshed's *Chronicles* followed "with that particularity which we have in Shakespeare's later historical plays," it is noteworthy that it is the primary source of *Part I.*, the secondary of *Parts II. and III.* (On the historical aspect of the plays, *cp. Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakespeare*, Courtenay; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare.*)

Duration of Action. The time of the *First Part* is eight days, with intervals; the *Second Part* covers fourteen days, represented on the stage, with intervals suggesting a period in all of, at the outside, a couple of years; in the *Third Part* twenty days are represented; the whole period is about twelve months.

Historic Time. *Part I.* deals with the period from "the death of Henry V., 31st August, 1422, to the treaty of marriage between Henry VI. and Margaret, end of 1444." *Part II.* covers about ten years, from April 22nd, 1445, to May 23rd, 1455. *Part III.* commences "on the day of the battle of St. Albans, 23rd May, 1455, and ends on the day on which Henry VI.'s body was exposed in St. Paul's, 22nd May, 1471. Queen Margaret, however, was not ransomed and sent to France till 1475." (*Cp.* Daniel's "Time Analysis," *New Shak. Soc.*, 1877-79.)

* Knight points out an excellent instance of Hall's influence, as compared with Holinshed's; in the latter's narrative of the interview between Talbot and his son, before they both fell at the battle of Chatillon, we have no dialogue, but simply, 'Many words he used to persuade him to have saved his life.' In Hall we have the very words which the Poet has paraphrased.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. The martial Henry V., conqueror of France, dies in the culmination of his glory, leaving to his son, Henry VI., the two sceptres of England and France. But the young monarch, still in his minority, is surrounded by warring nobles who lose sight of their country's foreign interests in private broils. The French seize upon this moment of English weakness to retake many of their cities; and the Dauphin receives unexpected aid from a shepherd's daughter, Joan la Pucelle, better known as Joan of Arc, who first assists him to raise the siege of Orleans, notwithstanding the valiant resistance of the English general, Talbot.

II. While the French celebrate their victory with feasting in Orleans, the English plan an attack, and by a sudden night sortie retake the city.

In England, meanwhile, the violent feuds of Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York, and John Beaufort, Earl, afterwards Duke of Somerset, whose parties are distinguished by white and red roses, develop into civil strife which was ere long to deluge the entire kingdom with blood.

III. The French, through the strategy of Joan of Arc, capture Rouen; but Talbot's forces in a desperate charge retake the city. An English garrison is placed on the walls, and Talbot proceeds with his army to Paris, whither the young King Henry VI. has come for his

second coronation. The King recognizes the merit of his general by creating Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury. The French Duke of Burgundy, who had been serving in conjunction with the English army, and had set out from Rouen a little behind Talbot, is met by the Dauphin and persuaded to turn his allegiance to France.

IV. The intrepid Talbot and his son attempt to take Bordeaux, but are entrapped by a greatly superior force under the Dauphin. The personal quarrels of York and Somerset cause them to deny reinforcements promised to Talbot, and he is slain in a bloody battle.

V. The French on their side suffer a loss in the capture of Joan of Arc, who is cruelly condemned to death at the stake for witchcraft. The war brings varying fortunes to both sides, until at last overtures of peace are made. The Dauphin consents to swear allegiance to England and reign as viceroy; while King Henry is induced by the artful suggestions of the Earl of Suffolk to forego a proposed matrimonial alliance with the daughter of the Earl of Armagnac, and to solicit the hand of Margaret, daughter of the Duke of Anjou.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

King Henry.

Shakspere does not hate King Henry; he is as favourably disposed to him as is possible; but he says, with the same clear and definite expression in which the historical fact uttered itself, that this saint of a feeble type upon the throne of England was a curse to the land and to the time only less than a royal criminal as weak as Henry would have been.

The heroic days of the fifth Henry, when the play opens, belong to the past; but their memory survives in the hearts and in the vigorous muscles of the great lords

and earls who surround the King. He only, who most should have treasured and augmented his inheritance of glory and of power, is insensible to the large responsibilities and privileges of his place. He is cold in great affairs; his supreme concern is to remain blameless. Free from all greeds and ambitions, he yet is possessed by egotism, the egotism of timid saintliness. His virtue is negative, because there is no vigorous basis of manhood within him out of which heroic saintliness might develop itself. For fear of what is wrong, he shrinks from what is right. This is not the virtue ascribed to the nearest followers of "the Faithful and True" who in his righteousness doth judge and make war. Henry is passive in the presence of evil, and weeps. He would keep his garments clean; but the garments of God's soldier-saints, who do not fear the soils of struggle, gleam with a higher, intenser purity. "His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; . . . and the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean." These soldiers in heaven have their representatives in earth, and Henry was not one of these. Zeal must come before charity, and then when charity comes it will appear as a self-denial. But Henry knows nothing of zeal; and he is amiable, not charitable.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

III.

Joan La Pucelle.

The representation given of Joan la Pucelle is grating and disagreeable from our conviction that it is historically false and unjust; this however was not the conviction of Hall and Holinshed and their readers, which was as distinctly the other way; and though such glimpses of the truth appear in their narrative as would well enable Shakespeare to divine and display the whole

of it, to have done so would have involved a much more extensive change of the old play than he took in hand. Taking the character as it stands—the embodiment of motives and disposition in harmony with deeds that the chroniclers assert as facts—it is hard to say that it is other than consistent and natural. The world is now in possession of numerous detailed examples of religious enthusiasm and self-deception combining with ambitious or political purpose in all their strange and mingling manifestations both of the mind and body, and if we scrutinize the most fortunate of them the result is much the same as the catastrophe of Joan even as represented in the play. The false impressions and assumptions that inflame the enthusiast work wonders in their strength, but their weakness tells at last. The self-conviction of the special choice and guidance and inspiration of heaven suffers rude shocks in an extended course, as rude as the blindest fatalism that hardens its purposes by repetition of the phrase of a destiny, a mission, or a star. Rarely indeed does the vainly exalted thought of special heavenly protection escape reversal by as depressing a belief of desertion and forsakenness, and a life of heroism may easily close in vacillation, or despair, or degrading attempt to keep up by foul means, or trickery, the influence that only worked wonders, and was victorious when it sprung spontaneously. Still the dramatist has been more tender to Joan in one respect than the historians, and he rejects the fact they charge her with, of shamefully slaughtering, out of spite and in cold blood, her surrendered prisoner.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

I abstain from making any remarks on the character of Joan of Arc, as delineated in 1 *Henry VI.*; first, because I do not in my conscience attribute it to Shakespeare, and, secondly, because in representing her according to the vulgar English traditions, as half sorceress, half enthusiast, and, in the end, corrupted by pleas-

ure and ambition, the truth of history and the truth of nature, justice and common sense, are equally violated. Schiller has treated the character nobly, but in making Joan the slave of passion, and the victim of love, instead of the victim of patriotism, has committed, I think, a serious error in judgement and feeling; and I cannot sympathize with Madame de Staël's defence of him on this particular point. There was no occasion for this deviation from the truth of things, and from the dignity and spotless purity of the character. This young enthusiast, with her religious reveries, her simplicity, her heroism, her melancholy, her sensibility, her fortitude, her perfectly feminine bearing in all her exploits (for though she so often led the van of battle unshrinking, while death was all around her, she never struck a blow, nor stained her consecrated sword with blood—another point in which Schiller has wronged her), this heroine and martyr, over whose last moments we shed burning tears of pity and indignation, remains yet to be treated as a dramatic character.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

Ah, yes! Even Shakespeare is guilty of injustice towards this noble maiden who saved her country, and he treats her in an unfriendly and unloving manner, even if he does not proclaim himself her decided enemy. And even if she saved her country with the aid of hell, she still deserves respect and admiration. Or are the critics right, who hold that those passages in which the maid makes her appearance, as also Parts II. and III. of *Henry VI.* are not by Shakespeare? They maintain that he only revised this trilogy which he took from older plays. I would gladly be of their opinion for the sake of the Maid of Orleans, but their arguments are untenable. In many parts these doubtful plays bear the full impress of Shakespeare's genius.

HEINE: *Notes on Shakespeare Heroines.*

IV.

Lord Talbot.

"This is that terrible Talbot, so famous for his sword, or rather whose sword was so famous for his arm that used it; a sword with bad Latin upon it, but good steel within it; which constantly conquered where it came, in so much that the bare fame of his approach frighted the French from the siege of Burdeaux."

Such is the quaint notice which old Fuller, in his *Worthies,* gives of Talbot. He is the hero of the play before us; and it is easy to see how his bold, chivalrous bearing, and, above all, the manner of his death, should have made him the favourite of the poet as well as of the chroniclers. His name appears to have been a traditionary household word up to the time of Shakspere; and other writers besides the chroniclers, rejoiced in allusions to his warlike deeds. Edward Kerke, the commentator on Spenser's *Pastorals*, thus speaks of him in 1579: "His nobleness bred such a terror in the hearts of the French, that ofttimes great armies were defeated and put to flight at the only hearing of his name: in so much that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot cometh." By a poetical license, Talbot, in this act, is made to retake Orleans; whereas in truth his defeat at the battle of Patay soon followed upon the raising of the siege after the appearance of Joan of Arc.

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

Lord Talbot is obviously the noblest character in the whole play, a rough and vigorous knight; battle and war, self-devoted patriotism, knightly honour and bravery, these have constituted his entire life; all higher ideas seem beyond him; he knows how to win a battle, but not how to carry on a war; he is an excellent mili-

tary captain, but no general, no chief, because, although valiant and even discreet and prudent (as is proved by his interview with the Countess of Auvergne), he does not possess either presence of mind, creative power, or a clear insight into matters. This, together with the harshness and roughness of his virtue, which has in it something of the rage of the lion, is his weak point, and proves the cause of his death. His power was not equal to the complicated circumstances and the depravity of the age; under the iron rod of chastisement, he became equally unbending and iron; he is the representative of the rage and ferocity of the war, to which he falls a victim because he is wholly absorbed in it and therefore unable to become the master in directing it. In such days, however, the honourable death of a noble character proves a blessing; victory and pleasure are found in death when life succumbs to the superior power of evil, to the weight and misery of a decline which affects both the nation and the state.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

V.

Shakespeare's Early Hand.

Shakspeare's choice fell first on this period of English history, so full of misery and horrors of every kind, because the pathetic is naturally more suitable than the characteristic to a young poet's mind. We do not yet find here the whole maturity of his genius, yet certainly its whole strength. Careless as to the apparent unconnectedness of contemporary events, he bestows little attention on preparation and development: all the figures follow in rapid succession, and announce themselves emphatically for what we ought to take them; from scenes where the effect is sufficiently agitating to form the catastrophe of a less extensive plan, the poet perpetually hurries us on to catastrophes still more

dreadful. The First Part contains only the first forming of the parties of the White and Red Rose, under which blooming ensigns such bloody deeds were afterwards perpetrated; the varying results of the war in France principally fill the stage. The wonderful saviour of her country, Joan of Arc, is portrayed by Shakspere with an Englishman's prejudices: yet he at first leaves it doubtful whether she has not in reality a heavenly mission; she appears in the pure glory of virgin heroism; by her supernatural eloquence (and this circumstance is of the poet's invention) she wins over the Duke of Burgundy to the French cause; afterwards, corrupted by vanity and luxury, she has recourse to hellish fiends, and comes to a miserable end. To her is opposed Talbot, a rough iron warrior, who moves us the more powerfully, as, in the moment when he is threatened with inevitable death, all his care is tenderly directed to save his son, who performs his first deeds of arms under his eye. After Talbot has in vain sacrificed himself, and the Maid of Orleans has fallen into the hands of the English, the French provinces are completely lost by an impolitic marriage; and with this the piece ends.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

If we separate all the scenes between York and Somerset, Mortimer and York, Margaret and Suffolk, and read them by themselves, we feel that we are looking upon a series of scenes which exhibit Shakespeare's style in his historical plays just in the manner in which we should have expected him to have written at the commencement of his career. We see the skilful and witty turn of speech and the germ of his figurative language; we perceive already the fine clever repartees and the more choice form of expression; in Mortimer's death-scene and in the lessons of his deeply dissembled silent policy, which while dying he transmits to York, we see, with Hallam, all the genuine feeling and knowledge of

human nature which belongs to Shakespeare in similar pathetic or political scenes in his other dramas; all . . . certainly in the germ which prefigures future perfection. These scenes contrast decidedly with the trivial, tedious war scenes and the alternate bombastic and dull disputes between Gloucester and Winchester; they adhere to the common highway of historical poetry, though they have sufficient of the freshness of youthful art to furnish Schiller in his *Maid of Orleans* with many beautiful traits, and indeed with the principal idea of his drama.

GERVINUS: *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the Sixth.*
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *uncle to the King, and Protector.*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, *uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*
THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.*
HENRY BEAUFORT, *great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.*
JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York.*
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.*
JOHN TALBOT, *his son.*
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
Mayor of London.
WOODVILE, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
VERNON, *of the White-Rose or York faction.*
BASSET, *of the Red-Rose or Lancaster faction.*
A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.
CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.*
REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.*
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF ALENCON.
BASTARD OF ORLEANS.
Governor of Paris.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.
A French Sergeant. A Porter.
An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.
MARGARET, *daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.*
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called Joan of Arc.*
Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.
Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France.*

The First Part of

King Henry VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glou. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams:
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings; 11
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him
By magic verses have contrived his end?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgement-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glou. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glou. Name not religion, for thou lovest the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace:
Let 's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:
Instead of gold, we 'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not now that Henry 's dead.

Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invocate:
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

Glou. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was used?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions,
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all,

By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.
Give me my steeled coat. I 'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glou. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I 'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,

I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is 't so?

Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I 'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance:
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enraged he flew:
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agazed on him:
His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
He, being in the vaward, placed behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:

A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
Whom all France with their chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

Mess. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I 'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne:
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I 'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieged;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glou. I 'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;

And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor,
And for his safety there I 'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend.
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack out of office:
The king from Eltham I intend to steal
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

France. Before Orleans.

Sound a Flourish. Enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier, marching with Drum and Soldiers.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let 's raise the siege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me
When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Here Alarum; they are beaten back by the English with great loss.

Re-enter Charles, Alençon and Reignier.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let 's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they 'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmors or device
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we 'll even let them alone.

Joan of Arc

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where 's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.
Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.
Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:
What 's past and what 's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.
Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Re-enter the Bastard of Orleans, with Joan La Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?
Puc. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there 's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promised and assured success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I 'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

Puc. And while I live, I 'll ne'er fly from a man.
[*Here they fight, and Joan La Pucelle overcomes.*
Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.
Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be:
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession 's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.
Char. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says I 'll confirm: we 'll fight it out.
Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I 'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove? 140
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans and be immortalized.

Char. Presently we 'll try: come, let 's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. 150
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

London. Before the Tower.

Enter the Duke of Gloucester, with his Serving-men in blue coats.

Glou. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; 'tis Gloucester that calls.

First Warder. [*Within*] Who 's there that knocks so imperiously?

First Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

Second Warder. [*Within*] Who 'er he be, you may not be let in.

First Serv. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

First Warder. [*Within*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There 's none protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I 'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
[*Gloucester's men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile the Lieutenant speaks within.*

Woodv. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glou. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here 's Gloucester that would enter.

Woodv. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glou. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, the haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
Open the gates, or I 'll shut thee out shortly.

Serving-men. Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we 'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates Winchester and his men in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry! what means this?

Glou. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,

And not protector, of the king or realm.
Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin:
I 'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
Glou. I will not slay thee, but I 'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I 'll use to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do what thou darest; I beard thee to thy face.
Glou. What! am I dared and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat:
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I 'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the pope.
Glou. Winchester goose, I cry, a rope! a rope!
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?
Thee I 'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!
Glou. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here 's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here 's Gloucester, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions war and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,
That seek to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*

May. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife
But to make open proclamation:
Come officer; as loud as e'er thou canst:
Cry.

Off. All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glou. Cardinal, I 'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I 'll call for clubs, if you will not away.
This cardinal 's more haughty than the devil.

Glou. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long.

[*Exeunt, severally Gloucester and Winchester with their Serving-men.*

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Orleans.

Enter on the walls, a Master Gunner and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower to overpeer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed;
And even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I 'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. [*Exit.*

Enter, on the turrets, the Lords Salisbury and Talbot, Sir William Glansdale, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be released?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchanged and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdaining scorn'd, and craved death
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts
In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame:
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endured,
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Here they shoot. Salisbury and Gargrave fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How farest thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand
That hath contrived this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
Yet livest thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, has thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die whiles—
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
As who should say 'When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.'
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*

What stir is this? what tumult 's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.
Frenchmen, I 'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,

Your hearts I 'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we 'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare. [*Alarum. Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same.

Here an alarum again: and Talbot pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter Joan La Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her and exit after them: then re-enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them:
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes. I 'll have a bout with thee;
Devil or devil's dam, I 'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.
Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.
[*Here they fight.*
Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I 'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.
[*They fight again.*
Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
[*A short alarum: then enter the town with soldiers.*

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [*Exit.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[*A short alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*
It will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Exit Talbot. Alarum; retreat; flourish.*

Scene VI.

The same.

Enter, on the walls, La Pucelle, Charles, Reignier, Alençon, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescued is Orleans from the English:
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals

Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Before Orleans.

Enter a Sergeant of a band with two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
First Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*] Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, and forces, with scaling ladders, their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Wallon and Picardy are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit
Contrived by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France! how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what 's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?
Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid! and be so martial!
Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed: I 'll to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
Sent. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!
[*Cry*: *'St. George,' 'A Talbot.'*

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, and Reignier, half ready, and half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?
Bast. Unready! ay, and glad we 'scaped so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.
Alen. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.
Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.
Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.
Bast. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter Charles and La Pucelle.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.
Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.
Bast. Mine was secure.
Reig. And so was mine, my lord.
Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how or which way should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way: 'tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this;
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying, 'A Talbot! a Talbot!' They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sold. I 'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Orleans. Within the town.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, a Captain, and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,

Within their chiefest temple I 'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We 'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,

That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled:
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there 's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive my mind?

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Auvergne. The Countess's castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.

Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I 'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she 's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot 's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow had been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceived, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

[*Winds his horn. Drums strike up: a peal of ordnance. Enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities and subverts your towns
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me;
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The Temple-garden.

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining and so evident
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say withal I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
[*To Somerset.*
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear but anger that my cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,

And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I 'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I 'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring crestless yeoman from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I 'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I 'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pole and you yourself,
I 'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well and say you are well-warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these colours for thy foes,
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward and be choked with thy ambition!
And so farewell until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, Pole. Farewell ambitious Richard.
[*Exit.*

Plan. How I am braved and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot that they object against your house
Shall be wiped out in the next parliament
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Law. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The Tower of London.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and Gaolers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
First Gaol. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber;
And answer was return'd that he will come.
Mor. Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.

Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
Deprived of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expired,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

First Gaol. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despised?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I 'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet

And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason moved these warlike lords to this
Was, for that—young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body—
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived

From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And like a mountain not to be removed.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral:
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,

And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.
[*Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.*
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

London. The Parliament-house.

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloucester, Warwick Somerset, and Suffolk; the Bishop of Winchester, Richard Plantagenet, and others. Gloucester offers to put up a bill; Winchester snatches it, tears it.

Win. Comest thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devised,
Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glou. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forged, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what 's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London-bridge as at the Tower.
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do?—except I be provoked.
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incensed the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;

And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good—
Glou. As good!
Thou bastard of my grandfather!
Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glou. Am I not protector, saucy priest?
Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?
Glou. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps
And useth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unreverent Gloster!
Glou. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. Rome shall remedy this.
War. Roam thither, then.
Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.
Som. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Plan. [*Aside*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,
Lest it be said 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.
King. Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,

To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
[*A noise within, 'Down with the tawny-coats!'*
What tumult 's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again, 'Stones! stones!'*

Enter Mayor.

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones,
And banding themselves in contrary parts
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter Serving-men, in skirmish, with bloody pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

First Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we 'll fall to it with our teeth.

Sec. Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
[*Skirmish again.*

Glou. You of my household, leave this peevish broil
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

Third Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

First Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*

Glou. Stay, stay, I say!
And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

King. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my lord protector; yield, Winchester;
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glou. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke

Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glou. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

King. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird.
For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.

Glou. [*Aside*] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. [*Aside*] So help me God, as I intend it not!

King. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away; my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

First Serv. Content: I 'll to the surgeon's.

Sec. Serv. And so will I.

Third Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern affords. [*Exeunt Serving-men, Mayor, etc.*

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glou. Well urged, my Lord of Warwick: for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,

You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham place I told your majesty.

King. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

King. If Richard will be true, not that alone
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.

King. Stoop then and set your knee against my foot;
And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!

Som. [*Aside*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!

Glou. Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

King. When Gloucester says the word, King Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glou. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeter.*

Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy
Which in the time of Henry named the fifth
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all
And Henry born at Windsor lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

France. Before Rouen.

Enter La Pucelle disguised, with four Soldiers with sacks upon their backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I 'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

First Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we 'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Watch. [*Within*] Qui est là?

Puc. Paysans, pauvres gens de France;
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I 'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, Reignier, and forces.

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we 'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter La Pucelle on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites! [*Exit.*

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends:
Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin!' presently,
And then do execution on the watch.
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

An alarum. Enter Talbot in an excursion.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride of France.
[*Exit.*

An alarum: excursions. Bedford, brought in sick in a chair. Enter Talbot and Burgundy without: within La Pucelle, Charles, Bastard, Alençon, and Reignier on the walls.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he 'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?
Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Char. Your grace may starve perhaps before that time.
Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!
Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt with death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I 'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
Puc. Are ye so hot, sir? yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.
[*The English whisper together in council.*

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang! base muleters of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains! let 's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again or die:
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen

And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to begone from hence; for once I read
That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe!
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand
And set upon our boasting enemy.
[*Exeunt all but Bedford and Attendants.*

An alarum: excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat: excursions. La Pucelle, Alençon, and Charles fly.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.*

An alarum. Re-enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king,
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let 's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that 's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The plains near Rouen.

Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, La Pucelle, and forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We 'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We 'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint:
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expulsed from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work

To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drum sounds afar off.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, Talbot and his forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

French march. Enter the Duke of Burgundy and forces.

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O, turn thy edged sword another way;

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours:
So farewell, Talbot; I 'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. [*Aside*] Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Paris. The palace.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Bishop of Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter: Vernon, Basset, and others. To them with his Soldiers, Talbot.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God and next unto your grace. [*Kneel.*

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glou. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!

When I was young, as yet I am not old,
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up: and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.*

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York:—
Darest thou maintain the former words thou spakest?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I 'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I 'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I 'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Paris. A hall of state.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Bishop of Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, the Governor of Paris, and others.

Glou. Lord Bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glou. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other king but him;
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,
[*Plucking it off.*
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong
And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glou. To say the truth, this fact was infamous
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order,
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.
[*Exit Fastolfe.*
And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glou. What means his grace, that he hath changed his style?
No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king!'
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What 's here? [*Reads*] 'I have, upon especial cause,
Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France.'
O monstrous treachery! can this be so,
That in alliance, amity and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glou. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glou. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

King. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege! yes, but that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

King. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.

York. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince.

Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him.

King. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I 'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,

Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glou. Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness: good my lords, be friends.

King. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility

Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forgo
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[*Putting on a red rose.*

That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector and the rest
After some respite will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but York, Warwick, Exeter and Vernon.*

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wist he did,—but let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt all but Exeter.*

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands;
But more when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.

Before Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, with trump and drum.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds. Enter General and others, aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;

And thus he would: Open your city-gates;
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects;
And I 'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,

These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt General, etc.*

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy:
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Plains in Gascony.

Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York with trumpet and many Soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,

To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, Farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;
And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel towards his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset and his delay.
[*Exit, with his soldiers.*

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands and all hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Other plains in Gascony.

Enter Somerset, with his army; a Captain of Talbot's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted: all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot

Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Cap. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The English camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot and John his son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I 'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,

That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.
Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they 'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserved with infamy.
Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?
John. Ay, rather than I 'll shame my mother's womb.
Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
Tal. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.
John. No part of him but will be shame in me.
Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?
Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.
John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.
Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,

Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

A field of battle.

Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemmed about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.

John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!
The life thou gavest me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determined time thou gavest new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,

And interchanging blows I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: 'Contaminated base
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:'
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now, thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain an if I stay;
'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these and more we hazard by thy stay;
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,

An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable proved, let 's die in pride.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Another part of the field.

Alarum: excursions. Enter old Talbot led by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone;
O, where 's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:
When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit, and there died,
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Serv. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!

Enter Soldiers, with the body of young Talbot.

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come and lay him in his father's arms:
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.
[*Dies.*

Enter Charles, Alençon, Burgundy, Bastard, La Pucelle, and forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:'
But with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:'
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy, attended; Herald of the French preceding.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. But where 's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles

Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.
Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence
And give them burial as beseems their worth.
Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy. I 'll bear them hence; but from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot 's slain.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

London. The palace.

Sennet. Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Have you perused the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?
Glou. I have, my lord: and their intent is this

They humbly sue unto your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

King. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glou. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And stablish quietness on every side.

King. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glou. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

King. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter Winchester in Cardinal's habit, a Legate and two Ambassadors.

Exe. What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,
'If once he come to be a cardinal,

He 'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'

King. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glou. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As liking of the lady's virtuous gifts
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

King. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover; where inshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt all but Winchester and Legate.*

Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. [*Aside*] Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive
That, neither in birth or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I 'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alençon, Bastard, Reignier, La Pucelle, and forces.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French.
Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!
Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak.
Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.
Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Before Angiers.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents. [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear and aid me in this enterprise.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*
O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I 'll lop a member off and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress? My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*

See, they forsake me! Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

Excursions. Re-enter La Pucelle fighting hand to hand with York; La Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe she would change my shape!

Puc. Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.
O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surprised
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!

Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Suffolk, with Margaret in his hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,

And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whoso'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.
[*She is going.*
O stay! I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I 'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. She 's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no.
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I 'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush, that 's a wooden thing!
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.
Mar. Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid for Quo.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I 'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam, are ye so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth.
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We 'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

A parley sounded. Enter Reignier on the walls.

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;

Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
[*Exit from the walls.*
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom; I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king.
Aside] And yet, methinks, I could be well content

To be mine own attorney in this case.
I 'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemnized.
So farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise and prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*
Suf. Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a maid,
A virgin and his servant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his majesty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*
Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*
Suf. O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayest bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Camp of the Duke of York in Anjou.

Enter York, Warwick, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I 'll die with thee!
Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out! My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.
War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.
Puc. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay: away with her to execution!

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we 'll have no bastards live;
Especially since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceived; my child is none of his:
It was Alençon that enjoyed my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you:
'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that 's most intolerable.

York. Why, here 's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It 's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death

Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!
[*Exit, guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alençon, Bastard, Reignier, and others.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed

That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Car. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenced for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador, I 'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,

And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen,
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall;
Only reserved, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

London. The royal palace.

Enter Suffolk in conference with the King, Gloucester and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues graced with external gifts
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:

How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glou. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glou. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,

It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
More than in women commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:

For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so, conduct me where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glou. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king and realm. [*Exit.*

Glossary.

Accidents, events; V. iii. 4.
Accomplices, fellows in arms; V. ii. 9.
Admonishments, instructions; II. v. 98.
Advantage, occasion; II. v. 129.
Affects, cares for, loves; V. v. 57.
Agazed on, aghast at, gazing with amazement at; I. i. 126.
Alcides, Hercules; IV. vii. 60.
Alliance, relationship; II. v. 53.
Amaze, throw into consternation; IV. vii. 84.
Amort; "all a.," quite dejected; III. ii. 124.
Antic, buffoon (Folios 1, 2, "*antique*"; Folios 3, 4, "*antick*"); IV. vii. 18.
Apparell'd, dressed; II. iv. 22.
Apparent, evident, plain; II. i. 3.
Apprehension, conception of me (Theobald, "*reprehension*"; Vaughan, "*misapprehension*" for "*this ap.*"); II. iv. 102.
Argue, show, prove; II. v. 7.
Argument, token; V. i. 46.
Arms, coat of arms; I. i. 80.
As, that; III. i. 16.
Astræa, goddess of justice (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*bright Astræa*"); I. vi. 4.
Attached, arrested; II. iv. 96.
Attaint, tainted; V. v. 81.
Attainted, tainted, disgraced; II. iv. 92; convicted of capital treason, II. iv. 96.
Attorneyship, discretional agency of another; V. v. 56.

Banding, uniting in troops; III. i. 81.
Banning, cursing; V. iii. 42.
Bay; "stand at b.," a term of the chase, "when the game is driven to extremity and turns against its pursuers"; IV. ii. 52.
Beard; "b. thee to thy face," set thee at defiance; I. iii. 44.
Beacon; III. ii. 29. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a XVth century specimen.

Bearing-cloth, the cloth or mantle in which the child was carried to the font; I. iii. 42.

Bearing Cloth
From a French print (*c.* 1600 A.D.) by Bonnart.

Benefit; "of b.," used in its legal sense of property bestowed by the favour of another; V. iv. 152.

Beside, besides; III. i. 24.

Best; "I were best," it were better for me; V. iii. 83.

Bestow, place, lodge; III. ii. 88.

Bewray'd, betrayed; IV. i. 107.

Bishop; "the b. and the D. of Gloucester's men"; *i.e.* bishop's men (Hanmer, "*Bishop's*"); III. i. 78.

Blood; "in b.," in perfect health and vigour; a technical term of the chase; IV. ii. 48.

Blue coats, blue was the ordinary colour of the livery of serving-men; I. iii. 47.

Boot; "it is no b.," it is no profit, use; IV. vi. 52.

Bought and sold, betrayed; IV. iv. 13.

Bounds, boundaries, limits; I. ii. 54.

Bow, depart (Collier MS., "*fly*"; Long MS., "*go*"; Vaughan, "*budge*"); IV. v. 29.

Braved, defied; II. iv. 115.

Break, broach (Pope "*tell*"); I. iii. 81.

Break up, break open (Gray conjectured "*Break ope*"); I. iii. 13.

Bruited, noised abroad; II. iii. 68.

Buckle with, join in close fight with; I. ii. 95.

Bull-beeves, oxen, beef; I. ii. 9.

Canker, canker-worm; II. iv. 68.

Canvass, toss as in a canvass, "toss in a blanket"; I. iii. 36.

Cap, Cardinal's hat; V. i. 33.

Captivate, captive; II. iii. 42.

Cates, delicacies, dainties; II. iii. 79.

Censure, judgement, opinion; II. iii. 10.

——, judge; V. v. 97.

Challenge, claim; V. iv. 153.

Charge, expense, cost; V. v. 92.

Cheer, countenance; I. ii. 48.

Circumstance, circumstances, details; I. i. 109.

Clubs; "I'll call for clubs"; "in any public affray the cry was 'Clubs! clubs!' by way

of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares); I. iii. 84.

Coat, coat of arms; I. i. 81.

Cognizance, badge; II. iv. 108.

Collop, slice of meat; V. iv. 18.

Colours, pretence (with play upon the two senses of the word); II. iv. 34.

Commandment, command; quadrisyllabic (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*commandement*"); I. iii. 20.

Conceit, invention, IV. i. 102; understanding, V. v. 15.

Consented unto, conspired to bring about; I. i. 5.

Contemptible, mean, low; I. ii. 75.

Contumeliously, contemptuously; I. iii. 58.

Conveyance, dishonest practices; I. iii. 2.

Cooling card, "something to damp or overwhelm the hopes of an expectant"; V. iii. 84.

Cornets, horsemen, cavalry; IV. iii. 25.

Corrosive, fretting, giving pain (Folios 2, 3, "*corrasive*"; Boswell, "*a corrosive*"); III. iii. 3.

Court of guard, main guard-house; II. i. 4.

Crazy, decrepit, weak; III. ii. 89.

Crestless, with no right to coat-armour; II. iv. 85.

Cunning, skill; III. iii. 10.

Damascus; alluding to the ancient belief that it was near the place where Cain killed Abel; I. iii. 39.

Darnel, a kind of weed, rye-grass, which is thought to be injurious to the eyes; hence the old proverb, *lolio victitare* (to feed on darnel); "tares" in Matthew xiii. 25, should perhaps properly be rendered "darnels"; III. ii. 44.

Dead (Folio 2, "*dread*"); I. iii. 34.

Dearest, most precious; III. iv. 40.

Denis; "Saint Denis," the patron saint of France; I. vi. 28.

Determined, limited; IV. vi. 9.

Devise on, lay schemes (Vaughan, "*decide*"); I. ii. 124.

Diffidence, distrust, suspicion; III. iii. 10.

Digest, vent (Folio 2, "*disgest*"); IV. i. 167.

Disable, disparage, undervalue; V. iii. 67.

Discover, tell; II. v. 59.

Disease, cause of uneasiness, trouble; II. v. 44.

Dismay not, be not dismayed; III. iii. 1.

Distrain'd, taken possession of; I. iii. 61.

Drooping chair, chair fit for declining age; IV. v. 5.

Due, endue (? give as thy due) (Folios, "*dew*"; Collier, "*'due*"); IV. ii. 34.

Dumb significants, signs, indications (Pope, "*d. significance*"); II. iv. 26.

Effused, shed; V. iv. 52.
Emulation, rivalry, contention; IV. iv. 21.
Endamage, injure; II. i. 77.
Enrank, place in order, battle array; I. i. 115.
Entertain, maintain, keep (Collier MS., "*enterchange*"); V. iv. 175.
Envy, enmity; IV. i. 193.
Espials, spies; I. iv. 8.
Exempt, cut off, excluded; II. iv. 93.
Exequies, obsequies, funeral rites; III. ii. 133.
Exigent, end (Vaughan, "*exeunt*"); II. v. 9.
Expulsed, expelled; III. iii. 25.
Extirped, extirpated; III. iii. 24.
Extremes; "most ex.," greatest extremities of danger (Hanmer, "*worst ex.*"); IV. i. 38.

Face, lie with effrontery; V. iii. 142.
Familiar, familiar spirit; III. ii. 122.
Fancy, love; V. iii. 91.
Fashion (Pope, "*passion*"; Theobald, "*faction*"); II. iv. 76.
Feature, make, form; V. v. 68.
Flesh, initiate; IV. vii. 36.
Flower-de-luces, the white lilies, the emblem of France; I. i. 80.
Fond. foolish; II. iii. 45.
Foot-boys, lackeys; III. ii. 69.
Forged, counterfeit; IV. i. 102.
Forlorn, utterly wretched, referring to former wretchedness (Collier MS., "*forborne*"); I. ii. 19.
Forth, forth from, from out; I. ii. 54.
Fortune, fate; IV. iv. 39.
France his Sword, France's sword, *i.e.,* the sword of the King of France (Rowe, "*France's*"); IV. vi. 3.
Froissart (Folios, "*Froysard*"); I. ii. 29.

Giglot, wanton; IV. vii. 41.
Gimmors, gimcracks, curious contrivances (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Gimmalls*"); I. ii. 41.
Gird, rebuke; III. i. 131.
——, invest (Folios 1, 2, "*gyrt*"; Folio 3, "*girt*"); III. i. 171.
Gleeks; "Charles his g.," *i.e.* Charles's scoffs (Folios, "*glikes*"); III. ii. 123.
Gloss, specious appearance; IV. i. 103.
Goliases, Goliaths; I. ii. 33.
Graceless, profligate; V. iv. 14.
Grave, dignified (Collier, "*brave*"); V. i. 54.
Grisly, grim, terrible; I. iv. 47.
Guardant, guard, sentinel; IV. vii. 9.

Halcyon days (Folios 1, 2, "*Halcyons days*"); calm days; halcyon is the old name of the King-fisher. In Holland's Pliny occurs the fol-

lowing illustrative passage:— "They lay and sit about midwinter when days be shortest; and the times whiles they are broody is called *Halcyon days,* for during that season the sea is calm and navigable, especially on the coast of Sicily" (Bk. X., ch. xxxii.); I. ii. 131.

Hand; "out of h.," directly, at once; III. ii. 102.

Haughty, high-spirited, adventurous; II. v. 79.

Have with thee, I'll go with you; II. iv. 114.

Head, armed force; I. iv. 100.

Heart-blood, heart's blood; I. iii. 83.

Heavens, technically the upper part of the stage (overhung with black when a tragedy was enacted); I. i. 1.

His; 'his beams'; its; I. i. 10.

Hungry-starved, starved with hunger; so Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4, *"hungry-starved"*; Rowe, *"hunger-starved"*; Boswell, *"hungry, starved"*; I. iv. 5.

Icarus, the son of Dædalus, "sire of Crete," who, attempting to follow his father's example and fly on wings, was drowned in the sea; I. vi. 55.

Immanity, ferocity; V. i. 13.

Inkhorn mate, bookish man (used contemptuously); III. i. 99.

Insulting, exulting; I. ii. 138.

Intermissive, having a temporary cessation; I. i. 88.

Irks, grieves; I. iv. 105.

Juggling (trisyllabic); V. iv. 68.

Kindly, appropriate; III. i. 131.

Latter, last (Folio 4, *"later"*; Pope, *"latest"*); II. v. 38.

Lie, dwell (Pope, *"lyes"*); III. ii. 129.

Lift, lifted (old form of past tense); I. i. 16.

Like, liken, compare (Hanmer, *"leave me to"*; Vaughan, *"take me so"*); IV. vi. 48.

Linstock, a stick to hold the gunner's match; I. iv. 56.

Lither, soft, pliant; IV. vii. 21.

Loaden, laden; II. i. 80.

'Long of, because of (Folios, *"long of"*); IV. iii. 33.

Lowly, brought low, lying low (Warburton, *"lovely"*); III. iii. 47.

Lowted, made a fool of (Grey, *"flouted"*; Nicholson, *"loiter'd"*; Vaughan, *"letted"*); IV. iii. 13.

Machiavel, used proverbially for a crafty politician (here an anachronism); V. iv. 74.

Malice, hatred, III. i. 128; enmity, ill-will, IV. i. 108.

Manifest, obvious, evident; I. iii. 33.

Mean, moderation, medium, I. ii. 121.

Mean, means, instrument; III. ii. 10.

Method; "the m. of my pen," *i.e.* the order in which I wrote it down (Vaughan, "*them off my pen*," or, "*the method of them*"); III. i. 13.

Mickle, great, much (Theobald, "*milky*"); IV. vi. 35.

Minotaurs, alluding to the monsters in the Cretan Labyrinth; V. iii. 189.

Miscarry, be lost, die; IV. iii. 16.

Misconceived, misjudging one; V. iv. 49.

Munition, ammunition; I. i. 168.

Muse, marvel, wonder; II. ii. 19.

Neglection, neglect; IV. iii. 49.

Nephew, used loosely for cousin (Rowe, "*cousin*"); II. v. 64.

Nestor-like, i.e. like Nestor, the oldest and wisest hero before Troy; II. v. 6.

Noble, a gold coin of the value of six shillings and eight pence; V. iv. 23.

From an original specimen of Edward III.'s reign.

Miser, miserable wretch; V. iv. 7.

Monarch of the North, Lucifer (as in Milton), or perhaps the devil Zimimar, mentioned by Reginald Scot as "the king of the north"; V. iii. 6.

Mortality, death; IV. v. 32.

Motion, offer, proposal; V. i. 7.

Mouth, bark, bay; II. iv. 12.

Muleters, mule-drivers (Rowe, "*muleteers*"); III. ii. 68.

Nourish, probably = "nurse" (often spelt "norice," or "nurice" in older English); Theobald conjectured "*nourice*," the French spelling. Steevens states that a stew, in which fish are preserved, was anciently called a "*nourish*" (Pope, "*marish*," the older form of *marsh*); I. i. 50.

Objected; "well o.," well proposed; II. iv. 43.
Obloquy, disgrace; II. v. 49.
Obstacle, a vulgar corruption of "*obstinate*" (Walker, "*obstinate*"); V. iv. 17.
Olivers and Rowlands, alluding to the two most famous of Charlemagne's peers; I. ii. 30.
Order; "take some o.," make the necessary dispositions, take measures; III. ii. 126.
Ordnance, a small gun, cannon; I. iv. 15.
Otherwiles, at other times; I. ii. 7.
Overpeer, look down on; I. iv. 11.

Packing; "be p.," go away, make haste; IV. i. 46.
Partaker, confederate; II. iv. 100.
Parties, parts, sides (Pope, "*parts*"); V. ii. 12.
Party, part, side; II. iv. 32.
Patronage, maintain, make good; III. i. 48.
Pebble (Folios 1, 2, "*peeble*"; Folios 3, 4, "*peble*"); III. i. 80.
Peel'd, shaven (Folios, "*Piel'd*"; Grey, "*Pied*"; Collier, "*Pill'd*"); I. iii. 30.
Peevish, silly, childish; II. iv. 76.
Pendragon, the father of King Arthur; III. ii. 95.
Periapts, amulets; V. iii. 2.
Period, end; IV. ii. 17.
Peruse, examine; IV. ii. 43.
Pitch, height; II. iii. 55.
Pitch a field; "from the custom of planting sharp staves in the ground against the hostile horse came the signification of marshalling, arranging in a military sense" (Schmidt); III. i. 103.
Pithless, without pith, strengthless; II v. 11.
Platforms, plans, schemes; II. i. 77.
Play'd, played the part; I. vi. 16.
Post, hasten, speed; V. v. 87.
Potter's wheel; I. v. 19. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a figure on the badge worn by the Master of the Guild of Potters at Mayence (*c.* 1600), in the Londesborough collection.

Practisants, fellow plotters (Hanmer, "*partizans*"); III. ii. 20.
Practise, contrive, plot; II. i. 25.
Preferr'd, presented; III. i. 10.
Presently, immediately; I. ii. 149.

Pretend, mean, indicate (Rowe, "*Portend*"); IV. i. 54.
Prevented, anticipated; IV. i. 71.
Proditor, traitor; I. iii. 31.
Proper, handsome, comely; V. iii. 37.
Purblind, half blind; II. iv. 21.
Pursuivants, forerunners, inferior heralds; II. v. 5.
Puzzel, hussy; I. iv. 107.
Pyramis, pyramid (Rowe, "*pyramid*"); I. vi. 21.

Quaint, fine, pleasant; IV. i. 102.
Quell, destroy; I. i. 163.
Qui est là (Malone's emendation of "*Che la*" of the Folios; Rowe, "*Qui va là?*"); III. ii. 13.
Quillets, tricks in argument, subtleties; II. iv. 17.
Quittance, requite, retaliate; II. i. 14.

Raging-wood, raving mad; IV. vii. 35.
Rascal-like, like lean and worthless deer; IV. ii. 49.
Reflex, let shine, reflect (Warburton, "*reflect*"); V. iv. 87.
Regard; "your r."; *i.e.* care for your own safety; IV. v. 22.
Reguerdon, reward; III. i. 170.
Remorse, pity; V. iv. 97.
Repugn, oppose; IV. i. 94.
Resolved, convinced, satisfied; III. iv. 20.
Rests, remains; II. i. 75.
Revolve on, be assured of; I. ii. 91.
Rive, discharge (Johnson, "*drive*"; Vaughan, "*rain*"); IV. ii. 29.
Rope; "a rope! a rope!" a cry often taught to parrots, in order to turn a joke against the passer-by; I. iii. 53.
Ruin, fall; IV. vii. 10.

Scruple, doubtful perplexity; V. iii. 93.
Secure, unsuspecting, confident; II. i. 11.
Shot, marksmen; I. iv. 53.
Sirrah, an appellation addressed to inferior persons; III. i. 62.
Smear'd, stained, smirched (Vaughan, "*snared*"); IV. vii. 3.
Solicit, rouse, stir up, *vide* Note; V. iii. 190.
Sort, choose; II. iii. 27.
Spend, expend, vent; I. ii. 16.
Spleen, fire, impetuosity; IV. vi. 13.
Stand, withstand, resist; I. i. 123.
Stern; "chiefest stern," highest place; I. i. 177.
Still, continually; I. iii. 63.
Stomachs, resentment; I. iii. 90.
Subscribe, submit, yield; II. iv. 44.
Swart, swarthy, dark-complexioned; I. ii. 84.
Sweeting, a term of endearment; III. iii. 21.

Taint, tainted; V. iii. 183.
Talbotites, name given to the English in contempt (Theobald's emendation of Folios, "*Talbonites*"; Hanmer, "*Talbotines*"); III. ii. 28.
Tawny coats, coats of a yellowish dark colour, the usual livery of ecclesiastical attendants; I. iii. 47.
Temper, quality, hardness; II. iv. 13.
Tendering, having care for (Tyrwhitt, "*Tending*"; Beckett, "*Fending*"); IV. vii. 10.
Timeless, untimely; V. iv. 5.
To, compared to, to equal; III. ii. 25.
Tomyris, the Queen of the Massagetoe, by whom Cyrus was slain; II. iii. 6.
Toy, trifle; IV. i. 145.
Traffic, transaction; V. iii. 164.
Train'd, lured; II. iii. 35.
Triumph, tournament; V. v. 31.

Unable, weak, impotent; IV. v. 4.
Unaccustom'd, unusual, extraordinary; III. i. 93.
Unavoided, inevitable; IV. v. 8.
Unawares, by surprise; III. ii. 39.
Unfallible, infallible, certain (Rowe, "*infallible*"); I. ii. 59.
Unkind, unnatural; IV. i. 193.
Unready, undressed; II. i. 39.

Vail, lower, let fall (Folios 1, 2, "*vale*"); V. iii. 25.
Vantage, advantage, "for v." to take your time; IV. v. 28.
Vaward, vanguard; Folios, "*Vauward*"; Theobald conj. "*rereward*" (but probably "vaward" = "in the front line of his own troop"); I. i. 132.

Walloon, a native of the border-country between the Netherlands and France (Folios 1, 2, "*Wallon*"); I. i. 137.
Warrantize, surety; I. iii. 13.
Washford, an old name of Wexford, in Ireland; IV. vii. 63.
Weening, deeming, thinking; II. v. 88.
Where, whereas (Pope, "*While*"); V. v. 47.
Will'd, commanded; I. iii. 10.
Winchester goose, a cant term for a swelling in the groin, the result of disease; I. iii. 53.
Witting, knowing; II. v. 16.
Wont, are wont, accustomed (Folios, "*Went*"; Vaughan, "*Won*"; Hanmer, "*Watch*"); I. iv. 10.
Wooden; "a w. thing," "an awkward business, not likely to succeed" (Steevens); V. iii. 89.
Worthless, unworthy; IV. iv. 21.
Wot, know; IV. vi. 32.
Writhled, wrinkled; II. iii. 23.

Yield, admit; II. iv. 42.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 3. '*crystal,*' unnecessarily changed by Hanmer to '*crisped*'; Warburton, '*cristed*' or '*crested*'; Roderick, '*tristful tresses in the sky,*' or 'tresses in the crystal sky.'

I. i. 6. '*King Henry the Fifth*'; Pope, '*Henry the Fifth*'; Walker, '*King Henry Fifth*'; Pope's reading has been generally followed by modern editors.

I. i. 12. '*wrathful*'; Rowe, '*awful.*'

I. i. 24. '*glory's*'; Folios, '*Glories.*'

I. i. 27. '*By magic verses have contrived his end*'; alluding to the old notion "that life might be taken away by metrical charms" (Johnson). Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Verse*'; Pope, '*verse have thus.*'

I. i. 33. '*had not*'; Vaughan proposed '*had but*' (but *cp.* lines 41-43).

I. i. 49. '*moist*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*moistned.*'

I. i. 56. '*or bright* ——'; various attempts have been made to fill up the blank, which some editors explain as due to the inability of the compositor to read the name in the MS.; Francis Drake, Berenice, Cassiopeia, Alexander, etc., have been suggested. Probably the speech is interrupted by the entrance of the messenger.

I. i. 60. '*Rheims*'; Folios, '*Rheimes*'; evidently intended as a dissyllable; but Capell's '*Rhcims, Roan,*' derives some support from the fact that *Roan, i.e. Rouen,* is mentioned by Gloucester in line 65 (Cambridge ed.).

I. i. 65. '*Rouen*'; Folio 1, '*Roan.*'

I. i. 76. '*A third*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*A third man*'; Walker, '*A third one*'; Delius, '*A third thinketh*'; Keightley, '*A third thinks that*'; Dyce, '*And a third thinks,*' etc. Surely a simpler solution of the difficulty is to read '*third*' as a dissyllable with a trilled *r*.

I. i. 78. '*Awake, awake*'; Folio 2, '*Awake, away.*'

I. i. 83. '*their*'; Theobald's emendation; Folios, '*her*'; Anon. conj., '*our.*'

I. i. 94. *'Reignier'*; Rowe's emendation of *'Reynold'* of the Folios.

I. i. 95. *'The Duke of Alençon'*; Walker omits *'of,'* to improve the rhythm of the line.

I. i. 96. *'crowned'*; Rowe's emendation; *'crown'd,'* the reading of the Folios.

I. i. 124. *'flew,'* Rowe's correction; Folios, *'slew.'*

I. i. 128. *'A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain.'* The line has been variously emended as being defective, metrically. Pope, *'A Talbot! Talbot! cried'*; Seymour, *'A Talbot! cried, a Talbot!'*; Vaughan, *'Talbot! a Talbot! cried.'* If, however, *'cried'* is read as a dissyllable, the movement of the line is parallel to that of *'prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,'* in Richard II. iv., and no correction seems necessary—

A Tálbot! | A Tálbot! | crí | ed óut | amáin | .

I. i. 131. *'Sir John Fastolfe'*; Theobald's emendation here and elsewhere of Folios, *'Sir John Falstaffe'*; but in all probability Falstaff was the popular form of the name, and it is questionable whether the text should be altered here. "He was a lieutenant-general, deputy regent to the Duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a Knight of the Garter."

I. i. 176. *'steal,'* Mason's conjecture; Folio, *'send'*; Keightley, *'fetch.'*

I. ii. 1. *'Mars his true moving'*; *cp.* "You are as ignorant in the true *movings* of my muse as the astronomers are in the *true movings of Mars,* which to this day they could not attain to," quoted by Steevens from one of Nash's prefaces to *'Gabriel Harvey's Hunt's Up,'* 1596. Kepler's work on Mars (*Comment. de Motibus Stellæ Martis*) was published in 1609.

I. ii. 13. *'live'*; Capell, *'sit'*; Walker, *'lie.'*

I. ii. 30. *'bred'*; Folios, *'breed.'*

I. ii. 56. *'nine sibyls of old Rome.'* The number of the Sibyls is variously given as three, four, seven, ten; possibly the 'nine' is here due to confusion with the nine Sibylline books.

I. ii. 86. *'which you see,'* reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'which you may see.'*

I. ii. 99. *'five'*; Folios, *'fine.'*

I. ii. 101. *'Out of a great deal of old iron'*; Dyce's conjecture, *'out of a deal old iron,'* seems the best of the emendations proposed.

I. ii. 103. *'ne'er fly from a man'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4,

'ne're flye no man'; Collier MS., *'ne'er fly from no man'*; there was probably some jingle intended:—

CHAR. *Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.*
PUC. *And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from no man.*

I. ii. 108. *'thy desire'* = desire for thee.

I. ii. 131. *'Expect Saint Martin's summer'*; "expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun" (Johnson). St. Martin's Day is November 11th.

I. ii. 138. *'That proud insulting ship, Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once,'* evidently suggested by the following passage in North's translation of Plutarch's "Life of Cæsar":—"Cæsar hearing that, straight discovered himself unto the master of the pynnace, who at first was amazed when he saw him; but Cæsar, then taking him by the hand, said unto him, good fellow, be of good cheer, . . . and fear not, for *thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee.*"

I. ii. 140. *'Mahomet inspired with a dove'*; *cp.* "he (Mahomet) used to feed (a dove) with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice" (Raleigh's "History of the World"), I. i. vi.

I. ii. 143. *'Saint Philip's daughters'*; "the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the Acts" (Hanmer).

The Duke of Gloster.
From a XVIIth century engraving, the original of which was at that time in a painted window at Greenwich.

I. ii. 145. *'reverently worship'*; Capell, *'ever worship'*; Steevens, *'reverence, worship'*; Dyce (Collier MS.), *'reverent worship'*; the last seems the only plausible reading.

I. ii. 148. *'Orleans,'* Folios, *'Orleance'*; Capell, *'hence.'*

I. iii. 4. *''tis Gloucester'*; Pope's emendation; Folios, *''tis Gloster'*; Steevens, *'it is Gloster,'* etc.; *cp.* l. 62 below, where Folios similarly read *'Gloster.'*

I. iii. 29. *'ambitious Humphry'*; Folio 4, *'ambition'*; *'Humphry,'* Theobald's emendation; Folio 1, *'Vmpheir'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Umpire.'*

I. iii. 35. *'indulgence to sin'*; "the public stews were formerly under the

jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester" (Pope).

I. iii. 72. *'as e'er thou canst; Cry'*; Folios, *'as e'er thou canst, cry'*; Collier MS., *'as thou canst cry.'*

I. iii. 82. *'cost,'* Folios 2, 3, 4, *'deare cost.'*

I. iii. 88. *'it ere long'*; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'it e're be long'*; Capell, *'it, ere't be long'*; Collier MS., *'it off, ere long'*; Orson, *'at it.'*

I. iv. 22. *'on the turrets,'* Folios, *'in an upper chamber of a tower'* (Malone).

I. iv. 27. *'Duke'*; Theobald's emendation of *'Earle'* of the Folios.

I. iv. 33. *'so vile-esteem'd'*; Pope, *'so vilde esteem'd'*; Folios, *'so pil'd esteem'd'*; Capell, *'so pill'd esteem'd'*; Mason, *'so ill-esteem'd,'* etc.

I. iv. 95. *'like thee, Nero,'* Malone; Folio 1, *'like thee'*; Folio 2, *'Nero like will'*; Folios 3, 4, *'Nero like, will'*; Pope, *'Nero-like,'* etc.

I. iv. 101. *Joan la Pucelle'*; Folios, *'Joan de Puzel'* (and elsewhere).

I. v. 6. *'Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch'*; "the superstition of those times taught that he that could draw the witch's blood was free from her power" (Johnson).

I. v. 21. *'like Hannibal,'* who, in order to escape, devised the stratagem of fixing lighted twigs to the horns of oxen. (*Cp.* Livy, xxii. 16.)

I. v. 30. *'treacherous from'*; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, *'treacherous from'*; Pope, *'tim'rous from.'*

I. vi. 2. *'English'* (trisyllabic), so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'English wolves'*; Staunton, *'English dogs.'*

I. vi. 6. *'Adonis' gardens.'* "The proverb alluded to seems always to have been used in a bad sense, for things which make a fair show for a few days, and then wither away; but the author of this play, desirous of making a show of his learning, without considering its propriety, has made the Dauphin apply it as an encomium" (Blakeway). *Cp. Faerie Queen,* III. vi. 29; Folio 1, *'Garden.'*

I. vi. 22. *'Than Rhodope's or Memphis','* Hanmer's emendation; Folios, *'or Memphis'*; Capell's *'of Memphis'* has been generally adopted. Pliny, writing of the pyramids near Memphis, records that "the fairest and most commended for workmanship was built at the cost and charges of *one Rhodope,* a verie strumpet."

I. vi. 25. *'the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius'*; referred to by

Plutarch in his "Life of Alexander," as the "preciousest thing, and the richest that was gotten of all spoyls and riches, taken at the overthrow of Darius . . . he said he would put the Iliads of Homer into it, as the worthiest thing."

II. i. 8. *'redoubted Burgundy'*; Duke of Burgundy, surnamed Philip the Good.

II. i. 29. *'all together'*; Rowe's emendation of *'altogether'* of Folios.

II. i. 40. *'ay, and glad'*; Folios, *'I and glad'*; Pope, *'I am glad.'*

II. i. 63. *'your quarters'*; *'your,'* so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'our'*; *'quarters'*; so Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4, *'Quarter.'*

II. ii. 20. *'Arc,'* Rowe's emendation of *'Acre'* of Folios.

II. ii. 38. *'Auvergne'*; Rowe's emendation of Folio 1, *'Ouergne'*; Folios 2, 3, *'Auergne'*; Folio 4, *'Avergne.'*

II. iii. 49. *'I substance'*; Vaughan proposed to read, *'I shadow, aye and substance.'*

II. iv. 6. *'in the error'*; Johnson (adopted by Capell), *'i' the right'*; Hudson, *'in error.'*

The Temple Garden.
From Aggas's woodcut *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

II. iv. 83. *'His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence'*; this is erroneous; Duke Lionel was his maternal great-great-grandfather.

II. iv. 91. *'executed'*; Pope, *'headed'*; Steevens, *'execute'* (probably to be read as a dissyllable).

II. iv. 117. *'wiped'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'wip't'*; Folio 1, *'whipt.'*

II. iv. 127. *'a thousand'*; Collier MS., *'Ten thousand.'*

II. iv. 132. *'gentle sir'*; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'gentle.'* Anon conj. *'gentlemen.'*

II. iv. *The Temple Garden.* (*Cp.* illustration.)

II. v. *'enter Mortimer'*; Edmund Mortimer served under Henry V. in 1422, and died in his castle in Ireland in 1424.

II. v. 6. *'an age of care'*; Collier MS., *'a cage of care.'*

II. v. 74. *'For by my mother I derived am'*; 'mother' should strictly be 'grandmother,' *i.e.* his father's mother.

II. v. 113. *'fair be all'*; Theobald, *'fair befal.'*

II. v. 123. *'choked with ambition of the meaner sort,' i.e.* "shifted by the ambition of those whose right to the crown was inferior to his own" (Clarke).

II. v. 129. *'ill the advantage'*; *'ill,'* Theobald's emendation of *'will'* of the Folios. Collier MS., *'will the advancer.'*

III. i. 53. *'Ay, see'*; Rowe's emendation of *'I, see'* of the Folios; Hanmer, *'I'll see.'*

III. i. 142. *'kind'*; Pope, *'gentle'*; Capell, *'kind, kind'*; Collier MS., *'and kind'*; probably the line should be read:—

"O loving úncle. || Kind Dúke | of Glóucestér."

III. i. 199. *'lose,'* should lose; Folio 1, *'loose'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'should lose.'*

III. ii. 14. *'Paysans, pauvres gens de France'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'Peasauns la pouure,'* etc.

III. ii. 40. *'the pride'*; Theobald, *'the prize'*; Hanmer, *'being prize'*; Jackson, *'the bride'*; Vaughan, *'the gripe.'*

III. ii. 52. *"all despite'*; Collier MS., *'hell's despite.'*

III. ii. 73. *'God be wi' you'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'God b' uy.'*

III. ii. 118. *'and martial'*; Collier MS., *'and matchless'*; Vaughan, *'unmatchable.'*

III. iii. 85. *'Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again'*; "the inconstancy of the French was always a subject of satire. I have read a dissertation to prove that the index of the wind upon

our steeples was made in form of a cock to ridicule the French for their frequent changes" (Johnson).

III. iv. 18. *'I do remember'*; "Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and never even saw him" (Malone).

III. iv. 38. *'the law of arms is such'*; "By the ancient law before the Conquest, fighting in the king's palace, or before the king's judges, was punished with death. And by Statute 33, Henry VIII., malicious striking in the king's palace, whereby blood is drawn, is punishable by perpetual imprisonment and fine at the king's pleasure, and also with the loss of the offender's right hand" (Blackstone).

IV. i. 19. *'at the battle of Patay'*; Capell's emendation (adopted by Malone) of *'Poictiers'* of the Folios. The battle of Poictiers was fought 1357; the date of the present scene is 1428.

IV. i. 180. *'And if I wist he did,'* Capell; Folios, *'And if I wish he did'*; Rowe, *'And if I wish he did.—'*; Theobald (in text), *'An if I wis he did.—'*; (in note), *'And if I wis, he did.—'*; Johnson, *'And if—I wish—he did—'* or *'And if he did,—I wish—'*; Steevens, *'And, if I wist, he did,—.'*

IV. ii. 14. *'their love'*; Hanmer, *'our love.'*

IV. ii. 22. *'war'*; Capell, *'death.'*

IV. ii. 26. *'spoil'*; Vaughan, *'steel.'*

IV. iii. 51. *'That ever living man of memory,' i.e.* that ever man of living memory. Lettsom, *'man of ever-living.'*

IV. iv. 16. *'legions,'* Rowe's emendation of Folios *'Regions.'*

IV. iv. 19. *'in advantage lingering'*; Staunton, *'in disadvantage ling'ring'*; Lettsom, *'in disvantage lingering'*; Vaughan, *'disadvantage ling'ring.'* Johnson explains the phrase, "Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post"; Malone, "Endeavouring by every means, with advantage to himself, to linger out the action."

IV. iv. 31. *'host'*; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, *'hoast'*; Theobald's conjecture (adopted by Hanmer), *'horse.'*

IV. iv. 42. *'rescue: he is'*; Folios 1, 2, *'rescue, he is'*; Folios 3, 4, *'rescue, if he is'*; Rowe (ed. 1), *'rescue, if he's'*; (ed. 2), *'rescue, he's'*; Pope, *'rescue now, he's.'*

IV. v. 39. *'shame'*; Walker, *'sham'd.'*

IV. vi. 44. *'On that advantage,'* so the Folios; Theobald conjectured *'On that bad vantage,'* but subsequently read, *'Out on that vantage'*; Hanmer, *'Oh! what advantage'*; Vaughan, *'Oh hated vantage!'* etc.

IV. vii. 3.

'Triumphant Death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee';

the phrase *'smear'd with captivity'* has not been clearly explained; at first sight it is difficult to determine its exact force, and whether the words refer to Death or to the speaker (Talbot). Leo explains that 'Death is supposed to go triumphantly over the battle field, *smeared* with the *terrible* aspect of captivity'; but possibly the reference is to the Christian belief that Christ took Death captive. Death the Victor is, from this point of view, Death the Victim; it is, as it were, unconsciously smeared (*i.e.* smirched) with the wretched (not the *terrible*) aspect of captivity.

IV. vii. 60. *'But where's'*; so Folios; Rowe, *'Where is'*; Lettsom proposed *'First, where's.'*

IV. vii. 70. *'Henry'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'our King Henry.'* The line is probably to be read:—

'Great mareshal to Henery the Sixth.'

V. i. 17. *'Knit,'* the reading of the Folios; Pope first suggested *'kin,'* which was also adopted by Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson; Capell restored *'knit,'* which was adopted by Steevens and Malone. The Cambridge editions see in *'knit'* "a conceit suggested by the 'Knot of amity' in the preceding line."

V. i. 21. *'Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!'* Pope reads, *'Marriage, alas! my years are yet too young'*; Capell, *'Marriage, good uncle! alas, my years are young'*; Walker, *'Marriage, uncle, 'las my years are young.'*

V. i. 21. *'My years are young'*; "His majesty was, however, twenty-four years old" (Malone).

V. i. 49. *'where inshipp'd'*; the reading of Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, *'wherein ship'd'*; Folio 3, *'wherein shipp'd.'*

V. iii. 10. *'speedy and quick'*; Pope, *'speedy quick'*; Walker, *'speed and quick.'* *'argues'*; Vaughan, *'urges.'*

V. iii. 10. *'cull'd'*; Collier MS., *'call'd.'*

V. iii. 11. *'regions'*; Folios, *'Regions'*; Warburton, *'legions.'*

V. iii. 48, 49. *'I kiss . . . side'*; Capell and other editors transpose these lines:—*'And lay . . . side. I kiss . . .* [kissing her hand] *. . . peace.'*

V. iii. 57. *'Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings'*; Folios 1, 2, *'prisoner'*; Folios 3, 4, *'prisoners'*; Vaughan, *'pris-*

oned'; *'her wings,'* Folios 3, 4; Folio 1, *'his wings'*; Folio 2, *'hir wings'*; Vaughan, *'its wings.'*

V. iii. 63. *'Twinkling another counterfeited beam'*; Vaughan, *'Kindling another counterfeited beam'*; or *'Twinkling in other counterfeited beams.'*

V. iii. 68. *'Hast not a tongue? is she not here?'* Anon. conj., *'tongue to speak?' 'here?'*; Folio 1, *'heere?'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'heere thy prisoner'*; Keightley, *'here alone'*; Lettsom, *'here in place,'* or *'here beside thee'*; Vaughan, *'present here.'*

V. iii. 71. *'makes the senses rough'*; so the Folios; Hanmer, *'makes the senses crouch'*; Capell, *'make . . . crouch'*; Jackson, *'makes the senses touch'*; Collier MS., *'mocks the sense of touch.'*

V. iii. 78, 79. *'She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd,'* etc. These lines were evidently proverbial; *cp. Richard III.*, I. ii. 228, 230, and *Titus Andronicus*, II. i. 82, 83.

V. iii. 108. *'Lady'*; Capell, *'Nay, hear me, lady'*; Collier MS., *'Lady, pray tell me'*; Lettsom, *'Lady, sweet lady'*; Dyce, *'I prithee, lady.'*

V. iii. 145. *'And here I will expect thy coming'*; Dyce, *'here, my lord'*; Folio 4, *'coming'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'comming'*; Capell, *'coming, Reignier'*; Collier MS., *'coming down'*; Anon. conj., *'coming, king'*; Anon. conj., *'communing.'*

V. iii. 154. *'country'*; so the Folios; Theobald, *'counties'*; Capell, *'countries'*; Malone, *'county.'*

V. iii. 179. *'modestly'*; Folio 1, *'modestie.'*

V. iii. 192. *'And natural'*; Perring, *'Maid-natural'*; Capell, *'And'*; Folio 1, *'Mad'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Made'*; Pope, *'Her'*; Collier, *''Mid'*; Jackson conj. *'Man'*; Barry, *'Made'*; Vaughan, *'Mild.'*

V. iv. 37. *'Not me begotten'*; Anon. conj., *'Me, not begotten'*; Malone, *'Not one begotten'*; Anon conj., *'Not mean-begotten.'*

V. iv. 49. *'No, misconceived!'* so Steevens; Folios, 1, 2, 3, *'No misconceived,'* Folio 4, *'no misconceived Joan'*; Capell, *'No, misconceivers'*; Vaughan, *'No, misconceited!'*

V. iv. 121. *'Poison'd'*; Theobald, *'prison'd.'*

V. iv. 150. *'Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?'* "Do you stand to compare your present state, a state which you have neither right nor power to maintain, with the terms which we offer?" (Johnson).

V. v. 39. *'Yes, my lord'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Yes, my good lord'*; Anon. conj., *'Yes, yes, my lord,'* or *'Why, yes, my*

lord'; Dyce, *'O, yes, my lord'*; Vaughan, *'Yes, my lord—more.'*

V. v. 55. *'Marriage'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, read *'But marriage'*; perhaps we should read *'marriage.'*

V. v. 64. *'bringeth,'* the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'bringeth forth'*; perhaps the difficulty of the line is due to the quadrisyllabic nature of the word 'contrary' = 'cónterary.'

V. v. 90. *'To cross'*; Walker, *'Across.'*

Joan la Pucelle (I. iv. 101, etc.)
From the painting in the Town Hall of Rouen.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[1-7.] These opening lines—which Coleridge more than intimates that only asinine stupidity could attribute to Shakespeare—might, as well as other passages in the three parts of *Henry VI.*, have provoked from Greene taunts of the author's ability "to bumbast out a blanke verse," and here at the outset we give the well-known literary curiosity left by the great Poet's fellow dramatist:—

To those Gentlemen, his Quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making Plaies, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities.

Thou famous gracer of Tragedians, . . . young Juvenall, that byting Satyrist, . . . and thou no less deserving than the other two. . . . Base-minded men al three of you, if by my miserie ye be not warned, for unto none of you (like me) sought those burres to cleave: those Puppets (I mean) that speake from our mouths, those anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide,* supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Iohannes fac totum,* is in his own conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie. O that I might

intreate your rare wits to be imployed in more profitable courses: and let these Apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions.

—*Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance (written before his death* [1592], *and published at his dying request).*

Brandes says that "the allusion to Shakespeare's name is unequivocal, and the words about the tiger's heart point to the outburst, 'O Tyger's hart wrapt in a serpents hide!' which is found in two places: first in the play called *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of the good King Henrie the Sixt,* and then (with 'womans' substituted for 'serpents'), in the third part of *King Henry VI.,* founded on the *True Tragedie,* and attributed to Shakespeare. It is preposterous to interpret this passage as an attack upon Shakespeare in his quality as an actor; Greene's words, beyond all doubt, convey an accusation of literary dishonesty. Everything points to the belief that Greene and Marlowe had collaborated in the older play, but that the former saw with disgust the success achieved by Shakespeare's adaptation of their text."

1. *Hung be the heavens with black*:—The upper part of the stage was in Shakespeare's time technically called *the heavens,* and was used to be *hung with black* when tragedies were performed.

3. *your crystal tresses*:—The epithet *crystal* was often applied to *comets* by the old writers. So in a sonnet by Lord Sterline, 1604: "Whenas those *crystal comets* whiles appear."

17. [*Exeter.*] Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, was son to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford; born out of wedlock, but legitimated along with three other children in the time of Richard II. Of course therefore he was great-uncle to King Henry VI. At the death of Henry V. he was appointed governor of the infant king, which office he held till his death in 1425. The dramatist, however, prolongs his life till 1444, the period of Part I. Holinshed calls him "a right sage and discreet counsellor." The name Beaufort was derived from the place of his birth, which was Beaufort Castle in France.

28. [*Winchester.*] Henry Beaufort, known in history as "the great Bishop of Winchester," was brother to the Duke of Exeter. At this time he held the office of chancellor, and was associated with Exeter in the governing of the infant sovereign. The quar-

rel between him and his nephew, the Duke of Gloucester, did not break out till 1425, though it had been brewing in secret for some time. In 1427 he was advanced by Pope Martin to the office of cardinal. The matter is related by Holinshed.

Scene II.

1 *et seq.* In the second Scene Shakespeare brings us at once into the heart of the extraordinary circumstances in which the final discomfiture of the English commenced—the appearance of Joan of Arc before Orleans, and the marvellous success which attended that appearance. There was a real interval of nearly seven years between the events of the first Scene and of the second. Henry V. died on the 31st of August, 1422; Joan of Arc entered Orleans in April, 1429. Here, then, begins the true dramatic action of this play. The preceding Scene is in the nature of a prologue, and is the keynote of what is to follow.

30. *Olivers and Rowlands*:—These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are the theme of old romances. From the equally doughty and unheard-of exploits of these champions arose the saying of *Giving a Rowland for an Oliver,* for giving a person as good as he brings.

98-101. *sword . . . chose forth*:—This is taken from the chronicler: "Then at the Dolphins sending by hir assignement, from Saint Katharins church of Fierbois in Touraine, where she never had beene, in a secret place there among old iron, appointed she hir sword to be sought out and brought hir, that with five floure delices was graven on both sides, wherewith she fought, and did manie slaughters by hir owne hands."

150. [*Exeunt.*] The matter of this Scene is thus related by Holinshed: "In time of this siege at Orleance, French stories saie, unto Charles the Dolphin at Chinon was caried a yoong wench of an eighteene yeeres old called Joan Arc, borne at Domprin upon Meuse in Loraine. Of favour was she counted likesome, of person stronglie made and manlie, of courage great, hardie, and stout withall, an understander of counsels though she were not at them, great semblance of chastitie both of bodie and behaviour, the name of Jesus in hir mouth about all hir businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting diverse daies in the weeke. Unto the Dolphin in his gallerie when first she was brought, and he shadowing himselfe behind, setting other gaie

lords before him to trie hir cunning, she pickt him out alone, who thereupon had her to the end of the gallerie, where she held him an houre in secret and private talke, that of his privie chamber was thought verie long, and therefore would have broken it off; but he made them a sign to let hir saie on."

Scene III.

34. *to murder our dead lord*:—One of Gloucester's charges against Cardinal Beaufort was that, when Henry V. was Prince of Wales, the Cardinal plotted for his assassination in the palace of Westminster, where the prince was lodged.

39, 40. *This be Damascus,* etc.:—The allusion here is well explained by a passage in *The Travels of Sir John Mandeville*: "In that place where Damascus was founded, Kayn sloughe Abel his brother." And Ritson has another of like drift from the *Polychronicon*: "Damascus is as much as to say shedding of blood; for there Chaym slew Abel, and hid him in the sand."

47. *Blue coats to tawny coats*:—It appears from this, that Gloucester's servants wore *blue coats,* and Winchester's *tawny.* Such was the usual livery of servants in the Poet's time, and long before. Stowe informs us that on a certain occasion the Bishop of London "was attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny* coats."

91. [*Exeunt.*] The account of this stormy brawl, as given in the old chronicles, runs substantially thus: The duke being absent a while, the bishop caused the Tower to be garrisoned, and committed to the care of Richard Woodville, with orders "to admit no one more powerful than himself." The duke, at his return, demanding lodgings in the Tower, and being refused, forthwith ordered the mayor to close the gates of the city against the bishop, and to furnish him with five hundred horsemen, that he might visit in safety the young King at Eltham. The next morning the bishop's retainers undertook to burst open the gate on the bridge, and placed archers in the houses on each side of the road, declaring that, as their lord was excluded from the city, so they would keep the duke from leaving it.

Scene IV.

95. *Plantagenet*:—This looks as if the dramatist thought Salisbury's name Plantagenet, while in fact it was Thomas Montacute.

"This earle," says Holinshed, "was the man at that time by whose wit, strength, and policie, the English name was much terrible to the French; which of himselfe might both appoint, command, and doo all things in manner at his pleasure; for suerlie he was both painefull, diligent, and ready to withstand all dangerous chances that were in hand, prompt in counsell, and of courage invincible; so that in no one man men put more trust, nor any singular person wan the harts so much of all men."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

8. *redoubted Burgundy*:—This duke succeeded to the title in 1419, at which time his father was murdered. The murder was one of the darkest deeds done in that land of perfidy and blood. In pursuance of a special arrangement the victim went to confer with the Dauphin at Montereau. At his coming he found that three barriers, each having a gate, had been drawn across the bridge, and was told that the Dauphin had been waiting for him more than an hour. Having with twelve attendants passed two of the gates, which were quickly locked behind him, he there bent his knee to the Dauphin, who had come forth to meet him; and, while addressing him in that posture, was struck in the face with an axe by one of the Dauphin's servants, and before he could make any defence, a multitude of wounds laid him dead on the ground. This rare piece of atrocity had the effect of binding his son Philip in close alliance with England, which was further strengthened and prolonged by the marriage of Bedford with his sister in 1423. Her death, which occurred in 1432, greatly loosened the bonds between her brother and the regent. At length, under the mediation of the pope, a congress of English, French, and Burgundian ambassadors was held at Arras in 1435, which ended in a reconciliation of Burgundy and the Dauphin, who had then succeeded to the crown of France. The Poet represents the detaching of Burgundy from England to have been brought about by Joan of Arc; for which the only historical ground is that Joan wrote a letter to the duke urging upon him the course which he afterwards took.

78. [*They fly.*] This retaking of Orleans is a fiction of the dramatist's. In fact, little advance was made towards taking the

city after the death of Salisbury; though (according to Holinshed) Talbot, Fastolfe, and others, "caused bastilles to be made round about the citie, and left nothing unattempted, that might advance their purpose." Thenceforth the siege was turned into a blockade, but supplies and reinforcements were still received into the place. After Joan and her convoy entered the town, which was in April, 1429, the English did not stir from their entrenchments; and in May they gave over and withdrew.

Scene II.

38. *Countess of Auvergne*:—As Ulrici has observed, the dramatist required a definite centre for the war represented in this play, which centre was after all furnished historically by the life and death of Talbot; and Ulrici adds: "In order to bring this centre more prominently forward, and to throw more glory upon the English popular hero, Shakespeare has also interwoven the story of the Countess of Auvergne, which the *Chronicles* have left unreported, but which popular tradition probably put into the Poet's hands. At all events, the story has quite the character of a traditional anecdote."

Scene III.

[*The Countess's castle.*] Hudson says that "of whole scenes, the third in Act II., between old Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne, is in the conception and the execution a genuine stroke of Shakespearian art, full of dramatic spirit, and making a strong point of stage effect in the most justifiable sense."

Scene IV.

[*The Temple-garden.*] Hudson says that in this Scene "we have a concentration of true dramatic life issuing in a series of forcible and characteristic flashes, where every word tells with singular effect both as a development of present temper and a germ of many tragic events. And, on the higher principles of art, how fitting it was that this outburst of smothered rage, this distant ominous grumbling of the tempest, should be followed by the subdued and plaintive tones that issue from the prison of the aged Mortimer, where we have the very spring and cause of the

gathering storm discoursed in a strain of melancholy music and a virtual sermon of revenge and slaughter breathed from dying lips." Herford calls this "the most Shakespearian scene of all, which, in fact, links the first part most signally with the sequel," but he adds that it "cannot be conclusively held to have been designed as such a link; for the situation is repeated (with far inferior power) in *2 Henry VI.*, II. ii., where Warwick once more listens to the case for York. It is more plausible to suppose that II. iv. was originally designed to give cohesion to the Talbot play, by explaining the animosity of Somerset to which Talbot owes his fall."

1. [*Plantagenet.*] This Richard Plantagenet was son of the earl of Cambridge who was overtaken in a plot against the life of Henry V., and executed at Southampton. That earl was a younger brother of Edward Duke of York, who fell at the battle of Agincourt, and had no child to succeed him. So that on his father's side Richard was grandson to Edmund of Langley, the fourth son of Edward III. His mother was Anne, sister of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, and great-granddaughter to Lionel, Duke of Clarence, who was the second son of Edward III. In 1425, the fourth year of Henry VI., Richard was restored to the rights and titles that had been forfeited by his father, and was made Duke of York. After the death of Bedford, in 1435, he succeeded him as regent of France; was recalled two years later, and appointed again in 1441. Some three years after, being supplanted in that office by his rival, the Duke of Somerset, he took the government of Ireland instead, from whence he began to stretch forth his hand to the crown.

10. [*Somerset.*] The Earl of Somerset at this time was John Beaufort, grandson to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford, and of course nephew to the Duke of Exeter and the Bishop of Winchester. He was afterwards advanced to the rank of duke, and died in 1432, leaving his title to his brother Edmund; his only surviving child being Margaret, who was married to the Earl of Richmond, and thence became the mother of Henry VII. So that there were two Dukes of Somerset in the time of this play, though the author does not distinguish them; or rather he prolongs the life of John several years beyond its actual date.

11. [*Warwick.*] This Earl of Warwick was Richard Beauchamp, surnamed the Good. He was esteemed the greatest of the captains formed in the great school of Henry V. After the death of Exeter, he was appointed governor of the young King in 1426.

When York was first recalled from the regency of France, in 1437, Warwick succeeded him, with the title of Lieutenant-general and Governor of France, and died at Rouen in May, 1439. The dramatist, however, keeps him alive till the end of the play, or at least does not distinguish him from Henry, who succeeded him.

86. *the place's privilege*:—It does not appear that the *Temple* had any privilege of sanctuary at this time, being then, as now, the residence of law students. The author might imagine it to have derived some such privilege from the Knights Templars, or Knights Hospitalers, both religious orders, its former inhabitants. It is true, blows may have been prohibited by the regulations of the society: the author perhaps did not much consider the matter, but represents it as suited his purpose.

Scene V.

[*Enter Mortimer.*] This Scene is at variance with history. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who was trusted and employed by Henry V. throughout his reign, died of the plague in his own castle at Trim, in Ireland, in 1424, being then only thirty-two years old. His uncle, Sir John Mortimer, was indeed a prisoner in the Tower, and was executed not long before the Earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to make his escape in order to stir up an insurrection in Wales. The dramatist was led into error by the popular historians of his time, whose accounts disagree. Hall says that the Earl of March "was ever *kepte in the courte* under such a keeper that he could neither do nor attempt any thyng agaynste the kyng wythout his knowledge, and died without issue."

88. *Levied an army*:—This is another departure from history. Cambridge levied no army, but was apprehended at Southampton the night before Henry sailed from that town for France, on the information of this very Earl of March.

96. *Thou art my heir,* etc.:—I acknowledge you to be my heir; the legal consequences growing from this I wish you to infer for yourself.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

[*bill.*] Gloucester offers to put up articles of accusation, called a *bill*. This Parliament was held in 1426 at Leicester, though here

represented to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the first Parliament, which was held at London shortly after his father's death, his mother, Queen Katharine, brought the young King from Windsor to the metropolis, and sat on the throne with the infant in her lap.

Scene II.

40. *Pride* here signifies *haughty power.* So, afterwards, in IV. vi. 15: "And from the *pride* of Gallia rescued thee." The general sentiment of the English respecting Joan of Arc is very well shown in that the regent, soon after the coronation at Rheims, wrote to Charles VII., complaining that "he had, by the allurement of a *develish witch,* taken upon him the name, title, and dignitie of the King of France," and challenging him to a trial of the question by private combat. Divers other choice vituperative epithets are stuck upon the heroic maiden by the old chroniclers, such as "false miscreant," and "a damnable sorcerer suborned by Satan."

114. [*Bedford dies.*] This scene of feigning, fighting, jesting, dying, and running away, is a fiction of the dramatist's; though there are several passages in the war in France, that might have furnished a hint and basis for it. The regent died quietly in his bed at Rouen, September 14, 1435, and was buried in the cathedral. It is said that some years after Louis XI., being urged to remove his bones and deface his monument, replied, "I will not war with the remains of a prince who was once a match for your fathers and mine; and who, were he now alive, would make the proudest of us tremble. Let his ashes rest in peace, and may the Almighty have mercy on his soul!"

Scene III.

Ulrici has the following remarks, which, as he says, genius substantially adopts and particularly applies to Henry VI.: "Shakespeare's deviations from actual history, more especially those in regard to chronology, which he might otherwise have avoided, were made with a view of giving a vivid representation of both the inner and the outer connection of the greater whole, and of the ideal character, the ethical significance of the events in the several parts. These deviations refer only to points in which he has differed from the chronicles and popular histories of his day, to

the exclusion of all such corrections as have been gained by modern investigations. It was only *such* sources that Shakespeare *wished* to and *could* follow, owing to the character of dramatic poetry, which is necessarily popular; he could not have adopted the results of learned historiography even though—what was not generally the case—these had existed at his time."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1. *the crown*:—The crowning of King Henry at Paris took place December 17, 1431. Concerning that event Holinshed has the following: "To speake with what honour he was received into the citie of Paris, what pageants were prepared, and how richlie the gates, streets, bridges on everie side were hanged with costlie clothes of arras and tapestrie, it would be too long a processe, and therefore I doo heere pass it over with silence." Nevertheless the occasion was but poorly attended save by foreigners, none of the higher French nobility gracing it with their presence.

Scene II.

11. *Lean famine*, etc.:—This figure was much used by the old poets. It occurs in the Prologue to Act I., of *Henry V.*, line 7. So, likewise, in the answer of Henry V. to the citizens of Rouen, when he was besieging that city in 1419, as reported in Holinshed: "That the goddesse of battell called Bellona, had three handmaidens ever of necessitie attending upon hir, as blood, fire, and famine. And whereas it laie in his choise to use them all three, yea, two, or one of them, at his pleasure, he had appointed onlie the meekest of those three damsels to punish them of that citie, till they were brought to reason."

49. *rascal-like*:—This use of *rascal* is well explained by a passage from Verstegan's *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, 1605: "As before I have showed how the ill names of beasts, in their most contemptible state, are in contempt applied to women; so is *rascall*, being the name of an ill-favoured, leane, and worthlesse *deere*, commonly applied unto such men as are held of no credit or worth." The figure is kept up by using *heads of steel* for *lances*, referring to the deer's horns.

Scene III.

46. *'Long all of Somerset*:—On the death of Bedford in 1435, York succeeded him in the regency of France. In 1437 he was superseded by Warwick, who died about two years after, and York was reappointed. In this office Somerset took special pains to cross and thwart him. The effects of their enmity are strongly stated by Holinshed: "Although the Duke of York was worthie, both for birth and courage, of this honour and preferment, yet so disdeined of the Duke of Summerset, that by all means possible sought his hindrance, as one glad of his losse, and sorie of his well dooing: by reason whereof, yer the Duke of York could get his despatch, Paris and diverse other of the cheefest places in France were gotten by the French king. The Duke of York, perceiving his evill will, openlie dissembled that which he inwardlie minded, either of them working things to the others displeasure, till, through malice and division betweene them, at length by mortal warre they were both consumed, with almost all their whole lines and offspring."

Scene IV.

13. *bought and sold*:—This expression seems to have been proverbial; intimating that foul play had been used. So in *King John*, V. iv. 10: "Fly, noble English, you are *bought and sold*."

Scene VII.

32. *young John Talbot's grave*:—The battle in which the Talbots fell is known in history as the battle of Chatillon, the name of a fortress not far from Bordeaux, and took place in July, 1453. The occasion was this: The preceding year, while England was torn with civil war, all France having been lost, the people of Guienne, impatient of French tyranny, sent over a deputation, offering to renew their allegiance, and soliciting the aid of an army. The invitation was gladly accepted, and the command given to the veteran Earl of Shrewsbury. The old hero used such energy and despatch, that he took possession of Bordeaux and the surrounding country before the French could interpose any hindrance. The next spring, while he was extending his conquests, a French army invested Chatillon, which he had before taken and fortified. Talbot, hastening to its relief, surprised and defeated a

large body of the enemy; whereupon the French retired into an intrenched camp lined with three hundred pieces of cannon. He then ordered an assault, and the enemy began to waver, when the arrival of a new body of men turned the day against him.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

29. *a cardinal's degree*:—Beaufort's preferment to this rank having happened about fifteen years back, it may seem strange that Exeter should now for the first time wonder at it as something new. This, however, is quite in keeping with other things here, such as the alleged youth of the King, who was at this time twenty-three years old. The point is thus stated by Coleridge: "The history of our ancient kings—the events of their reigns, I mean—are like stars in the sky; whatever the real interspaces may be, and however great, they seem close to each other. The stars—the events—strike us and remain in our eye, little modified by the difference of dates."

Scene III.

1. [*Pucelle.*] The manner in which the writer of this play delineates this Joan of Arc in Act I. has been held to be one of the proofs that Shakespeare was not the author. "But," observes Knight, "however the dramatist may have represented this extraordinary woman as a sorceress, and made her accuse herself of licentious conduct, he has fallen very far short of the injustice of the English chroniclers, who, no doubt, represented the traditionary opinions of the English nation."

6. The *monarch of the north* was Zimimar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches. The north was supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton assembles the rebel angels in the *north.*

30. [*La Pucelle is taken.*] The capture of Joan occurred in May, 1430, twelve years before the event of the first Scene of this Act, and more than five years before the death of Bedford, and while Burgundy was yet in alliance with the English. The latter undertaking to reduce the city of Compeigne, Joan went with an army to raise the siege. On the march she met and routed a force of Burgundians, and, having taken Franquet, their leader, had

him beheaded on the spot. Reinforcements pouring in from all sides, she was soon forced to retreat, herself taking the rear-guard, and repeatedly turning upon the pursuers, and keeping them off; till, at last, her men being broken, she was pulled from her horse by an archer, and, lying on the ground, surrendered herself. The heroine was then conducted to John of Luxemburg, who some months after sold her into the hands of the regent.

62-64. *As plays,* etc.:—This comparison, made between things sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of Lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle; which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre. Sidney, in his *Astrophel and Stella,* supports this explanation:—

> "Lest if no vaile these brave gleams did disguise,
> They, sunlike, should more dazzle than delight."

Scene IV.

74. *Machiavel*:—The character of Machiavelli seems to have made so very deep an impression on the dramatic writers of the age, that he is many times introduced by them, notwithstanding the anachronism. So in *The Valiant Welshman,* 1615: "Read *Machiavel*; princes that would aspire must mock at hell."

92, 93. *consume to ashes,* etc.:—Joan of Arc was burnt, as "an agent of the devil," at Rouen, May 30, 1431. The inhuman sentence was the result of an ecclestiastical trial, at which the Bishop of Beauvais presided, she having been taken in his diocese. Yet the violence of her enemies was not so cruel as the neglect of those who ought to have been her friends. The matter is thus stated by Lingard: "If ever prince were indebted to a subject, Charles VII. was indebted to Joan of Arc. She had dispelled the terror with which success had invested the English arms, had reanimated the courage of the French soldiery, and had firmly established the King on the throne of his ancestors. Yet, from the moment of her captivity she appears to have been forgotten. We read not of any sum offered for her ransom, or attempt made to alleviate the rigour of her confinement, or notice taken of her trial and execution."

175. *a solemn peace*:—This *peace,* which was in reality but a *truce,* was negotiated by Suffolk, who had been sent as ambassador for that purpose, an instrument having been first signed by the King and approved by the Parliament, authorizing him to conduct

the treaty to the best of his abilities, and pardoning beforehand every error of judgement into which he might fall. The meeting of ambassadors was at Tours in February, 1444; where many things were moved for a final peace, but the best they could come to was a truce for eighteen months.

Scene V.

25-29. *So should I give*, etc.:—"Although this mariage," says Holinshed, "pleased the King and diverse of his councell, yet Humfrie Duke of Glocester, protector of the realme, was much against it, alledging that it should be both contrarie to the lawes of God, and dishonourable to the prince, if he should breake that promise and contract of mariage, made by ambassadours sufficiently instructed thereto, with the daughter of the Earle of Arminacke, upon conditions both to him and his realme as much profitable as honourable. But the duke's words could not be heard, for the earles dooings were onelie liked and allowed."

103. *Suffolk . . . goes*:—Suffolk set forth on this expedition in October, 1444. Thus stands the account in Holinshed: "The Earle of Suffolke was made Marquesse of Suffolke, which marquesse, with his wife and manie honourable personages of men and women, richlie adorned both with apparell and jewels, having with them manie costlie chariots and gorgeous horslitters, sailed into France for the conveiance of the nominated queene into the realme of England. For King Reiner, hir father, for all his long stile, had too short a pursse to send his daughter honourablie to the King hir spouse."

Questions on 1 Henry VI.

1. What are some of the contemporary allusions to this play that help to establish its date?

2. What are some of the arguments against the sole Shakespearian authorship of the play?

3. Who have been suggested as collaborators?

ACT FIRST.

4. What is there un-Shakespearian about the opening lines of the play?

5. How are events of the preceding play, *Henry V.*, continued in this one?

6. Criticise the manner in which the news brought by the messengers is delivered. Is it compatible with reality?

7. What is the situation presented in the first Scene? What offices are held respectively by Bedford and Gloucester? What threat is made by Winchester?

8. What is the condition of the French fortunes when Joan la Pucelle appears?

9. What traits of character are here attributed to her that are at variance with the Joan of tradition?

10. Indicate the effect of Sc. ii. In what way does it contribute to the development of the plot? How does it differ from the account given by the old chroniclers?

11. From Sc. iv. what do you gather of Talbot's reputation? What traits of character does he display?

12. What is there un-Shakespearian about the battle-scene?

13. What effect does the dramatist wish to produce by bringing Joan into personal conflict with Talbot?

14. What was the contemporaneous opinion of the English concerning the secret of Joan's military success?

ACT SECOND.

15. Are the events presented in Sc. i. historically true?

16. How does the episode of the Countess of Auvergne (Sc. ii.) illustrate the weak side of Talbot's nature?

17. Comment on the dramatic effectiveness of Sc. iii. Is the matter reported in the chronicles? Has it any literary precedent? Is the plot in any way assisted by it?

18. Sc. iv. has been regarded of undoubted Shakespearian authorship. What do you see in it to support the view?

19. What was the point of dispute between Plantagenet and Somerset? Where has Shakespeare presented a picture of the condemnation of Richard Earl of Cambridge?

20. Who was the Mortimer presented in Sc. v.? What previous plays have dealt with him?

21. Considered as an episode, what is the effect of Sc. v.? Considered structurally, is this Scene a necessary part of the present play? Is its value more apparent from a consideration of the series of plays dealing with the Henrys?

22. What does Sc. v. contribute to the enveloping atmosphere of *Henry VI.*?

ACT THIRD.

23. What is the dramatic purpose of the quarrel between Winchester and Gloucester in Sc. i.? In this Scene how are the fortunes of Plantagenet advanced?

24. In the speech of Exeter with which the Scene closes what is foreshadowed?

25. Was the taking of Rouen by the French through strategy an historic fact?

26. Explain Joan's taunt (ii. 44) that the corn was *full of darnel.*

27. What is lacking in the presentation of the cowardice of Sir John Fastolfe to support the belief that he is Shakespeare's creation?

28. What is Joan's status among the French at the point of the story marked by Sc. iii.?

29. Is her persuasion of the Duke of Burgundy convincing? What point of the rising action does this Scene mark?

30. Show what is effected by Sc. iv.

ACT FOURTH.

31. How is the crowning of Henry in Sc. i. shown to be a mere travesty?

32. Show how Sc. i. is managed to secure a cumulative effect. What does the entrance of Gloucester into the dispute (line 123) serve to recall so that all the elements of internal strife confronting Henry are brought to a focus in the Scene?

33. Is youth the only excuse for the King's inadequacy?

34. What resemblance do you note between Talbot's speech before Bordeaux, at the beginning of Sc. ii., and that of Henry V. before Harfleur? What bearing may this have upon the question of the genuineness of the passage?

35. Support by reasons your belief, if so you judge them, that lines 42-56 are Shakespearian. Comment on the elaborate figure here used. Do you find many such in this play?

36. How do Scs. iii. and iv. show that the cause of England is more jeopardized by the strife among her nobles than by the power of France?

37. Explain the allusion of Sir William Lucy (iii. 47) to *the vulture of sedition.*

38. Taking Scs. vi. and vii. as examples, may we deduce a possible law of Shakespeare's earlier æsthetic creed concerning the harmony of sentiment and versification? Consider this in connection with the comedies of this approximate date—*Love's Labour's Lost, Comedy of Errors,* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

39. What effect has the death of Talbot on the English cause in France?

40. What temper as conquerors is displayed by the French?

ACT FIFTH.

41. What defect in the King does Sc. i. reveal that may be taken as the reason of his failure in France? What is his reply when marriage is proposed?

42. To what position does Winchester attain? How did he secure his preferment? What does his closing speech foreshadow?

43. Why is the final triumph of the English depicted from the French point of view?

44. Does Sc. iii. present a new phase of Joan's spiritual develop-

ment? State what it is and what the dramatist intends to convey thereby.

45. Considering *Henry VI.* as a unit, does Margaret contribute anything to the action? How does she serve as a link between this and the succeeding parts of the trilogy?

46. How does the Shepherd of Sc. iv. differ from the portraits of countrymen that Shakespeare has elsewhere furnished? What trick of speech bears some resemblance to one frequently employed by him?

47. Does Joan in Sc. iv. exhibit any of the traits of those who have accomplished considerable through belief in a supernatural assistance, and who seek to maintain their rank and reputation after they have felt the power withdrawn?

48. In the presentation of this character does the play follow the belief of the English regarding the real character of Joan, as presented by Hall and Holinshed?

49. State the reason why this character is so repellent to modern readers.

50. Indicate the situation that the final Scene of this play proposes for the action of Part II. of the trilogy.

For general questions see end of 3 *Henry VI.*

The Second Part of
King Henry VI

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Margaret of Anjou is brought over to England and wedded to King Henry VI.; but—much to the consternation of the King's uncle, Gloucester, the lord protector—she comes dowerless, and the duchies for which Henry V. warred are suffered to remain in French hands. Though the upright Gloucester's grief is strongly uttered, he is not upheld when he unburdens it to the other nobles. Instead, they make a temporary truce of their own quarreling, which has proceeded continuously during the young King's reign, and unite against the lord protector. They find a ready ally in the Queen, who is eager to secure unlimited control over her weak husband. They make their first attack through Gloucester's ambitious wife. She is betrayed into harbouring sorcerers who raise a spirit that utters sayings against the heads of the realm. She and the conjurers are taken into custody.

II. The Duchess of Gloucester is brought to trial and banished. Gloucester is deprived of his post of lord protector, and is summoned before Parliament.

Meanwhile the strife between the houses of York and Lancaster gathers force. The Duke of York convinces the powerful earls of Warwick and Salisbury of his right to the crown.

III. Gloucester answers the summons and appears before Parliament. He is accused of high treason and committed to prison, and since his accusers can find no evidence to support their charge against his integrity,

he is foully assassinated by direction of the Duke of Suffolk. The populace, learning of the deed, are driven to desperation, and storm the palace, demanding the death or exile of Suffolk, who is forthwith banished, and afterwards is slain at sea by pirates.

The powerless monarch's sway is marked by continued losses. News comes of the loss of the last of the French territories. Other tidings tell of an uprising in Ireland. The lords, jealous of York's power, think to be rid of him by sending him against the Irish. York, however, is glad of the pretext to muster an army; and before he sets sail he incites a rebellion at home under Jack Cade, a Kentish labourer.

IV. After meeting with one or two small successes, seizing London Bridge, and entering the city, Cade's forces are dispersed by the royal troops. The populace renew allegiance to the King, and sue for pardon, which is granted. But a price is placed on the head of the fugitive Cade, and he is slain. York's connection with this rebellion has been hidden; but upon hearing of its outcome he returns to England at the head of his army, ostensibly to redress private wrongs, though really to assist his claim to the throne.

V. The King holds parley with York near Blackheath, but the conference ends in open defiance on the part of the subject. The two armies meet in conflict on the field of Saint Albans, where the King, who now represents the Lancastrians, is defeated and forced to fly towards London. The victorious York and Warwick resolve to march rapidly upon the capital.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

King Henry.

There is something of irony in the scene with which the second part of *Henry VI.* opens. Suffolk, the Lance-

lot of this tragedy, has brought from France the Princess Margaret, and the joy of the blameless King, upon receiving, at the cost of two hard-won provinces, this terrible wife, who will "dandle him like a baby," has in it something pitiable, something pathetic, and something ludicrous. The relations of the King to Margaret throughout the play are delicately and profoundly conceived. He clings to her as to something stronger than himself; he dreads her as a boy might dread some formidable master:—

Exeter. Here comes the Queen, whose looks betray her anger:
I 'll steal away.
Henry. And so will I.

Yet through his own freedom from passion he derives a sense of superiority to his wife; and after she has dashed him all over with the spray of her violent anger and her scorn, Henry may be seen mildly wiping away the drops, insufferably placable, offering excuses for the vituperation and the insults which he has received:—

"Poor Queen, how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!"

Among his "wolfish earls" Henry is in constant terror, not of being himself torn to pieces, but of their flying at one another's throats. Violent scenes, disturbing the cloistral peace which it would please him to see reign throughout the universe, are hateful and terrible to Henry. He rides out hawking with his Queen and Suffolk, the Cardinal and Gloucester; some of the riders hardly able for an hour to conceal their emulation and their hate. Henry takes a languid interest in the sport, but all occasions supply food for his contemplative piety; he suffers from a certain incontinence of devout feeling, and now the falcons set him moralizing:—

"But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all his creatures works!"

A moment after and the peers, with Margaret among them, are bandying furious words. Henry's anguish is extreme, but he hopes that something may be done by a few moral reflections suitable to the occasion:—

I pr'ythee, peace,
Good Queen, and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.
Cardinal. Let me be blessed for the peace I make
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

The angry colloquy is presently silenced by the cry, "A miracle! a miracle!" and the impostor Simcox and his wife appear. Henry, with his fatuous proclivity towards the edifying, rejoices in this manifestation of God's grace in the restoration to sight of a man born blind:—

"Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied."

(That is to say, "If we had the good-fortune to be deprived of all our senses and appetites, we should have a fair chance of being quite spotless; yet let us thank God for his mysterious goodness to this man!") And once more, when the Protector, by a slight exercise of shrewdness and common sense, has unmasked the rogue and has had him whipped, extreme is the anguish of the King:—

K. Henry. O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long?
Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

But the feeble saint, who is cast down upon the occurrence of a piece of vulgar knavery, can himself abandon to butchers the noblest life in England. His conscience assures him that Gloucester is innocent; he hopes the Duke will be able to clear himself; but Gloucester's judges are Suffolk, "with his cloudy brow," sharp Buckingham,

"And dogged York, that reaches at the moon."

Henry is not equal to confronting such terrible faces as these; and so, trusting to God, who will do all things

well, he slinks out of the Parliament shedding tears, and leaves Gloucester to his fate:—

> "My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
> Do, or undo, as if ourself were here."

When Henry hears that his uncle is dead, he swoons; he suspects that the noble old man has been foully dealt with; but judgement belongs to God; possibly his suspicion may be a false one; how terrible if he should sully his purity of heart with a false suspicion! may God forgive him if he do so! And thus humouring his timorous, irritable conscience, Henry is incapable of action, and allows things to take their course.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

III.

Margaret.

As regards the conception of the character of the Queen which is first revealed to us in this part, some commentators have blamed Shakspeare for having unnecessarily made her a hideous Megæra, and maintain it to be especially intolerable to see the pious, unfortunate King so openly represented as a deceived husband. It is certainly true that in Margaret's character we still have the echo of those gloomy sounds of the horrible which in *Titus Andronicus* we had in the fullest reverberations, and this again proves with tolerable certainty that the two last parts of *Henry VI.* likewise belong to Shakspeare's earlier works. It is also true that adultery did not require to be added to the other crimes of the Queen. And yet without it we should not have received such a perfect insight into her character, which is so important for the whole play. For it is self-evident that such an energetic, violent and thoroughly unfeminine nature, with such passionateness and heat of temper, could not have had any affection for the cold, unmanly

and effeminate King, or have remained faithful to him. Hence even though history has not expressly told us of it—however, if not mentioned by Holinshed (as Gervinus says) it is expressly stated in Grafton's (Hall's) Chronicle—the Poet at all events could not be silent on a subject, which, as a matter of consistency, was demanded by history. Moreover, this terrible energy and enormity, this shameless display of evil, such as is here exhibited in a woman, is no doubt more dramatic, nay the very representation of it is more moral than the secret sin which creeps along in darkness, and the unexpressed suspicion of which must be entertained by the spectators. In fact, the Poet required an embodiment of the prevailing vices and crimes, a character in which was concentrated the whole demoralisation of the age, in order to give a description of the times, and to unfold the meaning and significance of his drama in the fullest manner.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

Among the arguments against the authenticity of these plays [the three parts of *Henry VI.*], the character of Margaret of Anjou has not been adduced, and yet to those who have studied Shakspeare in his own spirit, it will appear the most conclusive of all. When we compare her with his other female characters, we are struck at once by the want of family likeness; Shakspeare was not always equal, but he had not two *manners*, as they say of painters. I discern his hand in particular parts, but I cannot recognize his spirit in the conception of the whole: he may have laid on some of the colours, but the original design has a certain hardness and heaviness, very unlike his usual style. Margaret of Anjou, as exhibited in these tragedies, is a dramatic portrait of considerable truth, and vigour, and consistency—but she is not one of Shakspeare's women. He who knew so well in what true greatness of spirit consisted—who could excite our respect and sympathy even for a Lady

Macbeth, would never have given us a heroine without a touch of heroism; he would not have portrayed a high-hearted woman, struggling unsubdued against the strangest vicissitudes of fortune, meeting reverses and disasters, such as would have broken the most masculine spirit, with unshaken constancy, yet left her without a single personal quality which could excite our interest in her bravely endured misfortunes; and this too in the very face of history. He would not have given us, in lieu of the magnanimous queen, the subtle and accomplished French woman, a mere "Amazonian trull," with every coarser feature of depravity and ferocity; he would have redeemed her from unmingled detestation; he would have breathed into her some of his own sweet spirit—he would have given the woman a soul.

The old chronicler Hall informs us, that Queen Margaret "excelled all other as well in beauty and favour, as in wit and policy, and was in stomach and courage more like to a man than to a woman." He adds that, after the espousals of Henry and Margaret, "the King's friends fell from him; the lords of the realm fell in division among themselves; the Commons rebelled against their natural prince; fields were foughten; many thousands slain; and, finally, the king was deposed, and his son slain, and his queen sent home again with as much misery and sorrow as she was received with pomp and triumph."

This passage seems to have furnished the groundwork of the character as it is developed in these plays with no great depth or skill. Margaret is portrayed with all the exterior graces of her sex; as bold and artful, with spirit to dare, resolution to act, and fortitude to endure; but treacherous, haughty, dissembling, vindictive, and fierce. The bloody struggle for power in which she was engaged, and the companionship of the ruthless iron men around her, seem to have left her nothing of womanhood but the heart of a mother—that last stronghold of our feminine nature! So far the character

is consistently drawn: it has something of the power, but none of the flowing ease, of Shakspeare's manner. There are fine materials not well applied; there is poetry in some of the scenes and speeches; the situations are often exceedingly poetical; but in the character of Margaret herself there is not an atom of poetry. In her artificial dignity, her plausible wit, and her endless volubility, she would remind us of some of the most admired heroines of French tragedy, but for that unlucky box on the ear which she gives the Duchess of Gloucester—a violation of tragic decorum, which of course destroys all parallel.

Having said thus much, I shall point out some of the finest and most characteristic scenes in which Margaret appears. The speech in which she expresses her scorn of her meek husband, and her impatience of the power exercised by those fierce, overbearing barons, York, Salisbury, Warwick, Buckingham, is very fine, and conveys as faithful an idea of those feudal times as of the woman who speaks. The burst of female spite with which she concludes, is admirable:—

> Not all these lords do vex me half so much
> As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife.
> She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
> More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife.
> Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
> She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
> And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
> Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
> Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
> She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
> The very train of her worst wearing gown
> Was better worth than all my father's lands
> Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Her intriguing spirit, the facility with which she enters into the murderous confederacy against the good Duke Humphrey, the artful plausibility with which she endeavours to turn suspicion from herself—confounding

her gentle consort by mere dint of words—are exceedingly characteristic, but not the less revolting.

Her criminal love for Suffolk (which is a dramatic incident, not an historic fact) gives rise to the beautiful parting scene in the third act; a scene which it is impossible to read without a thrill of emotion, hurried away by that power and pathos which forces us to sympathize with the eloquence of grief, yet excites not a momentary interest either for Margaret or her lover. The ungoverned fury of Margaret in the first instance, the manner in which she calls on Suffolk to curse his enemies, and then shrinks back overcome by the violence of the spirit she had herself evoked, and terrified by the vehemence of his imprecations; the transition in her mind from the extremity of rage to tears and melting fondness, have been pronounced, and justly, to be in Shakspeare's own manner:—

> Go, speak not to me—even now begone.
> O go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd
> Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
> Loather a hundred times to part than die:
> Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

which is followed by that beautiful and intense burst of passion from Suffolk—

> 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
> A wilderness is populous enough,
> So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
> For where thou art, there is the world itself,
> With every several pleasure in the world,
> And where thou art not, desolation.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

IV.

The Cade Scenes.

That insurrection comes in aptly as the first outbreak of the great social schism, the elements of which had

been long working in secret, and growing to a head. The passages of humour, interspersed through the scenes of Cade and his followers, being mostly the same in the original form of the play, yield strong evidence in the question of authorship. It seems hard to believe that any one but Shakespeare could have written them, no instances in that line at all approaching these having been elsewhere given by any other writer of that time. For in poetry merely, Shakespeare, though immeasurably above any or all of his senior contemporaries, differs from them but in degree; but in the article of humour he shows a difference from them in kind. And it is remarkable that the instinct and impulse of humour seem in this case to have put him upon blending together the elements of two widely-separated passages of history: the persons and events being those of the insurrection known as Jack Cade's; while the sentiments and designs are the same, in part, which became matter of history some seventy years before in the rebellion of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw. This curious fact was first pointed out by Mr. Courtenay, who cites the following from Holinshed's account of the earlier insurrection: "They began to show proof of those things which they had before conceived in their minds—beheading all such men of law as they might catch, alleging that the land could never enjoy her true liberty till all those sorts of people were despatched out of the way. This talk liked well the ears of the common people, and they purposed to burn and destroy all records, evidences, court-rolls, and other monuments, that their landlords might not have whereby to challenge any right at their hands. What wickedness was it, to compel teachers of children in grammar schools to swear never to instruct any in this art! For it was dangerous among them to be known for one that was learned; and more dangerous, if any one were found with a penner and ink-horn at his side. At Blackheath, when the greatest multitude was there

got together, John Ball made a sermon, taking this saying for his theme:—

'When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?'"

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

The forcible realism, the simple vigour and lifelike humour of these scenes, cannot, it is urged, be due to any other [than Shakespeare] so early at work in the field of comedy. A critic desirous to press this point might further insist on the likeness or identity of tone between these and all later scenes in which Shakespeare has taken on him to paint the action and passion of an insurgent populace. With him, it might too plausibly be argued, the people once risen in revolt for any just or unjust cause is always the mob, the unwashed rabble, the swinish multitude; full as he is of wise and gracious tenderness for individual character, of swift and ardent pity for personal suffering, he has no deeper or finer feeling than scorn for "the beast with many heads" that fawn and butt at bidding as they are swayed by the vain and violent breath of any worthless herdsman. For the drovers who guide and misguide at will the turbulent flocks of their mutinous cattle his store of bitter words is inexhaustible; it is a treasure-house of obloquy which can never be drained dry.

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

I cannot persuade myself that these [Cade scenes] were not from the very first the work of Shakespeare. It is evident that they cannot proceed from the pen of Marlowe. An attempt has been made to attribute them to Greene, on the ground that there are other folk-scenes in his works which display a similar strain of humour. But the difference is enormous. It is true that the text here follows the chronicle with extraordinary fidelity; but it was precisely in this ingenious adaptation of mate-

rial that Shakespeare always showed his strength. And these scenes answer so completely to all the other folk-scenes in Shakespeare, and are so obviously the outcome of the habit of political thought which runs through his whole life, becoming ever more and more pronounced, that we cannot possibly accept them as showing only the trivial alterations and retouches which elsewhere distinguish his text from the older version.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

V.

The Enveloping Nemesis.

The subject of the second part of *Henry VI.* is the progress of disorder in the country consequent on the weak character of the King, his want of every spark of kingly, national or even manly spirit. Of a devout tendency, his religious feelings have not the energy to rise from a pious ejaculation to a fervent prayer, still less to stimulate a really conscientious action. Selfishly and imprudently he married Margaret to gratify a passion foolishly adopted at second hand, and makes no effort to control a wife whose vague animosities hurry him to destruction; he deserts Gloucester in base cravenheartedness, and when he is murdered almost under his eyes, banishes the murderer Suffolk only when compelled by the indignant outbreak of the commons, and then from no higher motive than apprehension of consequences to himself. Afterwards he is as ready to purchase his own tranquillity by the sacrifice of the rights of his son; and thus on the strength of harmlessness and freedom from active vice, he brings the country into civil war, and takes rank as a saint. The character of Gloucester is finely contrasted with that of the King: he has a reputation for goodness—the good Duke Humphrey, as the King for saintship; and his goodness, though of more genuine quality, is at the last as nugatory from like defect

of energy. He laments the base forfeiture of national honour, that never gives the King concern, yet does nothing worthy of his position to save it, is utterly incapable of coping with the ill-conditioned Cardinal, and descends to a useless and degrading brawl, and is at last his victim, and is as unable to rule, or guide, or protect his wife, as Henry himself. Such a pretence of government is entirely out of harmony with the genius of the country both in commonalty and nobility, and both classes become agitated sympathetically. The men of Kent are represented as rising in disgust and contempt for the ordinance of a bookish priestlike king and counsellors, who acquiesce in the loss of conquests of a bolder monarch; and a powerful confederacy of nobles lends aid to the claimant of the throne by the elder line, who certainly possesses many qualities that are more worthy of power, though as usual in history they can only command power through violence and fraud, that bring on a Nemesis behind them. The crown that came to the line of Lancaster, through the dissolute misgovernment of Richard II. falls from it again through the misgovernment of the factitious piety of an enervate devotee.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VI.

A Great Advance.

The second part of *Henry VI.* is manifestly a great advance upon the first, and that in nearly all the particulars of dramatic excellence. The several members are well knit together; the characterization is bold, but, in the main, firm and steady; the action clear, free, and generally carried on in that consecutiveness that every later part seems the natural growth and issue of what had gone before. Much of this superiority, no doubt, was owing to the nature of the materials, which, besides yielding a greater variety of interest, were of themselves

more limber and pliant to the shaping of art, and presented less to distract and baffle the powers of dramatic assortment and composition. The losses in France having been despatched in the former play, nothing of them remained for the Poet's use, but the domestic irritations they had engendered; which irritations were as so many eggs of discord in the nest of English life, and Queen Margaret the hot-breasted fury that hatched them into effect. The hatching process is the main subject of this play, and to that end the representation is ordered with considerable skill.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Shakespeare and Others.

In the earliest form known to us of this play it should seem that we have traces of Shakespeare's handiwork, in the latest that we find evidence of Marlowe's. But it would be something too extravagant for the veriest wind-sucker among commentators to start a theory that a revision was made of his original work by Marlowe after additions had been made to it by Shakespeare; yet . . . the most unmistakable signs of Marlowe's handiwork, the passages which show most plainly the personal and present seal of his genius, belong to the play only in its revised form.

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

There is on the whole no difficulty in distinguishing the work of other hands in the old texts. We can enjoy, point by point, not only Shakespeare's superiority, but his peculiar style, as we here find it in the very process of development; and we can study his whole method of work in the text which he ultimately produces.

We have here an almost unique opportunity of observing him in the character of a critical artist. We see

what improvements he makes by a trivial retouch, or a mere rearrangement of words. Thus, when Gloucester says of his wife (II. iv.)—

> "Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
> To tread them with her tender-feeling feet,"

all his sympathy speaks in these words. In the old text it is she who says this of herself. In York's great soliloquy in the first act, beginning "Anjou and Maine are given to the French," the first twenty-four lines are Shakespeare's; the rest belong to the old text. From the second "Anjou and Maine" onwards, the verse is conventional and monotonous; the meaning ends with the end of each line, and a pause, as it were, ensues; whereas the verse of the opening passage is full of dramatic movement, life, and fire.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

It is unwise to go beyond the extremely strong presumption that Marlowe, at one point or other in the development of the play, impressed his genius on the materials and helped to give them their present shape. The characters of Margaret, of Suffolk, of York, of Richard, perhaps owe as much in execution to Shakespeare's dramatic grip as to Marlowe's fiery rhetoric; but their first conception was almost certainly Marlowe's. The boldness with which the portentous figure of Richard is made to dominate the entire latter half of the action in defiance of chronology and of his traditional character is in keeping with the splendid lawlessness of Marlowe in his dealings with history. Above all, Marlowe must be credited with the powerful tragic motive of Suffolk's intrigue with the Queen, of which Holinshed says no word. To Shakespeare such a situation was at all times unattractive; but the recent painter of the guilty loves of Isabel the queen and young Mortimer was keenly alive to its tragic force.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the Sixth.*
HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.*
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
EDWARD and RICHARD, *his sons.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
LORD CLIFFORD.
Young CLIFFORD, *his son.*
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF WARWICK.
LORD SCALES.
LORD SAY.
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and WILLIAM STAFFORD, *his brother.*
SIR JOHN STANLEY.
VAUX.
MATTHEW GOFFE.
A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's-Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE.
Two Gentlemen, *prisoners with Suffolk.*
JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, *priests.*
BOLINGBROKE, *a conjurer.*
THOMAS HORNER, *an armourer.* PETER, *his man.*
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.
SIMPCOX, *an impostor.*
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish gentleman.*
JACK CADE, *a rebel.*
GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK *the butcher,* SMITH *the weaver,* MICHAEL, etc., *followers of Cade.*
Two Murderers.

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*
ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloucester.*
MARGARET JOURDAIN, *a witch.*
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, 'Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, etc.

A Spirit.

SCENE: *England.*

The Second Part of

KING HENRY VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. The palace.

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, the King, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal Beaufort, on the one side; The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace,
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task and was espoused;
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;

The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king received.

King. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
In courtly company or at my beads,
With you, mine alder-liefest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All [*kneeling*]. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Queen. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glou. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king Charles and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King

of England, that the said Henry shall espouse
the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King
of Naples, Sicilia and Jerusalem, and crown her
Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next
ensuing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the
county of Maine shall be released and delivered
to the king her father—'

[*Lets the paper fall.*

King. Uncle, how now!

Glou. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

King. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Car. [*Reads*] 'Item, It is further agreed between
them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine
shall be released and delivered over to the king
her father, and she sent over of the King of
England's own proper cost and charges, with-
out having any dowry.'

King. They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel down:
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And gird the with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expired. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*

Glou. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And had his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glou. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;

But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glou. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France and starved in France,
Before—

Car. My lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glou. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy,
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There 's reason he should be displeased at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him 'Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,'
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!'
With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We 'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I 'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloucester be displaced, he 'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.
[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline,
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honoured of the people:
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York. [*Aside*] And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let 's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last!
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends and give to courtezans,
Still revelling like lords till all be gone;
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shared and all is borne away,
Ready to starve and dare not touch his own:

So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France and Ireland
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[*Exit.*

Scene II.

The Duke of Gloucester's house.

Enter Duke Humphrey and his wife Eleanor.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows.
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchased with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.
What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with mine;
And, having both together heaved it up,
We 'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glou. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I 'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glou. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand

Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glou. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, beloved of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more!

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I 'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glou. Nay, be not angry; I am pleased again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Where as the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glou. I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I 'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Messenger.*

Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here 's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, to show your highness
A spirit raised from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I 'll think upon the questions:
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We 'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Exit.*

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast;
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,
Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say 'A crafty knave does need no broker;'
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The palace.

Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter, the Armourer's man, being one.

First Petit. My masters, let 's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

Sec. Petit. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he 's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter Suffolk and Queen.

Peter. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I 'll be the first, sure.

Sec. Petit. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me?

First Petit. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

Queen. [*Reading*] 'To my Lord Protector!' Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

First Petit. Mine is, an 't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too! that 's some wrong, indeed. What 's yours? what 's here! [*Reads*] 'Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.' How now, sir knave!

Sec. Petit. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter [*giving his petition*]. Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Queen. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? no, forsooth: my master said that he was, and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servant.*] Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant

presently: we 'll hear more of your matter before
the king. [*Exit Servant with Peter.*

Queen. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.
[*Tears the supplications.*
Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let 's be gone. [*Exeunt.*

Queen. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still
Under the surly Gloucester's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stolest away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads;
His champions are the prophets and apostles,
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canonized saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause

Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Queen. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be avenged on her?
Contemptuous base-born callet as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have limed a bush for her,
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint

Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we 'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Sound a Sennet. Enter the King, Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, York, Somerset, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Duchess of Gloucester.

King. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset or York, all 's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd the regentship.
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.
War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
War. The cardinal 's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Sal. Peace, son! and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.
Queen. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
Glou. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure: these are no women's matters.
Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?
Glou. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
Suf. Resign it then and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king—as who is king but thou?—
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire
Have cost a mass of public treasury.
Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.
Queen. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit Gloucester. The Queen drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?
[*She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?
Duch. Was 't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I 'ld set my ten commandments in your face.
King. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.
Duch. Against her will! good king, look to 't in time;
She 'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged. [*Exit.*
Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She 's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,
She 'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I 'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:
Last time, I danced attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Horner, the Armourer, and his man Peter, guarded.

Suf. Because here is a man accused of treason:
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

King. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these: that Richard Duke of York

Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

King. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An 't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
I 'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my 'prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

King. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glou. This doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion:
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case. The spite of man prevaileth

against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

Glou. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to prison; and the day of combat shall be the last of the next month. Come, Somerset, we 'll see thee sent away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Gloucester's garden.

Enter Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell, and Bolingbroke.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess aloft, Hume following.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!

Boling. 'First of the king: what shall of him become?'

[*Reading out of a paper.*

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.*

Boling. 'What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?'

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. 'What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?'

Spir. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake!
False fiend, avoid!
[*Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit.*

Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard and break in.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.
What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threatest where 's no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.
Stafford, take her to thee.
[*Exeunt above Duchess and Hume, guarded.*
We 'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.
All, away!
[*Exeunt guard with Jourdain, Southwell, &c.*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let 's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
'The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.'
Why this is just
'Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.'
Well, to the rest:

'Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.'
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them:
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord. Who 's within there, ho!

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Saint Alban's.

Enter the King, Queen, Gloucester, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Falconers halloing.

Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.
King. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all His creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glou. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much; he would be above the clouds.
Glou. Ay, my lord cardinal? how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?
King. The treasury of everlasting joy.
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
Glou. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.
Glou. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord,
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
Glou. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Queen. And thy ambition, Gloucester.
King. I prithee, peace, good queen,

And whet not on these furious peers;
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Marry, when thou darest.

Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Ay, where thou darest not peep: an if thou darest,
This evening, on the east side of the grove.

King. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloucester,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport. [*Aside to Glou.*] Come with thy two-hand sword.

Glou. True, uncle.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Are ye advised? the east side of the grove?

Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Cardinal, I am with you.

King. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

Glou. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.
[*Aside to Car.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I 'll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Medice, teipsum—
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

King. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter a Townsman of Saint Alban's, crying 'A miracle!'

Glou. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
Towns. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king and tell him what miracle.
Towns. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.
King. Now, God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's and his brethren, bearing Simpcox, between two in a chair, Simpcox's Wife following.

Car. Here comes the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.
King. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.
Glou. Stand by, my masters: bring him near the king;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
King. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind and now restored?
Simp. Born blind, an 't please your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an 't like your worship.
Glou. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.
King. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your grace.
King. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Queen. Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said, 'Simpcox, come,
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'
Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How camest thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glou. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O, born so, master.
Glou. What, and wouldst climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
Glou. Mass, thou lovedst plums well, that wouldst venture so.
Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desired some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.
Glou. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.
Let me see thine eyes: wink now: now open them:
In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.
Simp. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.
Glou. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glou. Why, that 's well said. What colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth: coal-black as jet.
King. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glou. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.
Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glou. Tell me, sirrah, what 's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glou. What 's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glou. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glou. What 's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
Glou. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?
Simp. O master, that you could!
Glou. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?
May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.
Glou. Then send for one presently.
May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an attendant.*

Glou. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with whips.

Glou. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry, 'A miracle!'*

King. O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long?

Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glou. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glou. Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. [*Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, etc.*

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glou. But you have done more miracles than I: You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practised dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy-council;
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glou. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

King. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest,
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glou. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have loved my king and commonweal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue and conversed with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,

And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That have dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name.
King. Well, for this night we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers,
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. The Duke of York's garden.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave
In this close walk to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.
Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus:
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield, and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.

Edward the Black Prince died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd as king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March:
Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son

Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And in this private plot be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days:
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself

Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A hall of justice.

Sound trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Gloucester, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury; the Duchess of Gloucester, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, and Bolingbroke, under guard.

King. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife:
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.
You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glou. Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath judged thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

[*Exeunt Duchess and other prisoners, guarded.*

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.

King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester: ere thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Queen. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.
God and King Henry govern England's realm.
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glou. My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*

Queen. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Queen. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.
King. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!
York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter at one door, Horner, the Armourer, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door Peter, his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and 'Prentices drinking to him.

First Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.
Sec. Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.
Third Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.
Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!
First 'Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee: and be not afraid.
Sec. 'Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the 'prentices.
Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron: and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: and here, Tom, take all the

money that I have. O Lord bless me! I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what 's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!

York. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!

[*Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

King. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Sound a flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A street.

Enter Gloucester and his Serving-men, in mourning cloaks.

Glou. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what 's o'clock?
Serv. Ten, my lord.
Glou. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft! I think she comes; and I 'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of Gloucester in a white sheet, and a taper burning in her hand; with Sir John Stanley, the Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we 'll take her from the sheriff.
Glou. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.
Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,

And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

Glou. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!
For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I 'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince and ruler of the land:
Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk—he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all—
And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they 'll tangle thee:

But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glou. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;
I must offend before I be attainted;
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,
Holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glou. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
[*Exit Herald.*
My Nell, I take my leave: and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An 't please your grace, here my commission stays,
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glou. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may 't please your grace.

Glou. Entreat her not the worse in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell!

Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

Glou. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Serving-men.*

Duch. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is death,—
Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.
Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That 's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be used reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;
According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

The Abbey at Bury Saint Edmund's.

Sound a Sennet. Enter King, Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick to the Parliament.

King. I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Queen. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admired him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First note that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,

That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
As next the king he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man
Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.
Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.
King. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but, shall I speak my conscience,
Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild and too well given
To dream on evil or to work my downfall.
Queen. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclined as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
King. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?
Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.
King. Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be done!

York. [*Aside*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glou. Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glou. Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,

Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glou. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
That England was defamed by tyranny.

Glou. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment:
Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured
Above the felon or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

King. My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspect:
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glou. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exiled your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life;
And if my death might make this island happy,

And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—
Myself had notice of your conventicles—
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected:
'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear

False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glou. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He 'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day:
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glou. Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body.
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exit, guarded.*

King. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

Queen. What, will your highness leave the Parliament?

King. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
My body round engirt with misery,
For what 's more miserable than discontent?
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth and loyalty:
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e'er I proved thee false or fear'd thy faith.
What louring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords and Margaret our queen
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
Say 'Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is none.'

[*Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, and York. Somerset remains apart.*

Queen. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers,
Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good—
This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise, to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,

More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:
Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Queen. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were 't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold:
Who being accused a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

Queen. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke and seldom meant:
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say you consent and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Queen. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home,
By staying there so long till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.

Queen. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:

No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still:
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have proved far worse than his.
York. What, worse than nought? nay, then, a shame take all!
Som. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!
Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?
York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I 'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I 'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but York.*
York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hopest to be, or what thou art

Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying:
Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain more busy than the labouring spider
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet be well assured
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kernes,
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen

SUFFOLK: "Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?"

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Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I moved him to those arms.
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Bury St. Edmund's. A room of state.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

First Mur. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

Sec. Mur. O that it were to do! What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

First Mur. Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

First Mur. Ay, my good lord, he 's dead.
Suf. Why, that 's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?
First Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.
Suf. Away! be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*

Sound trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, with Attendants.

King. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
Suf. I 'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
King. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approved in practice culpable.
Queen. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!
King. I thank thee, Nell; these words content me much.

Re-enter Suffolk.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why trembles thou?
Where is our uncle? what 's the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.
Queen. Marry, God forfend!
Car. God's secret judgement: I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.
[*The King swoons.*

Queen. How fares my lord? Help, lords! the king is dead.
Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.
Queen. Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope thine eyes!
Suf. He doth revive again: madam, be patient.
King. O heavenly God!
Queen. How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:
Yet do not go away: come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life but double death, now Gloucester 's dead.
Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,

And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends:
It may be judged I made the duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

King. Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man!

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?
Why, then, dame Eleanor was ne'er thy joy.
Erect his statuë and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well forewarning wind
Did seem to say 'Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore'?
What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts,
And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,

With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Eleanor.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm,
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds—
And threw it towards thy land: the sea received it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,
The agent of thy foul inconstancy,
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts commenced in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ay me, I can no more! die, Eleanor!
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick, Salisbury, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.

The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return. [*Exit.*

King. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgement only doth belong to Thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Re-enter Warwick and others, bearing Gloucester's body on a bed.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

King. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live

With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale and bloodless
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life and was by strength subdued:
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Queen. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where 's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.
Say, if thou darest, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.
[*Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou darest go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I 'll cope with thee
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*

King. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*

Queen. What noise is this?

Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

King. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Sal. [*To the Commons, entering*] Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest
In pain of your dislike or pain of death,
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were waked,
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whether you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons [*within*]. An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons [*within*]. An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit Salisbury.*

Queen. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

King. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.*

Queen. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!

Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There 's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Queen. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.
O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,

And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest.

Enter Vaux.

Queen. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?
Vaux. To signify unto his majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow as to him
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.
Queen. Go tell this heavy message to the king.
[*Exit Vaux.*
Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

Queen. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I 'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Queen. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Queen. This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene III.

A bedchamber.

Enter the King, Salisbury, Warwick, to the Cardinal in bed.

King. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I 'll give thee England's treasure
Enough to purchase such another island,

So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible.

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I 'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

King. O thou eternal mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!

Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

King. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The coast of Kent.

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, and others; with them Suffolk, and others, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who, with their drowsy, slow and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discoloured shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

First Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains' throats; for die you shall:
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

First Gent. I 'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

Sec. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die;
[*To Suf.*
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George; I am a gentleman:
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by water I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.

Whit. Gualtier or Walter, which it is, I care not:
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wiped away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,

And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it and let it make thee crest-fall'n,
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride;
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou darest not, for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Pole.

Suf. Pole!

Cap. Pool! Sir Pool! lord!
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground;
And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's death
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York, thrust from the crown
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ 'Invitis nubibus.'
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood but rob bee-hives:
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

Cap. Walter,—

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. Gelidus timor occupat artus: it is thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

First Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any
Save to the God of heaven and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[*Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.*

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with us and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*

Re-enter Whitmore with Suffolk's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,

Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*

First Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends:
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit with the body.*

Scene II.

Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

Holl. They have the more need to sleep now, then.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Holl. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

Holl. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Holl. True; and yet it is said, labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it: for there 's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Holl. I see them! I see them! There 's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,—

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

Holl. And Dick the butcher,—

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Holl. And Smith the Weaver,—

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Holl. Come, come, let 's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. [*Aside*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. [*Aside*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. [*Aside*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. [*Aside*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. [*Aside*] But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [*Aside*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honour-

able; and there was he born, under a hedge, for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*Aside*] A' must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*Aside*] No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*Aside*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.

Dick. [*Aside*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire; being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be,—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people: there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some

say the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who 's there?

Enter some, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here 's a villain!

Smith. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write courthand.

Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters: 'twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him! he 's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[*Exit one with the Clerk.*

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where 's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I 'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels*] Rise up, Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises*] Now have at him!

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford and his Brother, with drum and soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That 's false.

Cade. Ay, there 's the question; but I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

Bro. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [*Aside*] He lies, for I invented it myself. Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I 'll be protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we 'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason: for thereby is England mained, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O, gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this: can

he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we 'll have his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away; and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.
[*Exeunt the two Staffords, and soldiers.*

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me.
Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt*

Scene III.

Another part of Blackheath.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where 's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will

I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on Sir Humphrey's brigandine*]; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The palace.

Enter the King with a supplication, and the Queen with Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Say.

Queen. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep,
But who can cease to weep and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where 's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

King. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,

Will parley with Jack Cade their general:
But stay, I 'll read it over once again.

Queen. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

King. How now, madam!
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Queen. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now! what news? why comest thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars and intend their death.

King. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be raised to put them down.

Queen. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased!
King. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.
Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge:
The citizens fly and forsake their houses:
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.
Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.
King. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.
Queen. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.
King. Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.
Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.
Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

London. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower, walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?
First Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the lord mayor craves aid of

your honour from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself;
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe;
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

London. Cannon Street.

Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he 'll never call ye Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there 's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let 's go fight with them: but first, go and set London bridge on fire; and, if

you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

London. Smithfield.

Alarums. Matthew Goffe is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Jack Cade, with his company.

Cade. So, sirs: now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

Holl. [*Aside*] Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. [*Aside*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

Holl. [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here 's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this; 'tis 'bona terra, mala gens.'

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me:
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I 'll be even with you: I 'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. [*Aside*] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I 'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye.
[*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*
The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: men shall hold of me in capite; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

Re-enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. Away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum and retreat. Enter Cade and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!

[*Sound a parley.*] What noise is this I hear?
Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley,
when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and Clifford, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you;
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his majesty!'
Who hateth him and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives

and daughters before your faces: for me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's curse light upon you all!

All. We 'll follow Cade, we 'll follow Cade!

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you 'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying 'Villiago!' unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we 'll follow the king and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying. In despite of the devils and hell, have through the

very middest of you! and heavens and honour
be witness that no want of resolution in me,
but only my followers' base and ignominious
treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*E*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him;
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.
[*Exeunt some of them.*
Follow me, soldiers: we 'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

Kenilworth Castle.

Sound trumpets. Enter King, Queen, and Somerset, on the terrace.

King. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old.
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!
King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?
Or is he but retired to make him strong?

Enter, below, multitudes, with halters about their necks.

Clif. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of gallowglasses and stout kernes
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
Like to a ship that, having 'scaped a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;
And now is York in arms to second him.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him what 's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I 'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

King. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come, wife, let 's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene X.

Kent. Iden's garden.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word 'sallet' was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word 'sallet' must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him: but I 'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not: why then should I betray thee?
Is 't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.

Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees thou mayst be turned to hob-nails. [*Here they fight. Cade falls.* O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I 'ld defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got

Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I,

that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee;
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

Enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah! sancta majestas, who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it:
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I 'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. [*Aside*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great:
O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the king,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.—
Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I 'll send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.
King. Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?
York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden, with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
King. The head of Cade! Great God, how just art Thou!
O, let me view his visage, being dead,

That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an 't like your majesty.

King. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that 's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

King. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege! [*Rises.*

Enter Queen and Somerset.

King. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Queen. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:
[*Exit Attendant.*
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They 'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Queen. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
[*Exit Buckingham.*

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys!

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come: I 'll warrant they 'll make it good.

Enter Clifford and his son.

Queen. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
[*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistakest me much to think I do:
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
King. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.
Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.
Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so:
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we 'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou darest bring them to the baiting-place.
Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:

And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

King. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow? 161
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood? 170
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

King. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have. 180

King. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Queen. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolved for death or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolved to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I 'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I 'll wear aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountain top the cedar shows
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I 'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that 's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you 'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II.

Saint Alban's.

Alarums to the battle. Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me:
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*
Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword,

As I in justice and true right express it.

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!

York. A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.

[*They fight, and Clifford falls.*

Clif. La fin couronne les œuvres. [*Dies.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter Young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially but by circumstance
The name of valour. [*Seeing his dead father.*] O, let the vile world end,
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal

Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.
[*Exit, bearing off his father.*

Enter Richard and Somerset to fight. Somerset is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there;
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Fight. Excursions. Enter King, Queen, and others.

Queen. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!
King. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.
Queen. What are you made of? you 'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom

Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,
As well we may, if not through your neglect,
We shall to London get, where you are loved,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter Young Clifford.

Y. Clif. But that my heart 's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Fields near Saint Alban's.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard, Warwick, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him:

And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleased him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.
York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?
War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle won by famous York
Shall be eternized in all age to come.
Sound drums and trumpets, and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

A', he; I. iii. 6.

Abortive, monstrous, unnatural; IV. i. 60.

Abrook, brook, endure; II. iv. 10.

Absyrtus, Medea's brother, killed and dismembered by her (Theobald's correction of Folios, "*Absirtis*"; Rowe, "*Absirtus*"); V. ii. 59.

Accompt, accounts; IV. ii. 87.

Accuse, accusation; III. i. 160.

Achilles' spear, alluding to the story that Telephus was cured by the rust scraped from Achilles' spear by which he had been wounded; V. i. 100.

Act, put in action (Capell, "*enact*"; Vaughan, "*coact*"); V. i. 103.

Adder, a venomous snake, supposed to stop its ears and render itself deaf (*cp.* Psalm lviii. 4, 5); III. ii. 76.

Address thee, prepare thyself; V. ii. 27

Adsum, I am here (Folio 1, "*Ad sum*"); I. iv. 25.

Advance, raise up; IV. i. 98.

Adventure, run the risk; III. ii. 350.

Advertised, informed; IV. ix. 23.

Advice, deliberate consideration; II. ii. 68.

Advised, careful, II. iv. 36; sedate, V. ii. 47.

——; "are ye a.," did you hear? do you understand? (Capell, "*avis'd*"); II. i. 48.

Æolus, the god of the winds; III. ii. 92.

Affected, aimed at; IV. vii. 100.

Affiance, confidence; III. i. 74.

Affy, affiance; IV. i. 80.

Aidance, assistance; III. ii. 165.

Ajax Telamonius, Ajax the son of Telamon, the Greek hero, who slew a whole flock of sheep, which in his frenzy he took for the sons of Atreus; V. i. 26.

Alder-liefest, dearest, very dearest of all; I. i. 28.

Althæa, the mother of Meleager, the prince of Calydon, whose life was to last only as long as a certain firebrand was preserved; Althæa threw it into the fire, and he died in great torture; I. i. 234.

Amain, in great haste, swiftly; III. i. 282.

Anchises, the father of Æneas; V. ii. 62.

An't like, if it please; V. i. 72.

Approved, proved; III. ii. 22.

Argo, a corruption of *ergo*; IV. ii. 30.

Argues, proves, shows; III. iii. 30.
Argument, a sign in proof; I. ii. 32; III. i. 241.
Arms, coat of arms; IV. i. 42.
As, that (Pope, "*That*"); II. iv. 45.
Ascanius, the son of Æneas; III. ii. 116.
Asmath, the name of an evil spirit; I. iv. 26.
Assay'd, attempted; IV. v. 9.
At once, in a word; III. i. 66.
Attainted, convicted of capital treason; II. iv. 59.
Avoid, avaunt, be gone; I. iv. 42.
Awful, awe-inspiring; V. i. 98.
Awkward, adverse (Pope, "*adverse*"); III. ii. 83.

Bait thy bears; bear-baiting was a popular amusement of Shakespeare's day (Folio 1, "*bate*"; Folio 2, "*baite*"); V. i. 148.
Banditto, outlaw (Folios, "*Bandetto*"); IV. i. 135.
Ban-dogs, fierce dogs held in bands, or chained; I. iv. 20.
Bane, destruction, ruin (Theobald, "*bale*"); V. i. 120.
'*Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate*'; *The Contention* reads "*Abradas, the great Macedonian pirate,*" to whom reference is made in Greene's *Penelope's Web*; Bargulus is mentioned in Cicero's *De Officiis*; his proper name was Bardylis; he was originally a collier, and ultimately became king of Illyria; he was defeated and slain in battle by Philip of Macedon; IV. i. 108.
Basilisk, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; III. ii. 52.
Basimecu, a term of contempt for a Frenchman; IV. vii. 28.
Beard, defy; IV. x. 40.
Bears; alluding to the cognisance of the Nevils of Warwick, a bear and ragged staff; V. i. 144, 203. (The annexed engraving represents the silver badge still worn by the brethren of the old hospital at Warwick.)

'*The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff.*'

Bear-ward, bear-leader (Pope's correction of Folios 1, 2, "*Berard,*" Folios 3, 4, "*Bearard*"); V. i. 149.
Beat on, hammer on, keep on thinking about; II. i. 20.
Bedlam, a hospital for lunatics; V. i. 131.
Bedlam, lunatic, III. i. 51; V. i. 132.

Beldam, term of contempt for an old woman; I. iv. 44.

Beshrew, woe to; a mild form of imprecation; III. i. 184.

Bested; "worse b.," in a worse plight; II. iii. 56.

Bestrid, bestrode, stood over him in posture of defence; V. iii. 9.

Betime, in good time; III. i. 285.

Bezonians, beggars; IV. i. 134.

Bills; "take up bills," get goods on credit; with a quibble on (1) "bills"= halberds, (2) "bills"= promissory notes; IV. vii. 130.

Blabbing, blurting out secrets; IV. i. 1.

Blood-consuming sighs, referring to the old idea that each sigh drew a drop of blood from the heart; III. ii. 61.

Bona terra, mala gens, i.e. "a good land, a bad people" (quoted by Lord Say, with reference to Kent); IV. vii. 58.

Bones; "by these ten b.," *i.e.* by these ten fingers; an old form of oath; I. iii. 191.

Book, learning (Anon. conj. "*books*"); IV. vii. 74.

Boot, booty; IV. i. 13.

Brave, defy; IV. x. 38.

Brazen, strong, impregnable; III. ii. 89.

Break up, break open (Collier MS., "*break ope*"); I. iv. 21.

Bristol (Folios, "*Bristow*"); III. i. 328.

Broker, agent, negotiator; I. ii. 100.

Brook; "flying at the b.," letting the falcon rise to pursue his game; II. i. 1.

Brook, endure, bear; V. i. 92.

Brow, aspect, appearance (Johnson, "*blow*"; Becket, "*browse*"; Collier (Collier MS.), "*bloom*"; Anon., "*glow*"; Cartwright, "*prime*"); V. iii. 4.

Brown bill, a kind of halberd; IV. x. 14.

Brush, hurt, injury (Warburton, "*bruise*"); V. iii. 3.

Bucklers, shields, defends; III. ii. 216.

Buckram, coarse linen stiffened with glue; IV. vii. 24.

Bucks, linen for washing; IV. ii. 48.

Burgonet, a close-fitting helmet; V. i. 200.

From a specimen in the Londesborough collection.

But that, only that one; II. i. 99.

Buzz, whisper; I. ii. 99.

By, according to; III. i. 243.

By and by, immediately; II. i. 139.

By that, about that, on that subject; II. i. 16.

Cade, small barrel; IV. ii. 34.

Cage, lock-up; IV. ii. 52.

Callet, a low woman (Dyce's emendation of Folios, "*Callot*"); I. iii. 84.

Calm'd, becalmed; IV. ix. 33.

Cask, casket (Rowe, "*casket*"); III. ii. 409.

Cease, to cause to cease; V. ii. 45.

Censure, opinion; I. iii. 118.

Censure well, approve; III. i. 275.

Chafe, heat, warm; III. ii. 141.

Chaps, jaws, mouth; III. i. 259.

Charm, appease, make silent; IV. i. 64.

Charneco, a kind of sweet wine made at a village near Lisbon; II. iii. 63.

Check'd, reproved, rebuked; I. ii. 54.

Circuit, circlet, diadem; III. i. 352.

Circumstance, detailed phrases; I. i. 105.

Cited, invited, urged; III. ii. 281.

Clapp'd up, shut up; I. iv. 52.

Clerkly, scholarly; III. i. 179.

Clime, country; III. ii. 84.

Clip, embrace, surround (Theobald's correction of Folios, "*Cleape*"; Pope, "*Clap*"); IV. i. 6.

Close, retired, private; II. ii. 3; secret, II. iv. 73.

Clouted shoon, patched shoes; generally used for hobnailed boots; IV. ii. 186.

Collect, gather by observation; III. i. 35.

Colour, pretext; III. i. 236.

Commandments; "my ten c.," my ten fingers; a cant phrase of the time, still in use; I. iii. 143.

Commodities, goods, merchandise; IV. vii. 130.

Companion, fellow; used contemptuously; IV. x. 33.

Complot, plot; III. i. 147.

Concert (Folios, "*Consort*"), a company of musicians; III. ii. 327.

Condition, rank; V. i. 64.

Conduct, conductor, escort; II. iv. 101.

Conduit; IV. vi. 3. *Cp.* illustration.

From La Serre's view of Cheapside, 1639.

Conjurations, incantations; I. ii. 99.
Controller, censurer, detractor, perhaps "dictator"; III. ii. 205.
Convenient, proper, becoming; I. iv. 8.
Conventicles, secret assemblies; III. i. 166.
Corrosive, a pain-giving medicament; III. ii. 403.
Court-hand, the manner of writing used in judicial proceedings; IV. ii. 93.
Courtship, courtliness; I. iii. 55.
Crab-tree, tree that bears crab-apples; III. ii. 214.
Cullions, base wretches; I. iii. 41.
Curst, shrewish, sharp; III. ii. 312.
Custom'd, customary; V. i. 188.

Day, time, space; II. i. 2.
Dead as a door-nail; a proverbial expression; "the door-nail is the nail on which, in ancient doors, the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison to any one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte,* that is, with abundant death, such as iteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce"; IV. x. 43.
Deathful, deadly; III. ii. 404.
Deathsman, executioner; III. ii. 217.
Dedicate, dedicated; V. ii. 37.
Deep-fet, deep-fetched; II. iv. 33.
Demanding of, questioning about; II. i. 172.
Demean, deport, behave; I. i. 188.
Demean'd, conducted; I. iii. 104.
Denay'd, denied (Folio 4, "*deny'd*"); I. iii. 105.
Depart, departure; I. i. 2.
Discharge, (?) payment (perhaps "giving up the troops and turning them over to my command"); I. iii. 170.
Discomfit, discouragement (Folios, "*discomfite*"; Capell, "*discomfort*"); V. ii. 86.
Dispense with, obtain dispensation from; V. i. 181.
Dispursed, disbursed (Folio 4, "*disbursed*"); III. i. 117.
Distract, distracted; III. ii. 318.
Doit, the smallest piece of money; the twelfth part of a penny; III. i. 112.
Drain, drop (Rann, Capell, "*rain*"); III. ii. 142.

Earnest-gaping, earnestly riveted (Anon conj. "*earnest-gazing*"); III. ii. 105.
Effected, effectively proved; III. i. 170.
Emblaze, emblazon, glorify before the world; IV. x. 76.
Emmanuel; an allusion to the fact that documents were frequently headed with the name (*cp.* Kelly's "Notices of Leicester," pp. 119, 207, 227); IV. ii. 98.
Empty, hungry, famished; III. i. 248.

Entreat, treat; II. iv. 81.
Envious, spiteful; II. iv. 12; II. iv. 35; "e. load," load of malice; III. i. 157.
Exorcisms, charms for raising spirits; I. iv. 5.
Expedient, expeditious; III. i. 288.

Fact, deed; I. iii. 174.
Fain of, glad to, fond of; II. i. 8.
False-heart, false-hearted; V. i. 143.
Familiar, familiar spirit; IV. vii. 110.
Favour, lenity; IV. vii. 69.
Fearful, full of fear, III. i. 331; timorous, IV. iv. 2; cowardly, IV. viii. 44.
Fee-simple, lands held in fee-simple; IV. x. 27.
Fell-lurking, lurking to do mischief; V. i. 146.
Felon (?) felony; III. i. 132.
Fence, skill in fencing; II. i. 53.
Fifteens, fifteenths; IV. vii. 21.
Fifteenth, the fifteenth part of all the personal property of a subject; I. i. 133.
Flaw, sudden burst of wind, gust; III. i. 354.
Flower-de-luce, the emblem of France (Folios 1, 2, "*Fleure-de-Luce*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Floure-de Luce*"); V. i. 11.
Fond, foolish; III. i. 36.
Foot-cloth, a kind of housing for a horse, so long that it nearly swept the ground; IV. i. 54.

From a XVth century illumination in the National Library, Paris.

For, because; II. iii. 9; on account of (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*with*"); IV. vii. 86.
Force perforce, by very force; I. i. 258.
Forsooth, certainly, in truth; used contemptuously; III. ii. 183.
Forth, forth from (Folios 3, 4, "*from*"); III. ii. 89.
Forthcoming, in custody; II. i. 176.
Fretful, gnawing; III. ii. 403.
From, away from; III. ii. 401.
Furniture, equipment; I. iii. 170.
Furred pack, a kind of knapsack or wallet made of skin with the hair outwards; IV. ii. 48.

Gait, walking (Folios "*gate*"); III. i. 373.
Gallowglasses, heavy-armed foot soldiers of Ireland and the Western Isles; IV. iv. 26.

Gather head, assemble forces; IV. v. 10.

Gear, affair, business (Folios, "*geer*"), I. iv. 16; matter, III. i. 91.

George, badge of the Order of the Garter; IV. i. 29.

Ghost, corpse; III. ii. 161.

Gird, invest (Folios and Quartos "*girt*"); I. i. 65.

Gnarling, snarling; III. i. 192.

Go; "let him g.," *i.e.* let him pass from your thoughts; II. iii. 47.

Go about, attempt; II. i. 143.

Gobbets, mouthfuls; IV. i. 85.

Gone out; "had not gone out," *i.e.* "would not have taken flight at the game"; II. i. 4.

Got, secured; V. iii. 20.

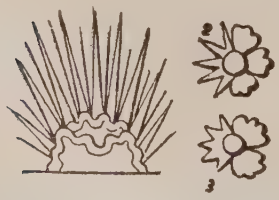
Graceless, impious; IV. iv. 38.

Graft, grafted; III. ii. 214.

Groat, a small piece of money worth four pence; III. i. 113.

Hale, drag forcibly; IV. i. 131.

Half-faced sun, the device on the standard of Edward III.; (Vaughan, "*pale-faced*"); IV. i. 98.



From badges of the House of York, worn by (1) Richard II., (2) Edward IV., (3) Richard III. Figs. (2) and (3) show the conjunction of a half-faced sun and a white rose.

Hammering, pondering; I. ii. 47.

Hamper, fetter, entangle; I. iii. 148.

Hap, fortune; III. i. 314.

Haply, perchance, perhaps; III. i. 240.

Happily, haply, perhaps (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*haply*"); III. i. 306.

Hardly, with difficulty; with play upon *hardly,* scarcely, l. 74 (Theobald, "*hardily*"); I. iv. 73.

Have, possess; V. iii. 20.

Have at him, I shall hit at him; IV. ii. 120.

Heavy, sad, sorrowful; III. ii. 306.

Hempen caudle, a slang phrase for hanging ("caudle," a comforting drink); IV. vii. 91.

Henry, trisyllabic; III. ii. 131.

Here, at this point, IV. iv. 76 (Heath, "*hence*"; Hudson, Walker, "*there*"); II. iv. 79.

Hinds, boors, peasants; III. ii. 271; IV. ii. 121.

Hoise, hoist, heave away (Folios, "*hoyse*"; Quartos, "*heaue*"; Theobald, "*hoist*"); I. i. 169.

Horse, horse's (Folios 3, 4, "*horses*"; Rowe reads "*horse's*"; Capell, "*horse'*"); IV. iii. 14.

Hose and doublets; "in their h. and d.," *i.e.* without a cloak; IV. vii. 53.

Household, family (Malone's correction (from Quartos) of Folio 1, "*housed*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*houses*"); V. i. 201.

Housekeeping, keeping open house, hospitality; I. i. 191.

Ill-nurtured, ill-bred (Folio 4, "*ill-natur'd*"); I. ii. 42.

Images (?) dissyllabic (Walker, "*image'*"); I. iii. 61.

Imprimis, firstly, in the first place; I. i. 43.

Impugns, opposes; III. i. 281.

In, into; III. ii. 287.

In capite, a law term, signifying a tenure of the sovereign immediately as feudal lord; used quibblingly; IV. vii. 126.

Inch; "at an i.," in the nick of time; I. iv. 44.

Indigested, formless, shapeless; V. i. 157.

Infortunate, unfortunate (Folios 3, 4, "*unfortunate*"); IV. ix. 18.

Injurious, insolent; I. iv. 50.

Instance, proof; III. ii. 159.

Invitis nubibus, in spite of the clouds (*vide* "*half-faced sun*"); IV. i. 99.

Iris, goddess of the rainbow and messenger of Juno; here, messenger; III. ii. 407.

Item, originally = likewise, used in enumerating; I. i. 50.

Jaded, no better than a jade (Capell, from Quartos, "*jady*"); IV. i. 52.

Jades, term of contempt or pity for a maltreated or worthless horse; applied to the dragons of Night's chariot; IV. i. 3.

Jar, discord; IV. viii. 43.

Joy, enjoy; III. ii. 365.

Ken, descry, discern; III. ii. 101.

Kennel, gutter; IV. i. 71.

Kernes, Irish soldiers; III. i. 310.

Killingworth, an old form of Kenilworth; IV. iv. 39.

Laid, beset, laid with traps; IV. x. 4.

Laugh, smile; "the world may l. again," *i.e.* fortune may smile on me again; II. iv. 82.

Lay, stake, wager (Folios 3, 4, "*day*"); V. ii. 27.

Leave, leave off, desist; II. i. 179; III. ii. 333.

Lesser, smaller; IV. x. 50.

Lewdly, wickedly; II. i. 164.

Liefest, dearest; III. i. 164.

Light, alight, descend; I. iii. 91.

Like; "an it l.," if it please; II. i. 9.

Limed, smeared with birdlime; I. iii. 89.

Lime-twigs, twigs smeared with lime for catching birds; III. iii. 16.

Listen after, gain information about; I. iii. 150.

Lived, would live; II. ii. 399.

Lizards' stings, alluding to the old belief that lizards have stings, which they have not; III. ii. 325.

Loather, more unwilling; III. ii. 355.

Lodged, beat down; technical term for the beating down of grain by violent weather; III. ii. 176.

London-stone, an ancient landmark, still carefully preserved in Cannon Street, London; IV. vi. 2.

From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall.

Lordings, lords; I. i. 145.

Madding, growing mad with love; III. ii. 117.

Mail'd up in shame, "wrapped up in disgrace"; alluding to the "sheet of penance" (Johnson); II. iv. 31.

Main, chief point; used with play upon "*Maine*" and "*main force*"; I. i. 209.

Mained, maimed (Folio 4, "*maim'd*"); IV. ii. 163.

Make, draw up; IV. ii. 93.

Make shift, contrive; IV. viii. 33.

Mandrake, "a plant the root of which was supposed to resemble the human figure; it was said to cause madness and even death when torn from the ground"; III. ii. 310. (Illustration in *2 Henry IV.*)

Mass, by the mass; an asseveration; II. i. 101.

Mates, checkmates, confounds, disables; III. i. 265.

Mechanical, mechanic; I. iii. 194.

Meetest, most suitable; I. iii. 161.

Mercy; "I cry you m.," I beg your pardon; I. iii. 140.

Mickle, much, great (Folio 2, "*milckie*"; Folios 3, 4, "*milky*"); V. i. 174.

Middest, midst (Folio 4, "*midst*"); IV. viii. 64.

Minion, pert, saucy person; I. iii. 139.

Minister, instrument; III. i. 355.

Miscarry, perish; IV. viii. 49.

Misdoubt, diffidence; III. i. 332.

Monuments, memorials, mementos; III. ii. 342.

Morisco, morris-dancer; III. i. 365.

Mortal, deadly, fatal; III. ii. 263.

Mounsieur, Monsieur; IV. vii. 28.

Mournful, mourning, expressing sorrow; III. i. 226.

Muse, wonder; III. i. 1.

Naughty, bad, wicked; II. 1. 164.

Next; "the n.," what follows; III. i. 383.

Nigh, well-nigh, nearly; III. ii. 82.
Nominate, name; II. i. 129.
Notice, information (conj. "*note*"); III. i. 166.
Numbers; "factious n.," bands of factious retainers; II. i. 40.

Obligations, contracts; IV. ii. 93.
Obsequies, shows of love; III. ii. 146.
O'erweening, overbearing, presumptuous; V. i. 151.
Omitting, leaving unregarded; III. ii. 382.
Opposites, adversaries; V. iii. 22.
Order; "take o.," make arrangements, III. i. 320; manner, III. ii. 129.
Out, given out, *i.e.* given up (Walker, "*over*"; Cartwright, "*up*"); IV. viii. 27.
Over-blown, blown over, dispelled; I. iii. 153.

Packing, "send me p.," send me away; III. i. 342.
Pageant (trisyllabic); I. ii. 67.
Palmer's, pilgrim's; V. i. 97.
Palsy, paralysis; IV. vii. 98.
Paly, pale; III. ii. 141.
Part, party; V. ii. 35.
Particularities, single or private respects (opposed to "general" in previous line); V. ii. 44.
Pass, care, regard; IV. ii. 136.
Pen and ink horn; IV. ii. 108. *Cp.* illustration.

From an effigy in Ellesmere Church, Salop.

Period, end, stop; III. i. 149.
Perish, cause to perish; III. ii. 100.
Pinnace, a small two-masted vessel; IV. i. 9.
Pitch, the height to which a falcon soars; II. i. 6.
Plainness, frankness, sincerity; I. i. 101.
Plot, plot of ground, spot; II. ii. 60.
Pointing-stock, object to be pointed at, butt; II. iv. 46.
Pole, pronounced *Poole;* IV. i. 70.
Porpentine, porcupine (Rowe, "*porcupine*"); III. i. 363.
Port, deportment, carriage; IV. i. 19.
Posted over, slurred over; III. i. 255.
Pot; "three-hooped p.," a wooden drinking-vessel bound with hoops; IV. ii. 66.
Power, armed force; IV. iv. 40.
Practice, plotting; III. ii. 22.
Practised, plotted; II. i. 168.

Premised, sent before the time; (Delius, "*promised*"); V. ii. 41.

'Prentice, apprentice; I. iii. 199.

Presence, Cade's blunder for "*presents*"; IV. vii. 29.

Present, immediate; V. iii. 25.

Presently, immediately; I. i. 171; III. ii. 18.

Pretty-vaulting, bounding in a pleasant manner (Folios, "*pretty vaulting*"); III. ii. 94.

Priest, father-confessor; III. i. 272.

Private, retired; II. ii. 60.

Procurator, substitute, proxy; I. i. 3.

Proof; "his coat is of p.," used with a quibble on the two senses of "proof," (1) able to resist, (2) well-worn, long worn; IV. ii. 60.

Proper, handsome; IV. ii. 94.

Proportion, shape, form; I. iii. 55.

Puissant (dissyllabic); IV. ix. 25.

Pursuivant, a lower rank of herald, a state messenger; I. iii. 35.

Puttock's, kite's; III. ii. 191.

Quaint, fine; III. ii. 274.

Quill; "in the q.," *vide* Note; I. iii. 3.

Quillets, subtleties, sly tricks in argument; III. i. 261.

Quire, choir; I. iii. 90.

Quitting, freeing; III. ii. 218.

Rack'd, harassed by exactions; I. iii. 129.

Ragged, rugged, rough; III. ii. 98.

Rascal, rascally; II. iv. 47.

Raught, having been gained (lit. "reached"; Capell, "*wrenched*"; others = "reft"); II. iii. 43.

Razing, erasing, blotting out; I. i. 101.

Rear, raise; III. ii. 34.

Reave, deprive; V. i. 187.

Relent, yield, comply (Collier MS., "*repent*"); IV. viii. 11.

Remorse, pity, compassion; IV. vii. 107.

Remorseful, compassionate; IV. i. 1.

Repairing; "of such r. nature," *i.e.* so able to recover from defeat; V. iii. 22.

Repeal, recall from banishment; III. ii. 349.

Reprove, disprove, refute; III. i. 40.

Reputing of, boasting of (Rowe, "*by repeating*"); III. i. 48.

Respecting, considering; III. i. 24.

Revénues; I. iii. 81.

Reverent, humble; III. i. 34.

Revolt, turn back (Anon. conj. "*repent*"); IV. ii. 124.

Right now, just now; III. ii. 40.

Roast; "rule the r.," Pope's emendation of Folios "*rost*," Quartos, "*roast*"; Grant White, "*roost*"; according to some the phrase originally meant "to rule the roost," *i.e.* the "hen-roost"; I. i. 109.

Rude, rough, ill-mannered; III. ii. 135.

Ruder, more unrefined; I. i. 30.

Sack, generic name for Spanish and Canary wine; II. iii. 60.

Saint Magnus' corner; IV. viii. 1.

From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall.

Sallet, salad, IV. x. 9; a kind of helmet, with a play upon the two senses of the word; IV. x. 11.

From an illumination of the XVth century.

Sancta Majestas, sacred majesty (Pope, "*majesty*"; Capell, from Quartos, "*santa maestá*"); V. i. 5.

Savoy, the Palace of the Duke of Lancaster; destroyed by the rebels under Wat Tyler, and not rebuilt till the reign of Henry VII.; IV. vii. 2.

From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall.

Saws, maxims, moral sayings; I. iii. 59.

Say, a kind of satin; IV. vii. 24.

Scathe, injury; II. iv. 62.

Score, a notch made on a tally; IV. vii. 35.

Seemeth; "me s.," it seems to me; III. i. 23.

Shearman, one who uses the tailor's shears; IV. ii. 132.

Shrewd, bad, evil; II. iii. 41.

Sicil, Sicily; I. i. 6.

Silent; "the s. of the night" (Collier MS., from Quartos, "*silence*"); I. iv. 18.

Silly, poor (used as a term of pity, not of contempt); I. i. 225.

Since, when; III. i. 9.

Sir, a common title of priests; I. ii. 68.

Skills, matters; III. i. 281.

Slough, the skin of a snake; III. i. 229.

Smart, painful; III. ii. 325.

Smooth, bland, insinuative; III. i. 65.
Smoothing, flattering; I. i. 156.
Smooth'st, flatterest; II. i. 22.
So, if only; V. i. 53.
Soft, hush, stop; II. iv. 15.
Sometime, sometimes; II. iv. 42.
Sophister, captious reasoner; V. i. 191.
Sort, company, set, II. i. 164; III. ii. 277.
Sort, adapt, make conformable, II. iv. 68; let it fall out, I. ii. 107.
Sour, bitter; III. ii. 301.
Span-counter, a game "in which one player throws a counter, which the other wins, if he can throw another to hit it, or lie within a span of it" (Nares); IV. ii. 157.
Spleenful, hot, eager; III. ii. 128.
Splitting, wont to split the sides of vessels; III. ii. 97.
Spoil, despoil, plunder; IV. iv. 53.
Sprays, shoots, twigs; II. iii. 45.
Starved, benumbed with cold; III. i. 343.
State, estate; IV. x. 24.
Stays, ceases, ends; II. iv. 76.
Stigmatic, one branded by nature with deformity; V. i. 215.
Still, continually; III. i. 239.
Stomachs, angry tempers; II. i. 56.
Strait, strict (Folio 4, "*strange*"); III. ii. 258.
Straiter, more severely; III. ii. 20.
Stray, vagrant; IV. x. 27.
Strength, army; III. i. 380.
Style; "large style"; high-sounding list of titles; I. i. 111.
Subornation, abetting, inciting; III. i. 45.
Subscribe, yield the point; III. i. 38.
Suddenly, immediately, at once; II. ii. 67.
Suffer'd, allowed to have his way; V. i. 153.
Sufficeth, it sufficeth; IV. x. 24.
Suffocate, suffocated (with a quibble upon "*Suffolk*"); I. i. 124.
Suspect, suspicion (Folios, "*suspence*"; Rowe, "*suspicion*"; Malone (Steevens), "*suspects*"); III. i. 40.
Swallowing; "for s.," that it may not swallow (Folios 3, 4, "*swallowing up*"); IV. i. 74.
Sworder, gladiator; IV. i. 135.
Sylla; Sulla, the rival of Marius; IV. i. 84.

Tainture, defilement; II. i. 185.
Take my death, take it upon my death; an oath; II. iii. 89.
Tally, a stick on which notches or scores were cut to keep accounts by; IV. vii. 35.
Temper, moisten, wet; III. i. 311.
Tend, attend, wait on; III. ii. 304.
Tender, have care for; III. i. 277.

That, would that; I. iv. 30; so that, III. i. 12.
Thorough, through; IV. i. 87.
Threatest, threatenest (Folios 3, 4, "*threaten'st*"); I. iv. 50.
Tickle, ticklish, unstable; I. i. 216.
Tickled, vexed, irritated; I. iii. 151.
Timeless, untimely; III. ii. 187.
Timely-parted, having died a natural death; III. ii. 161.
To, compared to; III. i. 64.
Towards, monosyllabic; III. ii. 90.
Tower, soar, fly high; II. i. 10.
Treasury, treasure; I. iii. 132.
Trencher, plate; IV. i. 57.
Trow'st, thinkest; II. iv. 38.
Tully, Cicero; IV. i. 136.
Tumble down, make to fall; I. ii. 48.
Twit, twitted; III. i. 178.
Two-hand sword, sword wielded with two hands; II. i. 46.

Uncivil, ill-mannered, rude; III. i. 310.
Uncurable, incurable (Folios 3, 4, "*incurable*"); III. i. 286.
Uneath, not easily; II. iv. 8.
Unmeet, unsuitable; I. iii. 167.
Untutor'd, untaught, rude; III. ii. 213.

Vantages, advantages; I. i. 131.
Verge, compass, circle; I. iv. 24.
Villiago, base coward (Theobald reads "*Villageois*"; Capell, "*Viliaco*"; a corruption of Italian *Vigliacco,* rascal; IV. viii. 48.
Void, devoid; IV. vii. 66.
Voiding lobby, ante-room, waiting room; IV. i. 61.

Waft, carry, bear; IV. i. 114.
Walter, pronounced "water"; IV. i. 31.
Waning, decline, loss (Rowe, "*waining*"; Folios, "*warning*"); IV. x. 22.
Ward, custody, confinement; V. i. 112.
Well given, well-disposed; III. i. 72.
What, who; III. i. 107; whatever, III. i. 132.
Where, whereas; III. ii. 394.
Whether, monosyllabic (Folios, "*where*"); III. ii. 265.
White Hart, probably a tavern in Southwark; used with a quibble on white-heart = cowardly (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*white-heart*"); IV. viii. 25.
Who, whom; III. ii. 127; he who; IV. viii. 14.
Whom, which; III. ii. 345.
Wink, shut your eyes; II. i. 105.
Witch, bewitch (Theobald's correction of Folios, "*watch*"); III. ii. 116.
With; "I am with you," I'll be there, I understand; II. i. 49.
Woe, woful; "be w. for me," be sorrowful, feel sorrow, for me; III. ii. 73.
Worm, snake, serpent; III. ii. 263.
Worn, effaced from memory; II. iv. 69.

Worthy, worthy of; III. i. 68.
Would, requires, desires; II. iii. 21.
Wreck, ruin (Folios, "*wrack*"); I. iii. 125.
Wrest, misinterpret; III. i. 186.
Wrested, took wrongfully; III. i. 112.

Y-clad, clad; I. i. 33.
Yet, still, even then; II. iv. 65.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 1. *'As by your high,'* etc.; *'The Contention'* reads:—*'As by your high imperial majesty's command.'*

I. i. 7. *'and'*; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4 omit it.

I. i. 19. *'lends'*; Rowe, *'lend'st.'*

I. i. 50. *'duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine'*; changed by Capell from Quartos to *'dutchies of Anjou and Maine.'*

I. i. 63. *'kneel down'*; Pope reads *'kneel you down'*; Keightley, Collier MS., *'kneel thee down.'* Perhaps *'kneel'* is to be read as a dissyllable.

I. i. 88. *'Beaufort'*; Folios read *'Beauford'*; Rowe, *'Bedford.'*

I. i. 93. *'And had his highness in his infancy Crowned'*; Grant White's emendation of Folios, *'And hath . . . Crowned'*; Rowe reads, *'And was . . . Crowned'*; Capell, *'Or hath . . . Been crown'd'*; Malone, *'And hath . . . Been crown'd.'*

I. i. 102. *'Defacing'*; Capell reads, *'Reversing,'* following *'The Contention.'*

I. i. 247. *'humours fits'*; so Folios, Quartos; Rowe reads *'humour fits'*; Malone, *'humours fit.'*

I. ii. 22. *'My troublous dream this night doth make me sad'*; Capell's emendation of Folios, *'My troublous dreames . . . doth,'* etc.

I. ii. 38. *'And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd'*; *'are'*, Hanmer's correction from Quartos; Folios 1, 2, read, *'wer'*; Folios 3, 4, *'were.'*

I. ii. 59. *'thou wilt ride with us'*; Dyce, from Quartos, *'thou 'lt ride with us, I 'm sure'*; Hanmer, *'thou too wilt ride with us'*; Vaughan, *'thou; thou wilt ride with us.'*

I. ii. 71. *'What say'st thou? majesty!'*; Capell reads from Quartos, *'My majesty! why man'*; Vaughan, *'What say'st thou, "Majesty"?'* etc.

I. ii. 100. *'A crafty knave does need no broker'*; an old proverb given in Ray's collection.

I. iii. 3. '*In the quill*'; Hanmer, '*in quill*'; Jackson, '*in quiet*'; Singer, '*in the coil*'; Collier MS., '*in sequel,*' etc. In Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, 1761, the phrase is rendered, '*ex compacto agunt.*' Halliwell and others explain it also as 'all together in a body.' This interpretation is borne out by a passage in '*The Devonshire Damsel's Frolic,*' one of the 'Songs and Sonnets in the collection called 'Choyce Drollery,' etc. (1656) :—

> "*Thus those females were all in a quill*
> *And following on their pastimes still.*"

No satisfactory explanation has yet been given of the origin of the phrase. The following solution is suggested:—'*the quill*' I take to be a popular elaboration of the more correct phrase '*a quill,*' which occurs in the ballad quoted; the latter seems to be a corruption of French *accueil,* O.F. *acueil, acoil, akel, achoil,* etc., 'a gathering together.' It is noteworthy that a verb '*aquyle*' occurs in one passage in Middle English, where in all probability, it is the English form of the verb '*accuelillir.*' (*Cp. Pearl,* ed. Gollancz, p. 122.)

I. iii. 31. '*master was*'; Warburton's emendation of Folios, '*mistress was.*'

I. iii. 69. '*haughty*'; probably an error for '*haught,*' the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Pope, '*proud.*'

I. iii. 91. '*to the lays*'; Rowe, '*their lays.*'

I. iii. 147. '*most master wear*'; '*master,*' Halliwell, '*masters*'; '*wear,*' so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*wears,*' '*most master*' = 'the one who is most master,' *i.e.* 'the queen.'

I. iii. 151. '*fume needs*'; Grant White (Dyce and Walker conj.) '*fury,*' which seems a most plausible emendation; '*needs,*' the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*can need*'; Keightley, '*needs now.*'

I. iii. 152. '*far*'; Pope reads '*fast,*' adopted by many editors.

I. iii. 206. '*This doom, my lord, if I may judge*'; Capell reads '*This do, my lord, if I may be the judge*'; Dyce from Quartos, '*This is my doom, my lord, if I may judge*'; Vaughan conjectured '*This doom, my lord, if I may judge, is law*'; Collier MS., '*This doom, my gracious lord, if I may judge.*'

I. iii. 216. '*the spite of man*'; Capell reads '*the sight of my master*'; Folios 2, 3, read '*the spite of my man*'; Folio 4, '*the spite of my master*'; Collier MS., '*the spite of this man*'; Steevens, '*the spite of a man*'; Vaughan conj. '*the spite of many.*'

I. iv. 34. *'What fates await'*; so Folios; Pope reads, *'Tell me what fates await'*; Capell, *'What fate awaits'*; Vaughan, *'What fates awaiteth them'*; Wordsworth, *'Tell me what fate awaits.'*

I. iv. 44. *'we watch'd you at an inch'*; Daniel, *'we've catch'd in the nick,'* or *'at the nick.'*

I. iv. 64. *'Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse'*; the ambiguous answer which Pyrrhus received from the oracle at Delphi before his war against the Romans; meaning either 'I say that thou, the descendant of Æacus, mayest conquer the Romans,' or, 'I say that the Romans may conquer thee, descendant of Æacus'; *'be'* inserted by Warburton; Folios 1, 2, read, *'Æacida'*; Folios, 3, 4, *'Æacide'*; Rowe, *'te Æacidem.'*

II. i. 24. *'Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?'* 'In such resentment found in heavenly minds?' (*Æneid*, i. 15.) Omitted by Pope.

II. i. 26. *'With such holiness can you do it'*; omitted by Pope. Warburton, *'With such holiness can you not do it?'*; Johnson. *'A churchman, with such,'* etc.; Collier MS., *'And with such holiness you well can do it'*; the old play *'dote'* for *'do it.'* Many emendations have been proposed. If the original reading is retained, it must be considered ironical.

II. i. 29. *'you'*; Pope, *'yourself.'*

II. i. 34. *'furious'*; Folio 2, *'too-too furious.'*

II. i. 47. ll. 47 to 49, given in Folios to Gloster; corrected by Theobald.

II. i. 54. *'Medice, teipsum—'*; "Physician, heal thyself"; from the Vulgate (Luke iv. 23). Folios read *'Medice teipsum'*; Rowe, *'Medice cura teipsum'* etc.; omitted by Pope.

II. i. 69. *'To present your highness with the man'*; Pope reads, *'Before your highness to present the man'*; Capell, *'Come to present your highness with the man,'* etc.

II. i. 91. *'Simpcox'*; Pope's emendation (Theobald conj.) of Folios *'Symon'*; Capell, *'Saunder.'*

II. i. 135. *'things called whips'*; Halliwell and others quote from Armin's *Nest of Ninnies* (1608); 'There are, as Hamlet saies, *things cald whips in store*'; this cannot refer, as has been supposed, to Hamlet's *'whips and scorns of time,'* but may well have occurred in the pre-Shakespearian *Hamlet*. The actual words are to be found in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*:—

> *"Well heaven is heaven still!*
> *And there is Nemesis, and furies,*
> *And things call'd whips."*

Perhaps Armin wrote 'Hamlet' when he meant 'Jeronimy.'

II. i. 180. '*vanquish'd*'; Walker, '*languish'd*'; Vaughan, '*banish'd.*'

II. ii. 6. '*at full*'; Folios 3, 4, '*thus at full*'; Capell, '*at the full*'; Keightley, '*at full length*'; Marshall, '*told at full.*'

II. ii. 15. '*Edmund*'; Folio 1 reads, '*Edmond*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Edward.*'

II. ii. 27. '*Richard was murder'd traitorously*'; Folio 1 reads '*Richard . . . traiterously*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*King Richard . . . traiterously*'; Pope, '*King Richard trait'rously was murther'd*'; Dyce, '*was harmless Richard murder'd traitorously.*'

II. ii. 28. '*told the truth*'; Hanmer reads '*told the very truth*'; Capell, '*surely told the truth*'; Keightley, '*told the truth in this*'; Marshall, '*the Duke of York hath told the truth.*'

II. ii. 35. '*Philippe,*' Hanmer's correction; Folio 1, '*Philip*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Philip*'; Collier MS., '*Philippa.*'

II. ii. 42. '*Who kept him in captivity till he died*'; "it was really his son-in-law, Lord Grey of Ruthvyn, and not Edmund Mortimer, whom, according to Hall, Owen Glendower kept in captivity till he died" (Malone).

II. ii. 55. '*York claims*'; Pope, '*York here claims*'; Capell, '*but York claims*'; Dyce, '*while York claims*'; Hudson, '*York doth claim.*'

II. iii. 3. '*sins*'; Theobald's emendation *of* '*sinne,*' Folios 1, 2; '*sin*' Folio 3.

II. iii. 14. '*Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death*'; Pope reads '*Welcome is exile,*' etc.; Anon. conjecture, '*Welcome is banishment; welcomer my death*'; Wordsworth, '*Welcome is banishment; welcome were death*'; '*banishment*' is probably to be considered a dissyllable.

II. iii. 20. '*I beseech*'; Hanmer, '*Beseech.*'

II. iii. 21. '*ease,*' the reading of Folios 1, 4; Folios 2, 3, '*cease.*'

II. iii. 29. '*Should be to be protected like a child*'; Collier MS. reads '*Should be protected like a child by peers.*' '*Should be to be*' = 'should need to be.'

II. iii. 30. '*God and King Henry govern England's realm*'; omitted by Capell; '*Realm,*' the reading of Folios; Steevens (Johnson conj.), '*helm*'; Dyce and Staunton, '*helm!*' In the next line Keightley proposed '*helm*' for '*realm.*'

II. iii. 32. Collier MS. inserts after l. 32, '*To think I fair would keep it makes me laugh.*'

II. iii. 35. *'willingly'*; Pope, *'willing'* from Quartos).

II. iii. 46. *'youngest,'* so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'younger'*; Singer (Anon conj. MS.), *'strongest'*; Collier MS., *'proudest'*; Staunton, *'haughtiest'*; Kinnear, *'highest.'* Perhaps *'her'* may be taken to refer to *'pride.'*

II. iii. 55. *'defend'*; Pope, *'guard'*; Vaughan, *'fend.'*

II. iii. 92. *'blow'*; Warburton adds, from Quartos, *'as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.'*

II. iii. 100. *'Go, take hence that traitor from our sight'*; Hanmer, *'Go, and take hence,'* etc.; perhaps *'traitor'* should be read as a trisyllable.

II. iv. 3. *'Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold'*; Pope, *'The barren winter, with his nipping cold'*; Capell, *'Bare winter with his wrathful nipping cold'*; Mitford, *'The barren winter with his wrathful cold.'*

II. iv. 5. *'ten'*; Steevens, *''Tis ten o'clock'*; Lettsom, from Quartos, *''Tis almost ten.'*

II. iv. 12. *'laughing'*; so Folios 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'still laughing'*; Hudson (Lettsom conj.) *'and laughing.'*

II. iv. 25. *'thine enemies'*; Folio 4, *'their enemies'*; Rowe, *'our enemies.'*

II. iv. 31. *'with papers on my back'*; "criminals undergoing punishment usually wore papers on their backs containing their offence."

II. iv. 87. *'gone too?'*; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1. *'gone to?'* Collier MS., *'gone so?'*

III. i. 78. *'as is the ravenous wolf'*; Rowe's correction of Folios, *'as is . . . Wolues'*; Malone, *'as are . . . wolves'*; Vaughan, *'as the ravenous wolves.'*

III. i. 92. *'Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush'*; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4. *'Well, Suffolk, yet thou,'* etc.; Malone, from Quartos, *'Well, Suffolk's duke, thou,'* etc.; Dyce (Walker conj.), *'Well, Suffolk, well, thou,'* etc.

III. i. 139. *'easy'*; Collier MS., *'easily'*; Walker, *'very'*; omitted by Wordsworth.

III. i. 151. *'But mine is,'* etc.; Hudson (Lettsom conj.), from Quartos, reads *'But I am,'* etc.; *'mine'* = 'my death.'

III. i. 211. *'strays'*; Theobald (adopting the conj. Thirlby), *'strives'*; Vaughan *'strains.'*

III. i. 222. *'Free lords'*: Hanmer. *'See, lords'*; Dyce (Collier MS.), *'Fair lords'*; Cambridge editors suggest *'My lords.'*

III. i. 280. *'spoke'*; so Folios; Hanmer, *'spoken.'*

III. i. 348. '*nourish*' (monosyllabic) = 'nurse' (verb); (Collier MS. reads '*march*').

III. i. 357. '*John Cade of Ashford*'; Seymour adds, '*with a headlong crew.*'

III. ii. 26. '*Nell*'; Theobald, '*Well*'; Capell, '*Meg*'; Malone, '*Margaret*'; Clark MS., '*well.*' The playwright here, as in other places (*cp.* below, lines 79, 100, 120), seems, by some strange error, to have thought of Eleanor instead of Margaret.

III. ii. 70. '*ay me*'; Pope reads '*ah me.*'

III. ii. 78. Lines 78 to 121 struck out in Collier MS.

III. ii. 79. '*Eleanor*'; *cp. supra,* Note, III. ii. 26.

III. ii. 80. '*Statuë and worship it*'; Keightley correction of Folios, '*Statue, and worship it*'; Rowe reads '*statue, and do worship to it*'; Capell, '*statue then, and worship it*'; Dyce, '*statua and worshïp it.*'

III. ii. 88. '*gentle*'; Singer (Anon. MS. conj. and Collier MS.) reads '*ungentle,*' destroying the whole point of the passage.

III. ii. 89. '*he,*' *i.e.* Æolus, the God of the winds.

III. ii. 100, 120. '*Eleanor,*' *cp. supra,* Note, III. ii. 26.

III. ii. 147. '*earthy*'; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*earthly.*'

III. ii. 152. '*For seeing him I see my life in death*'; Folio 4 reads '*For . . . life is Death*'; Johnson, '*For . . . death in life*'; Capell, '*And . . . death in life*'; Rann, '*And . . . life in death*'; Vaughan, '*So . . . myself in death.*'

III. ii. 163. '*being all descended,*' *i.e.* "the blood being."

III. ii. 182. '*And both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes*'; the reading of Folio 1; Folio 2, '*were . . . death*'; Folios 3, 4, '*have . . . death*'; Capell first suggested true reading.

III. ii. 192. '*was dead*'; Vaughan, '*is dead,*' or '*was deaded,*' or '*was ended.*'

III. ii. 244. '*Lord Suffolk*'; the reading of Folios; Malone reads, from Quartos, '*false Suffolk.*'

III. ii. 262. '*harmful*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, read '*harmless.*'

III. ii. 308. '*enemy*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*enemies.*'

III. ii. 322. '*daintiest that*'; Theobald, '*daintiest meat*'; Hanmer (from Quartos), '*daintiest thing*'; Vaughan, '*daintiest cate.*'

III. ii. 344-5. '*That thou mightest think,*' etc. "That by the impression of my kiss forever remaining on thy hand, thou mightest think of those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee" (Johnson).

III. ii. 359. '*thence,*' away from the land; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*hence.*'

III. ii. 366. '*no joy*'; Singer (Collier MS.), '*to joy*'; '*nought,*' Folios 3, 4, '*ought.*'

III. iii. 4. '*and feel no pain*'; Theobald reads, from Quartos, '*but one whole year.*'

III. iii. 21-2.

'*O beat away the busy meddling fiend*
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul.'

The annexed cut, from Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare,* depicts the angels of good and evil contending for a departing soul.

IV. i. 21, 22. '*The lives of those,*' etc., so Folios, with the exception of the note of exclamation, added by Grant White; Knight prints a note of interrogation; Nicholson, '*Shall the lives . . . sum?*' Marshall, '*The lives . . . shall they Be conterpoised,*' etc.

IV. i. 48. Omitted in Folios; restored by Pope (from Quartos).

IV. i. 50. In Folios this line is made part of preceding speech, with '*lowsie*' for '*lowly,*' restored by Pope (from Quartos).

IV. i. 70. 'Cap. *Yes, Pole.* Suf. *Pole!*' added by Capell from Quartos.

IV. i. 85. '*mother's bleeding,*' Rowe's correction of Folios, '*Mother-bleeding.*'

IV. i. 117. '*Gelidus timor occupat artus,*' *i.e.* "chill fear seizes my limbs"; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1 reads, '*Pine gelidus*'; Theobald, '*Pœne gelidus,*' etc (*cp. Æneid,* vii. 446).

IV. i. 129. Lloyd, '*Exempt from fear is true nobility.*'

IV. i. 136. '*Brutus' bastard hand*'; Theobald proposed '*dastard,*' but afterwards withdrew his suggestion; Servilia, the mother of Brutus, became, it is true, the mistress of Julius Cæsar, but not until after the birth of Brutus.

IV. i. 137, 138. '*savage islanders Pompey the Great*'; the the story of Pompey's death is given in Plutarch; the murderers were Achillas, an Egyptian, and Septimius, who had served under him; perhaps they are described as 'islanders,' because the mur-

der was committed at Pelusium, an island-like spot in the midst of morasses at the easternmost mouth of the Nile.

IV. ii. 86. '*Chatham*'; Rowe's emendation; Folio 1, '*Chartam*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Chattam,*' etc.

IV. ii. 133. '*Adam was a gardener.*' *Cp.* illustration.

From a XIVth century sculpture at Rouen.

IV. iii. 9. '*a hundred lacking one*'; Malone, '*a hundred lacking one a week,*' from Quartos. In the reign of Elizabeth butchers were not allowed to sell flesh-meat in Lent; by special licenses, however, a limited number of beasts might be killed each week.

IV. iv. 22. Pope, '*Lamenting still and mourning Suffolk's death?*'

IV. iv. 43. '*Lord Say, the traitors hate thee*'; Folio 1, '*hateth*'; Capell, '*traitor rebel hateth*'; Marshall, '*the traitor Jack Cade hateth thee.*'

IV. vii. 36. '*thou hast caused printing to be used*'; printing was not really introduced into England until twenty years later.

IV. vii. 62, 63. Cæsar says in Book V. of the "Commentaries," '*Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt,*' which Golding rendered (1590), '*Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the civilest are the Kentish folke.*'

IV. vii. 64. '*because full*'; Hanmer reads '*beauteous, full*'; Vaughan, '*bounteous, full,*' etc.

IV. vii. 72. '*But to maintain*' (Johnson; Rann); '*Kent to m.,*' the reading of Folios; Steevens, '*Bent to m.*'; Malone, '*Kent to m.,*' etc.

IV. vii. 92. '*The help of hatchet,*' so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*the help of a hatchet*'; Farmer, '*pap with a hatchet,*' a singularly happy emendation.

IV. vii. 113. '*Sir James Cromer*'; it was Sir William Cromer whom Cade beheaded.

IV. viii. 13. '*rebel*'; Singer's emendation (Collier MS. and Anon MS.) of Folios, '*rabble*'; Vaughan, '*ribald.*'

IV. ix. 26. '*Of gallowglasses and stout kernes*'; Hanmer

reads, *'Of desp'rate gallowglasses,'* etc.; Capell, *'Of nimble g.,'* etc.; Dyce, *'Of savage g.,'* etc.; *'stout'*; Mitford, *'stout Irish'*; *'kernes'*; Keightley, *'kernes, he'*; Vaughan, *'kernes supplied.'*

IV. ix. 29. *'arms'*; Folio 1, *'Armes'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Armies.'*

IV. ix. 33. *'calm'd,'* the reading of Folio 4; Folio 1, *'calme'*; Folio 2, *'claimd'*; Folio 3, *'claim'd'*; Beckett, *'cramp'd'*; Walker, *'chased.'*

IV. ix. 36. *'I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him'*; Staunton, *'Go, I pray thee, B.,'* etc.; Rowe reads, *'go and meet with him'*; Malone, *'to go and meet him'*; Steevens (1793), *'go forth and meet him'*; Collier (Collier MS.), *'then go and meet him'*; Dyce, *'go thou and meet him.'*

IV. x. 1. *'Fie on ambition'*; so the later Folios; Folio 1, *'Ambitions.'*

IV. x. 30. *'eat iron like an ostrich.'* *Cp.* illustration.

From a XVth century illumination.

IV. x. 46. *'That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent'*; Capell, *''squir'*; Marshall omits *'an,'* following Hall.

IV. x. 56. *'As for words whose greatness answers words'*; Rowe reads, *'As for more words,'* etc.; Mason, *'As for mere words,'* etc.; Dyce (Anon. conj.), *'But as for words,'* etc., etc.

IV. x. 62. *'God'*; Malone's correction (from Quartos) of *'Ioue'* of the Folios.

IV. x. 84. *'And as I thrust thy body in with my sword'*; Dyce (Lloyd conj.), omits *'in.'*

V. i. 74. *'Alexander Iden, that's my name'*; Capell, *'My name is Alexander Iden, sir'*; Hanmer, *'Ev'n Alexander,'* etc.; Edd., *'Iden, Alexander Iden,'* etc.; Keightley, *'Alexander Iden, that's my name, my liege,'* etc.

V. i. 78. *'Iden, kneel down. Rise up a knight'*; Hanmer reads, *'Iden kneel down; and rise thou up a knight'*; Dyce

(Lettsom conj.) *'Iden, kneel down. Iden, rise up a knight'*; Vaughan, *'Iden, kneel down; and now rise up Sir Alexander.'*

V. i. 95. *'darest'*; monosyllabic; Folio 1, *'dar'st'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'durst.'*

V. i. 109. *'these'*; Theobald's correction of *'thee'* of the Folios.

V. i. 130. *'mistakest'*; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'mistakes.'*

V. i. 146. *'fell-lurking'*; Roderick, *'fell-barking'*; Hudson (Heath conj.), *'fell-lurching'*; Collier (Collier MS.), *'fell-looking'*; Capell, *'fell lurking.'*

V. i. 170. *'shame'*; Dyce (Walker conj.), *'stain.'*

V. i. 211. *'victorious'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, read *'victorious noble.'*

V. ii. 28. *'La fin couronne les œuvres'*; *i.e.* 'the end crowns the work.' Folio 1 reads, *'Corrone les eumenes'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Corronne les oevres.'*

V. ii. 42. *'Knit earth and heaven together'*; Vaughan adds *'in one blase.'*

V. ii. 66. *'So, lie thou there'*; Malone supposes that a line has been omitted here, equivalent to *'Behold the prophecy is come to pass'*; Vaughan conj. adds *'fulfilling prophecy.'*

V. ii. 87. *'parts'*; Hanmer reads *'pow'rs'*; Warburton, *'party'*; Collier MS., *'frends'*; Dyce (Walker conj.), *'part.'*

V. iii. 1. *'of'*; Collier MS. (from Quartos), *'Old,'* adopted by Dyce.

V. iii. 29. *'faith'*; Malone's correction (from Quartos); Folios, *'hand.'*

London Bridge.
From an illumination in the poems of the Duke of Orleans (Royal MS., 16F2).

The Battle of Tewksbury.
From a contemporary MS. preserved in the Public Library at Ghent.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

58. *Anjou and Maine*:—The reader will observe that this *item* does not run the same as it did in the hands of Gloucester. Malone thinks that the words of the instrument could not thus vary while it was passing from the hands of Gloucester to those of the Cardinal. Some have supposed that Gloucester had caught the drift and substance of the document, but the dimness of his eyes prevented his reading with literal exactness. But others regard the discrepancy as due to an oversight on the part of the dramatist.

75-103. Every line of this speech, except the first, is marked by Malone, as being altered from the Quarto. That the reader may have a specimen of the changes in the Folio, we subjoin the whole speech as it stands in the Quarto:—

"Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unfold his grief.
What! did my brother Henry toil himself,
And waste his subjects, for to conquer France?
And did my brother Bedford spend his time,
To keep in awe that stout unruly realm?
And have not I and mine uncle Beaufort here
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?
And are all our labours, then, spent quite in vain?
For Suffolk he, the new-made duke that rules the roost,
Hath given away, for our King Henry's queen,
The duchies of Anjou and Maine unto her father.

Ah lords! fatal is this marriage, cancelling our states,
Reversing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as none had ne'er been done."

It will be seen upon comparison, that of twenty-eight lines fifteen were original in the Folio, though the new lines are little more than an amplification of the old thoughts.

105. *This peroration,* etc.:—This speech crowded with so many circumstances of aggravation.

115. *But wherefore weeps,* etc.:—The Salisbury of this play was Richard Neville, second son to Ralph Neville, whom we have met with in *Henry IV.* as Earl of Westmoreland. Richard was married to Alice, the only child and heir of Thomas Montacute, the Earl of Salisbury who was killed at the siege of Orleans in 1428; and thus brought that earldom into the Neville family. His oldest son, Richard, again, was married to Anne, the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and so succeeded to that earldom in 1449. The dramatist, though he rightly makes Warwick the son of Salisbury, attributes to him the acts of Richard Beauchamp, the Earl of Warwick who figures in the preceding play.

134. *costs and charges*:—Thus Holinshed: "First, the King had not one penie with hir; and for the fetching of hir the Marquesse of Suffolk demanded a whole fifteenth in open parlement. And also there was delivered for hir the duchie of Anjou, the citie of Mans, and the whole countie of Maine, which countries were the verie staies and backestands to the duchie of Normandie."

194. *York*:—This Duke of York married Cicely, daughter to Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, by Joan, his first wife, who again, was daughter to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford. Salisbury was the son of Westmoreland by a second wife. Of course therefore York's wife was *half-sister* to the Earl of Salisbury. The dramatist here anticipates. York, having been appointed to the regency of France a second time, was forced to give up that place to his rival, Somerset, and accept the government of Ireland instead; from which latter country he did not return till 1450, more than three years after the death of Cardinal Beaufort.

216. *tickle*:—So in Spenser's fragment, *Of Mutabilitie,* vii. 22:—

"O weake life! that does leane
On thing so *tickle* as th' unsteady Ayre,
Which every howre is chang'd, and altred cleane
With every blast that bloweth fowle or faire."

234, 235. *the fatal brand . . . Calydon*:—According to Ovid, the life of Meleager, Prince of Calydon, was made to depend on a certain firebrand; which being thrown into the fire by his mother Althea, he expired in great torments.

Scene II.

[*Duchess.*] This Duchess of Gloucester was Eleanor, daughter to Reginald Lord Cobham. The duke had formerly lived on such terms with Jacqueline of Bavaria, that she was commonly supposed to be his wife; but, as she already had a husband, John Duke of Brabant, from whose claim she could not get a legal release, her union with Gloucester was necessarily broken off. Meanwhile, the duke had been openly living with Eleanor Cobham as his mistress, insomuch that in 1423 the principal matrons of London went to the House of Lords with a petition against him for having neglected his lawful wife.

Scene III.

51 *et seq.* In the Quarto this passage reads thus:—

> "I tell thee, Poole, when thou didst run at tilt,
> And stol'st away our ladies' hearts in France,
> I thought King Henry had been like to thee,
> Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France."

As Marlowe has been thought to have written this play as printed in the Quarto, it seems but fair to quote a similar passage from his *Edward II.*:—

> "Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,
> When for her sake *I ran at tilt in France,*
> And there unhors'd the Duke of Cleremont."

133-135. *Thy cruelty,* etc.:—The groundwork of these charges on the duke is thus stated in Holinshed: "The queene, a ladie of great wit, and no lesse courage, desirous of honour, and furnished with the gifts of reason, policie, and wisdome, disdaining that hir husband should be ruled rather than rule, first of all excluded the Duke of Glocester from all rule and governance,

not prohibiting such as the knew to be his mortal foes to invent and imagine causes and greefs against him and his, insomuch that diverse noblemen conspired against him. Diverse articles were laid against him in open counsell, and especialise one—That he had caused men, adjudged to die, to be put to other execution than the law of the land assigned."

143. *ten commandments.*—This appears to have been a popular phrase for the ten fingers. So in *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594: "I would set a tap abroach and not live in fear of my wife's ten commandments." Again in *Westward Hoe*, 1607: "Your harpy has set his ten commandments on my back." And in Udall's version of *Erasmus's Apothegms*: "When Xantippe had pulled awaye her husbandes cope from his backe, even in the open streete, and his familiar compaignons gave him a by warning to avenge suche a naughtie touche or prancke with his tenne *commandments.*"

166-173. *I'll tell thee, etc.*—The issue of this deadly feud between York and Somerset is thus related by Holinshed: "But the Duke of Summerset, still maligning the Duke of Yorkes advancement, as he had sought to hinder his dispatch at the first when he was sent over to the regent, likewise now wrought so, that the King revoked the grant made to the Duke of Yorke for enjoyeng of that office the terme of other five yeares, and with helpe of William Marquesse of Suffolke obtained that grant for himselfe. Which malicious deling the Duke of Yorke might so evil beare, that in the end the heate of displeasure burst out into such a flame, as consumed at length not onelie both those two noble personages, but also manie thousands of others."

191. *By these ten bones.*—We have just heard a duchess threaten to set her ten commandments in the face of a queen. We have here again a similar vulgar expression. It is, however, a very ancient popular adjuration, and may be found in many old dramatic pieces. So in *Jacke Jugler*:—

> *Jack.* Ye, mary, I tell thee Careawaye is my name.
> *Car.* And by these tenne bones myne is the same.

Scene IV.

30. It was believed that spirits raised by incantations remained above ground and answered questions with reluctance.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

97-129. *How long hast thou been blind?* etc.:—This passage between Gloucester and Simpcox is founded on a story told by Sir Thomas More, substantially as follows: One time, as King Henry VI. rode in progress, there came to the town of Saint Alban's a certain beggar, with his wife, and there was walking about the town, begging, saying that he was born blind, and was warned in a dream that he should come out of Berwick, where he had ever dwelt, to seek Saint Alban. When the King was come, and the town full of people, suddenly this blind man, at Saint Alban's shrine, had his sight; and the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, so that nothing else was talked of in all the town. It so happened that Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, a man no less wise than well-learned, called the poor man to him, and looked well upon his eyes, and asked whether he could never see anything in all his life before. When both himself and his wife affirmed fastly "no," then he looked advisedly upon his eyes again, and said, "I believe you say well, for methinketh ye cannot see well yet." "Yes, sir," quoth he; "I thank God and his holy martyr, I can see now as well as any man." "Ye can?" quoth the duke; "what colour is this gown?" Then anon the beggar told him. "What colour," quoth he, "is this man's gown?" He told him this also, without staying or stumbling, and so of all the colours that could be showed him. And when the duke saw that, he had him set openly in the stocks.

Scene II.

[*York.*] Herford says: "Margaret's chief opponent in the Second Part, the Duke of York, also has assigned to him a somewhat more commanding role than in the chronicle. Till near the close he plays a waiting game; but he plays it with more far-reaching and more unscrupulous policy than his historic prototype. Holinshed's York watches the two great obstacles in his path, Gloucester and Suffolk, successively ruined without his stir; the dramatic York is not prevented by Gloucester's warm advocacy of his claims to the French regency from actively 'levelling at his life.' Holinshed attributes Cade's revolt to incitements of 'those that favoured

the Duke of York.' In the play it is York himself who conceives the plan of stirring up in England this 'black storm.' At the very moment when he finally threw off hisdisguise and claimed the crown, the York of Holinshed and history was all but checkmated by a resolute move of the party in power. Rashly disbanding his troops on the King's compliance with his demand for Somerset's arrest, he was himself arrested and sent to the Tower; and his fate hung in the balance when the news of Edward's armed advance caused his sudden release. The York of the drama suffers a briefer anxiety. His arrest is no sooner proposed than Richard and Edward rush in to bail him, and his 'two brave bears,' Warwick and Salisbury, compel the appeal to arms which issues in the victory of Saint Albans."

Scene III.

11-13. This sentence fell upon the duchess in November, 1441. Holinshed gives the following account of the matter: "This yeare dame Eleanor Cobham, wife to the said duke, was accused of treason; for that she by sorcerie and enchantment intended to destroie the King, to the intent to advance hir husband unto the crowne. Upon this she was examined in saint Stephans chappell before the Bishop of Canterburie, and there convict and judged to doo penance in three open places within the citie of London; and after that to perpetuall imprisonment in the Ile of Man, under the keeping of sir John Stanlie knight." As this crime and punishment of the duchess had much to do in bringing about her husband's fall, there was good dramatic reason for setting it in close connection with the latter event, though in fact the two were over five years apart.

95. *I confess treason*:—This odd affair of Peter and Horner is founded on an incident told by Holinshed. It will be seen that the dramatist innovated upon the story, in making Horner "confess treason." "In the same yeare also," (1446) "a certaine armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his owne. For proofe whereof a daie was given them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slaine; but yet by misgoverning of himselfe. For on the morrow, when he should come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slaine without guilt. As for the false servant, he lived

not long unpunished; for being convict of felonie in court of assise, he was judged to be hanged, and so was, at Tiburne."

Scene IV.

27-57. The thirty-one lines of this speech are an expansion, but scarcely an improvement, as comparison will show, of twenty-three in the Quarto.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

[*Queen . . . Suffolk.*] In this Act the criminal passion of Margaret and Suffolk blossoms and goes to seed, setting Suffolk near the throne, and thereby at once feeding his pride and chafing the pride of his enemies; while the losses in France, before represented, are ever and anon recurring as matter of continual twittings and jerks, the rust of former miscarriages thus at the same time keeping the old wounds from healing, and causing the new ones to fester and rankle. As the amiable imbecility of the King invites and smooths the way for the arrogance and overweening of the Queen and her favourites, this naturally sets the aspiring and far-reaching York upon the policy of hewing away one after another the main supports of the rival house, that so at last he may heave it to the ground, and out of its ruins build up his own. "The character of the King," says Ulrici, "which had become effeminate and unmanly, required, as an organic contrast, a woman who had become masculine and depraved in character. For Henry's disgrace as a deceived husband was the consequence of his own fault in having allowed himself, with the disposition he possessed, to be persuaded to take such a wife. This his first and only active sin—all his later sins are but errors of omission—had accordingly to be more prominently brought forward in order to show how even the smallest germ of evil shoots up like rank weeds and becomes incalculable in the mischief it produces. The Queen reigns in the King's place, and turns bad into its very worst. He, thrust back by her love of dominion, sinks more and more into the mere semblance of a king; even the open infidelity of his wife no longer rouses him, and thus his peaceful, pious, humble nature—otherwise worthy of the highest praise—acquires

more and more the appearance of the most sinful weakness of character and want of energy. Accordingly, in Henry's relation to Margaret, we again have, in a new modification, the reflection of the fundamental idea of this Second Part."

83. *What news from France?*—Here, again, the dramatist anticipates. The parliament at Bury was opened February 10, 1447. On the 28th of the same month Gloucester was found dead. Somerset's return from France was not till September, 1450; in fact, he did not enter upon the regency till after this Parliament.

189 *et seq.* This was most likely suggested by the following from Holinshed: "Ofttimes it hapneth that a man, in quenching of smoke, burneth his fingers in the fire: so the Queene, in casting how to keepe hir husband in honour, and hirselfe in authoritie, in making awaie of this noble man brought that to passe which she had most cause to have feared; which was the deposing of hir husband, and the decaie of the house of Lancaster, which of likelihood had not chanced, if this duke had lived."

245. *'Tis York,* etc.:—York had more reason for desiring Humphrey's death, because he stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to himself in his ambitious views. Thus in the closing lines of this Scene he says:—

> "For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
> And Henry put apart, the next for me."

355-359. *for a minister,* etc.:—There is no proof that York was any way privy to the insurrection of Cade, save that it fell out very opportunely for his purpose, and those engaged in it were generally favourable to his claim: for which cause he was naturally suspected to have set it on foot; and that suspicion, ripened into belief, was no doubt handed down to the dramatist's time in the bundle of "Lancastrian prejudices." This speech of York's, however, makes a capital point in the drama, as it represents him to have been the conscious designer, as in fact he was to a great extent the real occasion of the following events; and it was plainly more dramatic to set him forth as the maker of circumstances than as merely the user of them. In the Quarto this speech has but twenty-five lines, which are here rather consolidated than expanded into fifty-three.

365. *a wild Morisco*:—A dancer in a morris-dance, originally, perhaps, meant to imitate a Moorish dance, and thence named. The bells sufficiently indicate that the English morris-dancer is intended. It appears from Blount's *Glossography,* and some of

our old writers, that the dance itself was called a *morisco.* Florio, in the first edition of his *Italian Dictionary,* defines "Moresca, a kind of morice or antique dance, after the *Moorish* or Ethiopian fashion."

Scene II.

14. *Away! be gone*:—The common belief of the people, and the no less common report of the chroniclers was, that the Duke of Gloucester was murdered, by procurement of the Queen, Suffolk, and Somerset: which would doubtless have justified the dramatist's representation, even if he had known the truth to be otherwise; for the very fact of such a belief proves, in some sort, that the thing believed was consonant to the spirit of the time. The strongest argument in the question is derived from Whethamstede, Abbot of Saint Alban's, and is strongly stated by Lingard, thus: "That writer, who had received many benefits from the duke, was much attached to his memory, which he vindicates on all occasions, and equally prejudiced against his enemies, whom he calls *canes, scorpiones, impii susurrones.* And yet, though he wrote when the royal party was humbled in the dust, and he had of course nothing to fear from their resentment, he repeatedly asserts that the duke fell ill immediately after his arrest, and died of his illness." The duke was arrested on the second day of the Parliament at Bury, and seventeen days after was found dead in his bed. Holinshed gives him the noblest character

83. *awkward wind*:—The same uncommon epithet is applied to the wind by Marlowe in his *Edward II.*: "With *awkward winds,* and with sore tempests driven." And by Drayton, Epistle from *Richard II. to Queen Isabell*:—

> "And undertook to travaile dangerous waies,
> Driven by *awkward winds* and boisterous seas."

161. *Ghost* was often used thus for *corpse* by the old writers. In a later passage of the original play the word *ghost* is again used as in the present instance. Young Clifford, addressing himself to his father's dead body, says:—

> "A dismal sight! see where he breathless lies,
> All smear'd and welter'd in his lukewarm blood!
> Sweet father, to thy *murder'd ghost* I swear."

297. *The world,* etc.:—The storm of the commons against Suffolk did not burst forth till January, 1450, and was immediately

occasioned by the disasters in France under Somerset's regency. As usual in such cases, many terrible crimes were charged upon Suffolk, but none of them were proved; and he fell at last by violence, not by law. Holinshed has the following account of his fall: "The Queene, which intirely loved the duke, doubting some commotion and trouble to arise, if he were let go unpunished, caused him for a colour to be committed to the Tower; where he remained not past a moneth, but was againe delivered and restored to the Kings favour, as much as ever he was before. This dooing so much displeased the people, that if politike provision had not beene, great mischeefe had immediately insued. When the King perceived that there was no remedy to appease the peoples furie by anie colourable waies, shortlie to pacifie so long an hatred he banished the Duke of Suffolke for tearme of five yeares, meaning by this exile to appease the malice of the people for the time, and after to revoke him home againe."

310. The old superstition touching the *mandrake* is thus exposed by Sir Thomas Browne in his *Vulgar and Common Errors*, ii. 6: "The third affirmeth the roots of mandrakes do make a noise, or give a shriek, upon eradication; which is indeed ridiculous, and false below confute; arising, perhaps, from a small and stridulous noise, which, being firmly rooted, it maketh upon divulsion of parts. The last concerneth the danger ensuing; that there follows an hazard of life to them that pull it up; that some evil fate pursues them, and they live not long after."

333. *You bade me ban*:—This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience, are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves; but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage.

375. *whispers to his pillow*:—So in *Macbeth*, V. i.: "Infected minds to their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets." The passage stands thus in the Quarto:—

> "Sometimes he calls upon Duke Humphrey's ghost,
> And whispers to his pillow as to him."

The Cardinal died at his palace of Wolvesey, April 11, 1447, which was six weeks after the death of Gloucester. He was eighty years of age. The chroniclers give him a very bad character, but it is remarkable that they do not specify facts to bear out their charges. Lingard vindicates him: "That he expired in the agonies of despair, is a fiction which we owe to the imagination of Shake-

speare: from an eye-witness we learn that during a lingering illness he devoted most of his time to religious exercises. According to the provisions of his will, his wealth was chiefly distributed in charitable donations."

381 *et seq.* "Why do I lament a circumstance of which the impression will pass away in an hour; while I neglect to think on the loss of Suffolk, my affection for whom no time will efface?"

Scene III.

1-4. This scene was evidenly founded, in part, on a passage in Hall: "Doctor John Baker, his privy counsellor and his chaplain, wrote that he, lying on his death bed, said these words: 'Why should I die, having so many riches? If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it. Fie! will not death be hired, nor will money do nothing? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myself half up the wheel; but when I saw my other nephew of Gloucester deceased, I thought myself able to be equal with kings, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have worn a triple crown. But I see now the world faileth me, and so I am deceived; praying you all to pray for me!'" Lingard discredits this story.

33. This Scene may be compared with the following from *The First Part of the Contention*, Scene xi.:—

Enter King and Salsbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were madde.

Car. Oh death, if thou wilt let me live but one whole yeare,
Ile give thee as much gold as will purchase such another iland.

King. Oh see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled.
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must save thy soule.

Car. Why died he not in his bed?
What would you have me to do then?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent me.
Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,
And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire.
So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

Sal. See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.
King. Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heavenly blisse,
Hold up thy hand and make some signe to us.
[*The Cardinall dies.*
Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.
Oh God forgive his soule.
Sal. So bad an ende did never none behold,
But as his death, so was his life in all.
King. Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,
For God will iudge us all.
Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.
[*Exet omnes.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

50-52. Suffolk's boast of his own blood was hardly warranted by his origin. On his mother's side he was distantly related to Henry VI., but not through the Lancastrian race. If the dramatist had known his pedigree, which was humble, he would not have failed to make some of his adversaries reproach him with it.

117. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*:—The source of this quotation has not been discovered. It may be a corruption of Virgil's "*Subitus tremor* occupat artus" (*Æn.*, vii. 446), or possibly a modification of Ovid, (*Met.*, iii. 40).

142. *his head and lifeless body*:—The fate of Suffolk is despatched in few words by the chroniclers. Thus Holinshed, following Hall: "But Gods justice would not that so ungracious a person should so escape: for when he shipped in Suffolke, intending to transport himselfe over into France, he was incountered with a ship of warre, appertaining to the Duke of Excester, constable of the Tower of London, called the Nicholas of the Tower. The capteine of that barke with small fight entered into the dukes ship, and, perceiving his person present, brought him to Dover road, and there on the one side of a cocke bote caused his head to be striken off, and left his bodie with the head lieng there on the sands. Which corps, being there found by a chapleine of his, was conveied to Wingfield college in Suffolke, and there buried." His death occurred in May, 1450.

Scene II.

34. *a cade of herrings*:—Tom Nash speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against *a cade of herrings*, and ludicrously says, "That the rebel Jack Cade was the first that devised to put red herrings in *cades*, and from him they have their name." *Cade*, however, is derived from *cadus*, Latin, a cask. A *cade* was a cask for containing probably six hundred herring. Cade, with more learning than should naturally belong to his character, alludes to his name as from *cado*, to *fall*.

66. *three-hooped pot*, etc.:—These drinking vessels of our ancestors were of wood. Nash, in his *Pierce Pennilesse*, says: "I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *hoope*, and no more."

72, 73. *there shall be no money*:—"To mend the world by banishing money," says Johnson, "is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the signs or tickets of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man were contented with his own share of the goods of life."

99. *on the top of letters*:—That is, on the top of Letters Missive and such like public acts. So in the old anonymous play of *King Henry V.*, the Archbishop of Bruges says: "I beseech your grace to deliver me your safe conduct, under your broad seal *Emanuel*." The king answers: "Deliver him safe conduct under our broad seal *Emanuel*."

Scene III.

12. [*brigandine*.] So Holinshed: "Jack Cade, upon his victorie against the Staffords, apparelled himselfe in sir Humfries brigandine, set full of gilt nailes, and so in some glorie returned againe toward London."

Scene IV.

28. *Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer*:—Knight observes that "the following curious entry is found in the Issue Roll, 29th Henry VI.: 'To *Alexander* Eden, *Sheriff of Kent*, and to divers other persons of the same county. In money paid to them, viz., by the hands of *Gervase Clifton*, 100*l*., and by *John Seynder*, 166*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*., in part payment of 1000 *marks*, which the

Lord the King commanded to be paid to the *same Alexander* and others, as well for taking JOHN CADE, *an Irishman, calling himself John Mortymer*; a great rebel, enemy, and traitor to the King, as also for conducting the person of *John Cade* to the Council of the King, after proclamation thereof made in London, to be had of his gift for their pains in the matter aforesaid. By writ of privy seal amongst the mandates of this term (Easter), *266l. 13s. 4d.*'"

Scene VI.

[*Jack Cade and the rest.*] In Holinshed, Jack Cade and his followers do not appear at all as the crazy Calibans whom the dramatist depicts. The chief of their grievances, in fact, was that the King alienated the crown revenues and lived on the taxes; and, moreover, they complained of abuses of all sorts in the execution of the laws and the raising of revenue. The third article of their memorial stands in striking contrast to their action in the play; for it points out that nobles of royal blood (probably meaning York) are excluded from the King's "dailie presence," while he gives advancement to "other meane persons of lower nature," who close the King's ears to the complaints of the country, and distribute favours, not according to law, but for gifts and bribes. Moreover, they complain of interferences with freedom of election, and, in short, express themselves quite temperately and constitutionally. Finally, in more than one passage of the complaint, they give utterance to a thoroughly English and patriotic resentment of the loss of Normandy, Gascony, Aquitaine, Anjou, and Maine.

5, 6. *treason . . . Mortimer*:—Holinshed says: "He also put to execution in Southwarke diverse persons, some for breaking this ordinance, and other being his old acquaintance, lest they should bewray his base linage, disparaging him for his usurped name of Mortimer."

15. *set London bridge on fire*:—At that time London bridge was of wood, and the houses upon it were actually burnt in this rebellion. Hall says "he entered London, and cut the ropes of the drawbridge."

Scene VII.

23-49. A comparison of this speech as it is in the Quarto will show that it gained nothing in humour by the revisal: "Come

hither, thou Say, thou George [serge], thou buckram lord, what answer canst thou make unto my mightiness, for delivering up the towns in France to monsieur Bus-mine-cue, the dolphin of France? And, more than so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammar-school, to infect the youth of the realm; and against the King's crown and dignity thou hast built up a paper-mill: nay, it will be said to thy face, that thou keep'st men in thy house that daily read of books with red letters, and talk of a noun and verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear is able to endure it. And, besides all this, thou hast appointed certain justices of the peace in every shire, to hang honest men that steal for their living; and because they could not read, thou hast hung them up, only for which cause they were most worthy to live."

107-115. The following is Holinshed's account of these doings: "After that, he entered into London, cut the ropes of the draw-bridge, and strooke his sword on London stone, saieng, 'Now is Mortimer lord of this citie.' And, after a glosing declaration made to the maior touching the cause of his thither comming, he departed againe into Southwarke, and upon the third daie of Julie he caused sir James Fines, Lord Saie, and treasurer of England, to be brought to the Guildhall, and there to be arreigned; who, being before the Kings justices put to answer, desired to be tried by his peeres, for the longer delaie of his life. The capteine, perceiving his dilatorie plee, by force tooke him from the officers, and brought him to the standard in Cheape, and there caused his head to be striken off, and pitched it upon an high pole, which was openlie borne before him through the streets. And, not content herewith, he went to Mile-end, and there apprehended sir James Cromer, then sheriffe of Kent, and sonne-in-law to the said Lord Saie, causing him likewise to be beheaded, and his head to be fixed on a pole. And with these two heads this bloudie wretch entred into the citie againe, and as it were in spite caused them in everie street to kisse together, to the great detestation of all the beholders."

Scene IX.

26. *gallowglasses . . . kernes*:—"The *Galloglasse*," as stated in Stanihurst's *Description of Ireland*, "useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limme, lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered.

The *kerne* is an ordinary foot-soldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his piece, being commonly good marksmen."

Scene X.

90. The dramatist in this passage has wandered from the line of historical fact, with a view, no doubt, to relieve his scenes of strife and hatred with a passage of rural quiet and unambitious comfort. Iden had in fact just been appointed sheriff of Kent, and was in pursuit of Cade, having left home for that very purpose. The matter, however, is thus given by Holinshed: "A gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited so his time, that he tooke the said Cade in a garden in Sussex; so that there he was slain at Hothfield, and brought to London in a cart, where he was quartered, his head set on London bridge, and his quarters sent to diverse places to be set up in the shire of Kent." Cade's flight occurred on the 9th of July, 1450, and his death but two days after.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

41. York's arrival from Ireland was in September, a few weeks after Cade's death. Proceeding to London with a retinue of four thousand men, he wrung from the King a promise that he would call a Parliament, and then retired to one of his castles. Upon the return of Somerset from France a few days later, the old enmity between them revived with greater fierceness than ever. The next year York withdrew into Wales, and there gathered an army of ten thousand men; and when the King went against him with a much larger force, he turned aside and passed on into Kent, and encamped himself near Dartford. From thence he sent word to the King that his coming was but to remove certain evil counsellors, especially Somerset, and promising to dissolve his army, if that nobleman were committed to prison, and held to answer in open Parliament whatever charges might be laid against him. The issue of the negotiation thereupon is thus stated by Holinshed: "After all this adoo, it was agreed upon by advise, for the avoiding of bloudshed, and pacifieng of the duke and his people, that the Duke of Summerset was committed to ward, as some

say, or else commanded to keepe himselfe privie in his owne house for a time."

122. [*Enter Edward and Richard.*] At this time, 1455, Edward, York's oldest son, was but ten years old. However, Holinshed relates, that "whilest the councell treated of saving or despatching the Duke of Yorke, a rumour sprang through London, that Edward Earle of March, sonne and heire-apparent to the said duke, with a great armie of Marchmen was comming toward London; which tidings sore appalled the Queene and the whole councell." The issue of this trouble was, that "the councell set the Duke of Yorke at libertie, and permitted him to go to his castell of Wigmore, in the marches of Wales, by whose absence the Duke of Summerset rose in such high favour, both with the King and Queene, that his voice onelie ruled, and his voice alone was heard."

131. *Bedlam*:—This "hospitall for distracted people," was founded, according to Stowe, by Simon Fitz-Mary, one of the sheriffs of London, in the year 1246. It was called "The Hospital of St. Mary of *Bethlehem*"; which latter term was corrupted into *Bedlam*. In this part of the Scene, the dramatist, in order to come at once upon the battle of Saint Alban's, overleaps a period of three years, from March, 1452, to the spring of 1455, during which time the Queen gave birth to a son, who was named Edward, and, the King having fallen into a state of bodily and mental imbecility, York regained the ascendancy and became protector, and Somerset was committed to the Tower, but, upon the King's recovery not long after, was released; whereupon York withdrew into Wales, and gathered the army which fought on his side in the ensuing battle.

134, 135. *let him to the Tower*, etc.:—It was Somerset, not Clifford, that gave this advice.

157, 158. *Hence, heap of wrath*, etc.:—In the stage direction of the Quarto we have, "Enter the Duke of York's sons, Edward the Earl of March and *crook-back Richard*, at the one door, with Drum and Soldiers." The dramatist here anticipates by many years; for as York's oldest son was at this time but thirteen, and as there were two others, Edmund and George, between him and Richard, of course the latter could have had no part in these transactions. A similar anticipation touching Prince Henry occurs near the close of *Richard II*. "This thing," says Hudson, "is so in keeping with Shakespeare's method of art, that it may go far towards inferring his authorship of the original play."

Scene II.

28. [*Clifford falls.*] The author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history. This circumstance, however, serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland. At the beginning of Part III. the dramatist represents Clifford's death as it really happened:—

> "Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
> Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in
> Were by the swords of common soldiers slain."

69. *Hath made the wizard famous*:—Referring to the prediction of the Spirit in I. iv. 37-39, Holinshed says: "There died under the signe of the castell, Edmund Duke of Summerset, who, as hath been reported, was warned long before to avoid all castels." This Edmund was brother to John Beaufort, the Somerset of the preceding play, and succeeded to the title at his death in 1432. He was the King's nearest surviving relative, being grandson to John of Ghent, and, after the fall of Suffolk, was looked to and trusted by his royal kinsman as a counterpoise to the ambition of York. He left three sons, Henry, Edmund, and John, who, says the chronicler, "to the extremitie of death tooke part with the line of King Henrie."

Scene III.

9. *Three times bestrid him*:—That is, three times I saw him fallen, and striding over him defended him till he recovered. This act of friendship Shakespeare has frequently mentioned.

Questions on 2 Henry VI.

ACT FIRST.

1. At the opening of the play, what commission does Suffolk surrender as completed?

2. How does this episode resemble that of Guinevere and Lancelot? How is the parallel more strongly suggested in a speech of Margaret in a subsequent scene?

3. What were the formal conditions of Margaret's marriage? How did these terms affect the nobles? Was their apparent cause for disaffection more than a subterfuge?

4. What was York's special grievance, and what purposes for the future does he form?

5. What was Gloucester's dream as told by him in Sc. ii.? What does it foreshadow?

6. What did the Duchess Eleanor dream? How is it shown that her dream has no vital relation to forthcoming events?

7. Why is the mystery of Eleanor's machination so soon uncovered?

8. What is effected by the first two speeches of Sc. iii.?

9. Show how far-reaching was the effect of Peter's petition. Compare this dramatic expedient with one in a later play—*Much Ado About Nothing*—where an apparently irrelevant act of the stupid lower classes has an important bearing upon the lives of the people of the upper world. Suggest the implication here contained.

10. Account for the feelings back of Queen Margaret's speech beginning line 43.

11. What is foreshadowed in Warwick's speech, line 113?

12. How does Gloucester decide the dispute as to the regency? What does it portend to himself?

13. Explain the prophecies of the Spirit in Sc. iv.

ACT SECOND.

14. What things are done in the King's presence in Sc. i.?

15. How does he comment on hawking; on the barons' quarrel; on the sight of the impostor Simpcox and his detection by Gloucester?

16. What manner of mind does the King display here?

17. How does Simpcox's wife show herself and her husband to be impostors before Gloucester undertakes to unmask them?

18. What is the purpose of this episode as it relates to the King? As it relates to Gloucester?

19. If, as concerns Gloucester, the dramatist's purpose is to point the irony of the situation—that is, the triumph over Simpcox, the sarcastic applause of the peers, and the news of Duchess Eleanor's arrest—are not the elements of the situation rather incongruous, partaking on the one hand of farce and on the other of tragedy?

20. What historical blunders does Sc. ii. contain? What is the assumption contained in York's reply (line 64) *We thank you, lords?*

21. Why does Margaret taunt Gloucester after he is deprived of his office?

22. What was decided according to ancient custom by the trial by combat? To what classes of society was this custom relegated?

23. What penance was imposed upon Eleanor? Why does she long for her prison? Why does she end her dramatic life at this point?

24. Compare her character with that of Margaret. Wherein were there resemblances? Which was the stronger individuality?

25. Does either of the women accomplish on the other the revenge that she threatens?

ACT THIRD.

26. What actuates Margaret to her denunciation of Gloucester?

27. Did Henry fear or love him?

28. Upon what plea does Henry leave the Parliament after the arrest of Gloucester?

29. Show the reasons why each of the enemies of Gloucester desires his death. Who assumes the office of executioner?

30. What motives had the council for sending York into Ireland?

31. How are his own purposes served by this act?

32. How is John Cade introduced? How does York describe his personal qualities? What chance resemblance is made use of?

33. What dramatic effect is secured by informing the spectators of Gloucester's death before Suffolk comes in to inform the King?

34. Whom does Henry suspect of being the murderer? Why does Margaret try to turn the King's mind to herself by imputing to him neglect?

35. Indicate the dramatic purpose of the scene of inquisition over the dead body of Gloucester.

36. To what does the clamour of the commons urge the King? Was Henry's oath deliberate, or the resort of a distracted weakling?

37. What motive holds him to his decree banishing Suffolk?

38. Which are the more terrible, the imprecations of Suffolk, or those of the Queen?

39. The love-passages between Suffolk, though unhistorical, yet seem dramatically warranted as a completion of the Queen's character. Comment upon this.

40. Comment on the Queen's speech in Sc. ii. beginning line 9. Does she show traces of a conscience?

41. What is the purpose in exhibiting the death of the cardinal?

42. What has been effected dramatically by the long quarrel, begun in Part I., between Gloucester and the Cardinal?

43. Does the end of Act III. mark the climax of the trilogy?

ACT FOURTH.

44. Do you judge that Shakespeare wrote Sc. i.? Comment upon the undramatic character of the Captain's speeches. Compare them with the speeches of the Captain in *Twelfth Night.*

45. Remark upon the following aspects of the Cade scenes in this Act: the logic of mobs; their humour; the mutual distrust of their members; their servile aping of the aristocracy; their suspicion of all the attributes of culture; their cruelty and brutality.

46. How did the King propose to deal with the insurrectionists?

47. How are some of the historic facts of the Wat Tyler rebellion mingled with this later uprising?

48. Is it possible to deduce from these scenes somewhat of Shakespeare's political beliefs? What would he think of universal suffrage?

49. What quality does Cade show in line 107 of Sc. vii.?

50. What fundamental characteristic of mobs does Sc. viii. exhibit?

51. How are the arrested multitude treated by the King? What premonition does this afford of his attitude towards the impending greater menace of York?

52. How is Cade finally subdued? Does Shakespeare allow him any traits that enlist the sympathies?

53. Considering *2 Henry VI.* as a unit, how does Act IV. contribute to the resolution?

ACT FIFTH.

54. With what pretext does York appear with his armed force? What leads him to declare his real purposes?

55. How does young Richard Plantagenet declare himself in Sc. i.? What does he afterwards become?

56. Who go over to the cause of York?

57. What is the result of the battle of Saint Alban's as concerns the cause of York?

58. To what action is Henry stirred?

For general questions see end of *3 Henry VI.*

The Third Part of
King Henry VI.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. The Duke of York reaches London in advance of the King, and is seated by Warwick upon the throne. There the weak-kneed monarch shortly afterwards finds him; nor can he move him from his seat till York is promised the kingly succession after Henry's death. Neither of the rival houses long abides by the treaty. The haughty Queen Margaret becomes enraged at the prospect of her son's deposition, and herself musters an army against York, who is defeated and slain.

II. York's sons, Edward and Richard, though much depressed by these tidings, take heart again upon being joined by the powerful Warwick. The royal forces are engaged once more near Towton. The battle is fiercely fought, but at length the King's—or, more properly, the Queen's—forces are routed. Edward proceeds to London to mount the throne as Edward IV.

III. Having witnessed Edward's coronation, Warwick crosses over to France to obtain for the new sovereign the hand of the Princess Bona. At the French court he encounters Queen Margaret and her son, who had come to implore the French King's aid in their cause. This is almost granted when the arrival of Warwick changes the aspect of affairs, and Edward's overtures are successful. Just at this moment, however, letters from England bear intelligence that Edward has married Lady Elizabeth Grey. Naturally both the King of

France and Warwick are incensed at the broken faith. Warwick then and there becomes reconciled with Queen Margaret, who is also promised French forces to renew the struggle.

IV. Warwick hurries back to England, surprises Edward by forced marches, takes the crown from his head, and gives it back to Henry, who has been languishing in the Tower. But Edward in turn escapes from Warwick's surveillance, and takes refuge in Burgundy, where he recruits fresh troops. Upon returning to England he proceeds to his dukedom of York, and soon gathers strength enough to march on London. The impotent Henry is again seized and consigned to the Tower.

V. Edward meets Warwick in an engagement near Barnet, and the great earl, whose deeds have given him the title of "King-maker," is slain. A still more decisive battle is fought and won against Queen Margaret and the remnants of the Lancastrian forces, supported by the French, on the plains of Tewksbury. Queen Margaret is taken prisoner, and her son is stabbed to the heart by the three brothers of York. Henry's weak, troubled reign is ended by a dagger-thrust at the hands of Edward's brother, Richard of Gloucester; while Edward assumes the crown so bloodily striven for, amid every prospect of peace for himself and security for his infant son. Destiny has not yet revealed the sinister intentions of the ambitious Gloucester.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

King Henry.

The Poet, with his instinctive judgement, has given the King a much higher character than the chroniclers assign to him. Their relations leave little doubt upon our minds that his imbecility was very nearly allied to

utter incapacity; and that the thin partition between weakness and idiocy was sometimes wholly removed. But Shakspere has never painted Henry under this aspect: he has shown us a king with virtues unsuited to the age in which he lived; with talents unfitted for the station in which he moved; contemplative amidst friends and foes hurried along by a distempered energy; peaceful under circumstances that could have no issue but in appeals to arms; just in thought, but powerless to assert even his own sense of right amidst the contests of injustice which hemmed him in. The entire conception of the character of Henry, in connection with the circumstances to which it was subjected, is to be found in the Parliament-scene of the *Third Part of Henry VI.* This scene is copied from the *Contention*, with scarcely the addition or alteration of a word. We may boldly affirm that none but Shakspere could have depicted with such marvellous truth the weakness, based upon a hatred of strife—the vacillation, not of imbecile cunning, but of clear-sighted candour—the assertion of power through the influence of habit, but of a power trembling even at its own authority—the glimmerings of courage utterly extinguished by the threats of "armed men," and proposing compromise even worse than war. We request our readers to peruse this scene in the *Second Part of the Contention*, and endeavour to recollect if any poet besides Shakspere ever presented such a reality in the exhibition of a mind whose principles have no coherency and no self-reliance; one moment threatening and exhorting his followers to revenge, the next imploring them to be patient; now urging his rival to peace, and now threatening war; turning from the assertion of his title to acknowledge its weakness; and terminating his display of "words, frowns, and threats" with

"Let me but reign in quiet while I live."

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

III.

The Characters of Richard II. and Henry VI.

The characters and situations of both these persons are so nearly alike that they would have been completely confounded by a commonplace poet. Yet they are kept quite distinct in Shakespear. Both were kings, and both unfortunate. Both lost their crowns owing to their mismanagement and imbecility; the one from a thoughtless, wilful abuse of power, the other from an indifference to it. The manner in which they bear their misfortunes corresponds exactly to the causes which led to them. The one is always lamenting the loss of his power which he has not the spirit to regain; the other seems only to regret that he had ever been King, and is glad to be rid of the power, with the trouble; the effeminacy of the one is that of a voluptuary, proud, revengeful, impatient of contradiction, and inconsolable in his misfortunes; the effeminacy of the other is that of an indolent, good-natured mind, naturally averse to the turmoils of ambition and the cares of greatness, and who wishes to pass his time in monkish indolence and contemplation. Richard bewails the loss of the kingly power only as it was the means of gratifying his pride and luxury; Henry regards it only as a means of doing right, and is less desirous of the advantages to be derived from possessing it than afraid of exercising it wrong. In knighting a young soldier, he gives him ghostly advice:—

> "Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,
> And learn this lesson,—draw thy sword in right."

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

IV.

Queen Margaret.

In the third part of *Henry VI.*, Margaret, engaged in the terrible struggle for her husband's throne, appears

to rather more advantage. The indignation against Henry, who had pitifully yielded his son's birthright for the privilege of reigning unmolested during his own life, is worthy of her, and gives rise to a beautiful speech. We are here inclined to sympathize with her; but soon after follows the murder of the Duke of York; and the base, revengeful spirit and atrocious cruelty with which she insults over him, unarmed and a prisoner—the bitterness of her mockery, and the unwomanly malignity with which she presents him with the napkin stained with the blood of his youngest son, and "bids the father wipe his eyes withal," turn all our sympathy into aversion and horror. York replies in the celebrated speech beginning—

> She-wolf of France, and worse than wolves of France,
> Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth—

and taunts her with the poverty of her father, the most irritating topic he could have chosen.

By such a woman as Margaret is here depicted such a speech could be answered only in one way—with her dagger's point—and thus she answers it. .

It is some comfort to reflect that this trait of ferocity is not historical; the body of the Duke of York was found, after the battle, among the heaps of slain, and his head struck off; but even this was not done by the command of Margaret.

In another passage, the truth and consistency of the character of Margaret are sacrificed to the march of the dramatic action, with a very ill effect. When her fortunes were at the very lowest ebb, and she had sought refuge in the court of the French king, Warwick, her most formidable enemy, upon some disgust he had taken against Edward IV., offered to espouse her cause, and proposed a match between the prince her son and his daughter Anne of Warwick—the "gentle Lady Anne" who figures in *Richard III.* In the play, Margaret embraces the offer without a moment's hesitation: we are disgusted by her versatile policy, and a meanness of spirit

in no way allied to the magnanimous forgiveness of her terrible adversary. The Margaret of history sternly resisted this degrading expedient. She should not, she said, pardon from her heart the man who had been the primary cause of all her misfortunes. She mistrusted Warwick, despised him for the motives of his revolt from Edward, and considered that to match her son into the family of her enemy from mere policy was a species of degradation. It took Louis XI., with all his art and eloquence, fifteen days to wring a reluctant consent, accompanied with tears, from this high-hearted woman.

The speech of Margaret to her council of generals before the battle of Tewksbury (V. iv. 1 *et seq.*) is as remarkable a specimen of false rhetoric as her address to the soldiers, on the eve of the fight, is of true and passionate eloquence.

She witnesses the final defeat of her army, the massacre of her adherents, and the murder of her son; and though the savage Richard would willingly have put an end to her misery, and exclaims very pertinently—

> Why should she live to fill the world with words?

she is dragged forth unharmed, a woful spectacle of extremest wretchedness, to which death would have been an undeserved relief.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

V.

Richard.

The dire and ominous shadow of the historic Richard is thrown nearly a generation backward. It is also deepened and darkened by the aid of the blacker interpretation of Richard left by Sir Thomas More. Holinshed's Richard is the ruthless champion of his House, who slays Henry only "to the intent that his brother Edward might reign with more surety"; the dramatic Richard is "himself" and for himself alone. But even the dramatic

Richard does nothing, in the present play, which the champion of his House might not do; and thus the two sublime monologues (III. ii., V. vi.) in which he lays bare, with the terrific candour of Tamburlane, the policy of his egoism, are only intelligible as preludes to the wonderful drama in which Shakespeare, now at length escaping from the traces of Greene and from the Marlowe alliance if not as yet altogether from his spell, worked out the destiny of the great avenger of the crimes of Lancaster.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

VI.

Warwick and Clifford.

Warwick and Clifford are appropriate specimens of the old English feudal baronage in the height of its power and splendour; a class of men brave, haughty, turbulent, and rough, accustomed to wield the most despotic authority on their estates, and therefore spurning at legal restraint in their public capacity; and individually able, sometimes, to overawe and browbeat both king and Parliament. In the play, however, we see little of their personal traits, these being, for the most part, lost in the common habits and sentiments of their order; not to mention that, in the collision of such steel-clad champions, individual features are apt to be kept out of sight, and all distinctive tones are naturally drowned in the clash of arms. It is mainly what they stand for in the public action, that the drama concerns itself about, not those characteristic issues which are the proper elements of a personal acquaintance. Yet they are somewhat discriminated: Clifford is more fierce and special in his revenge, because more tender and warm in his affections; while Warwick is more free from particular hate, because his mind is more at ease in the magnitude of his power, and the feeling of his consequence. It is said that not

less than thirty thousand persons lived daily at the tables of his different castles and manors. Add to this, that his hospitality was boundless, his dispositions magnificent, his manners captivating, his spirit frank, forthright, and undesigning, and it may well be conceived why his "housekeeping won the greatest favour of the commons," insomuch that, though but an earl in style, he could in effect force kings to reign as viceroys under him. Holinshed speaks of him thus: "Full fraught was this nobleman with good qualities right excellent and many, all which a certain natural grace did so far forth recommend, that with high and low he was in singular favour and good liking, so as, unsought-for it seemed, he grew able to command all alone." And his bearing in the play is answerable to the character that history assigns him; though it were to be wished, that in the doings of the king-maker the Poet had given us more taste of the individual man.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Battling of the Base.

The play commences with abject meanness on his [King Henry's] part in bartering the hopes of his heir for his personal immunity and ease during life, and the hollow compromise he relies on is presently broken through by his own party, as well as that of York, and with equal guilt of perjury on either side. Instability and faithlessness are active also between members of the same party, and Exeter, the fleeting Clarence and Warwick desert and return under the influence of the merest personal whims and piques and self-interest. All the other virtues but valour in its lowest dogged form appear to have taken leave of society; in no direction that we can turn is an effort apparent that claims our confidence and deserves our sympathy, and the state of affairs is

represented that has occurred more than once among the civil convulsions nearer to our own time, though happily not in our own country—high motive and good faith utterly wanting, or if found together unsupported by even ordinary sagacity, application and courage. In such a case the strongest right, much more its merest shadow, forfeits the vantage-ground of natural strength to the very basest ambition guided by first-rate talents, energy and courage; and when the battle at last turns between contenders who are all destitute of right and virtue, the victory will surely fall to him who with the best or an equal capacity is the most treacherous, prompt and pitilessly unsparing. The better and indeed the greater strength of the consistency of right is lost, and the consistency of wrong has the reversion of supremacy and bears down all before it, though only in its onward and downward course to its own destruction. It is by title of such steady and overruling consistency that the house of York triumphs at last, and that within that house the last prize is destined inevitably for Richard, the most able, steadfast, daring and unscrupulous of all. This destiny is distinctly indicated in the present play, and the hint is given too in the prediction about Richmond, that, if wickedness is rising to a head and ripening, the sickle is also preparing that is to raze it to the ground. For the rest the progress of the contest decimates a turbulent nobility and leads us to anticipate a quieter world in days to come.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

The Henry VI. Trilogy.

Let us again take a survey of the whole trilogy. . . . We have history represented in its degeneration into civil war, which is the consequence of the original disturbance of its course and of the general demor-

alisation which increases with it. This is the theme upon which the *whole trilogy* is based, and which exhibits the two sides of life according to Shakspeare's conception. The three *parts* then show the principal stages in the development of such a state of things. History, when so degenerate, first of all casts out those that are good and noble but who are nevertheless not wholly unaffected by the spirit of their age, and at the same time shows that the great and pure are not understood and that they cannot keep themselves entirely pure. This is exhibited in the *First* Part by the events belonging to it (and hence, because appropriate here only, Shakspeare introduces Talbot's death into this First Part in violation of the laws of chronology). History then continues falling into a wild state of chaos, where right and wrong flow into one another and can no longer be distinguished, and consequently where the bad and the good, or, to speak more correctly, the bad and those that are less bad, are drawn into the general vortex. This is the second stage, of which we have a representation in the *Second* Part. Having arrived at this climax, history demands that man shall not interfere with its course, and refrain from having any determination of his own, and that he shall leave all action to that man whom it has itself chosen to restore order. It therefore punishes every uncalled-for interference as unauthorised presumption, whereas the submissive spirit is inwardly exalted and glorified through suffering and death. This is the thought which connects the events of the *Third* Part into an organic unity.

Ulrici: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

IX.

The Poet and the Plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgement will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works one will

be the best, and one will be the worst. . . . Dissimilitude of style, and heterogeneousness of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakspeare's.

JOHNSON: *General Observations on Shakspeare's Plays.*

Never attracting or affecting me quite as the other works of Shakespeare, nor indeed ever seeming to me to be his works, they had never been so perused as to engage me in spontaneous interpretation or restoration. Even up to the present hour too, of Shakespeare's close, bold, and subtle reasoning; his epigrammatic play of words and ideas; his grace and dignity of dialogue; his psychological curiosity; his metaphorical prodigality; his disclosed fruits of pensive experience; his encased kernels of consolidated thought; his touches of human nature, here finely caught, there mysteriously inspired; his world-wide illustration; his magical imagery of outward things reflected from the innermost sense of them; all involved in a stream of melody whose onflow becomes in itself pathetic;—of these from the three parts of *Henry VI.* I still miss some sensible measure.

VAUGHAN: *New Readings and New Renderings of Shakespeare's Tragedies.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the sixth.*
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his son.*
LEWIS XI., *King of France.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET.
DUKE OF EXETER.
EARL OF OXFORD.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
LORD CLIFFORD.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.,*
EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland,*
GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,*
RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloucester,* } *his sons.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF PEMBROKE.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STAFFORD.
SIR JOHN MORTIMER,
SIR HUGH MORTIMER, } *uncles to the Duke of York.*
HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a youth.*
LORD RIVERS, *brother to Lady Grey.*
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
SIR JOHN SOMERVILE.
Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.
Two Keepers. A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his father.
A Father that has killed his son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*
BONA, *sister to the French Queen.*

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, **etc.**

SCENE: *England and France.*

The Third Part of
KING HENRY VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. The Parliament-house.

Alarum. Enter the Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

War. I wonder how the king escaped our hands.
York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.
Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerously;
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
Mont. And, brother, here 's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me and tell them what I did.
[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*
York. Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.
But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!
Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.
War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. We 'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk: stay by me, my lords;
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.
[*They go up.*
War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.
York. The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council:
By words or blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let 's stay within this house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute:
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I 'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and the rest.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state: belike he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let 's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father lived.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they 'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down: he made thee Duke of York.
York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford; and that 's Richard Duke of York.
K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
York. It must and shall be so: content thyself.
War. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.
West. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chased you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.
North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I 'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!
York. Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,

And seized upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.
K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lovest and honourest arms,
Let 's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.
War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.
K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,
Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?
My title 's good, and better far than his.
War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. [*Aside*] I know not what to say; my title 's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. [*Aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.
War. Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceived: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence;
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves.*
K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:

Let me for this my life-time reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!
War. What good is this to England and himself!
West. Base, fearful and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injured both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despised!
[*Exeunt North., Cliff., and West.*
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge and therefore will not yield.
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may: I here entail
The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take and will perform.
War. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Hen. And long live thou and these thy forward sons!
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.
Exe. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes!
[*Sennet. Here they come down.*
York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I 'll to my castle.
War. And I 'll keep London with my soldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came.
[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, their Soldiers and Attendants.*
K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter Queen Margaret and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I 'll steal away.
K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.
Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.
Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.
Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:

If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son:
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.

Q. Mar. Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be forced?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais;
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let 's away;
Our army is ready; come, we 'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?
Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
Prince. When I return with victory from the field
I 'll see your grace: till then I 'll follow her.
Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.
[*Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*
K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I 'll write unto them and entreat them fair.
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.
Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Sandal Castle.

Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.
York. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your grace and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I 'll prove the contrary, if you 'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay: what news? Why comest thou in such post?

Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I 'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir John Mortimer and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need; we 'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:

A woman's general; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums: let 's set our men in order,
And issue forth and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Field of battle betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield.

Alarums. Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter Clifford and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him!

Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[*Exit, dragged off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I 'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore— [*Lifting his hand.*

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death!
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me,
Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause!
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.
[*Stabs him.*
Rut. Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ! [*Dies.*
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried 'Courage, father! fight it out!'
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, 'Charge! and give no foot of ground!'
And cried, 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!'
With this, we charged again: but, out, alas!
We bodged again; as I have seen a swan

With bootless labour swim against the tide
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*A short alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What! was it you that would be England's king?
Was 't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York! and, lords bow low to him:
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let 's hear the orisons he makes.
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death,
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God He knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,

And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies:
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say 'Alas, it was a piteous deed!'
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,

I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here 's for my oath, here 's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here 's to right our gentle-hearted king.
[*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee.
[*Dies.*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scaped,
Or whether he be 'scaped away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolved
Where our right valiant father is become.

I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompassed round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So fared our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should notwithstanding join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on
When as the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!

Edw. O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,

For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen;
For selfsame wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!
Richard, I bear thy name; I 'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquess of Montague, and their army.

War. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.
War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what 's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many moe proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, Via! to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry 'Charge upon our foes!'
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour!—
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forfend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next degree is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy

Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.
Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.
Edw. Then strike up drums: God and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?
Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.
War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors, let 's away.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, with drum and trumpets.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.
Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got
My careless father fondly gave away'?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I 'll leave my sons my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promised knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I 'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.
K. Hen. Why, that 's my fortune too; therefore I 'll stay.
North. Be it with resolution then to fight.
Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry 'Saint George!'

March. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjured Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caused him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak!
Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sunset I 'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileged to speak.
Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:
By Him that made us all, I am resolved
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,—
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—
Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tamed the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We 'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee; 170
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.
Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave!
And either victory, or else a grave.
Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman, we 'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A field of battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.

Enter Edward, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
War. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

Enter George.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;

Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I 'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I 'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,
Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,

Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory.
Forslow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland:
And here 's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother

To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee!

[*They fight. Warwick comes; Clifford flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

King. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his father, dragging in the body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who 's this? O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I 'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.

Enter a Father that has killed his son, bringing in the body.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?

Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!
O, pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!
O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country for these woful chances
Misthink the king and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

Son. I 'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit with the body.*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Even for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I 'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.
[*Exit with the body.*

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen Margaret, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after: I 'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Another part of the field.

A loud alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts.
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.

Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*

Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
And wheresoe'er he is, he 's surely dead.
[*Clifford groans and dies*

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle 's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
War. I think his understanding is bereft.
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O, would he did! and so perhaps he doth:
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.
Geo. Where 's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.
Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.
I know by that he 's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he 's dead: off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.

And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king:
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And George, of Clarence: Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester;
For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that 's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A forest in the north of England.

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

First Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we 'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

Sec. Keep. I 'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

First Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I 'll tell thee what befel me on a day
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Sec. Keep. Here comes a man; let 's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

First Keep. Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee:

This is the quondam king; let 's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

Sec. Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

First Keep. Forbear awhile; we 'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: if this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account then Margaret may win him;
For she 's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she 's come to beg, Warwick, to give;
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed;
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

Sec. Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

Sec. Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that 's enough.

Sec. Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content:
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Sec. Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath deposed;
And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

Sec. Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

Sec. Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

First Keep. No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings, command, and I 'll obey.

First Keep. Weare true subjects to the king, King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.

First Keep. We charge you in God's name, and the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. The palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Lady Grey.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glou. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I 'll make a pause.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Yea, is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Silence!
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time to know our mind.
L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, widow? then I 'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you 'll catch a blow.
Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] God forbid that! for he 'll take vantages.
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.
Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] I think he means to beg a child of her.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Nay, whip me then: he 'll rather give her two.
L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] You shall have four, if you 'll be ruled by him.
K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.
L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I 'll try this widow's wit.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.

[*Glou. and Clar. retire.*

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I 'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That 's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit:
Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay' or 'no.'
K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request;
No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
K. Edw. [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:

I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glou. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You 'ld think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glou. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That 's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glou. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.
Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Glou. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title buried—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he 'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;
And so I say, I 'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;

What other pleasure can the world afford?
I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I 'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—

Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.
I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it further off, I 'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

France. The King's palace.

Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, his sister Bona, his Admiral, called Bourbon: Prince Edward, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lew. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France: now Margaret
Must strike her sail and learn a while to serve
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,

Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: [*Seats her by him*] yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banish'd man,
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,

Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I 'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

Enter Warwick.

K. Lew. What 's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France? [*He descends. She ariseth.*

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. [*Aside*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. [*To Bona*] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,

Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time

To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.
[*They stand aloof.*

Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:
[*To War.*] Yet I confess that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason that I be released
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,

You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace,
Proud setter up and puller down of kings!
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.
[*Post blows a horn within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. [*To War.*] My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:
[*To Lewis*] These from our king unto your majesty:
[*To Margaret*] And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not. [*They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were nettled:
I hope all 's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoped joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the Lady Grey?
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:

This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him and return to Henry.
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I 'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He 's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,

Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore at last I firmly am resolved
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what 's past, go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
There 's thy reward: be gone. [*Exit Post.*

K. Lew. But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That if our queen and this young prince agree,

I 'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt all but Warwick.*

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I 'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

London. The palace.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.

Glou. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?
Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.
Glou. And his well-chosen bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended; Lady Grey, as Queen; Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings, and others.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick,
Which are so weak of courage and in judgement
That they 'll take no offence at our abuse.
K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glou. And shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
Glou. Not I:
No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd

Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's queen.
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.
Clar. Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.
Glou. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased
By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.
Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Mont. But the safer when 'tis back'd with France.
Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God and with the seas,
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.
Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.
Glou. And yet methinks your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;

She better would have fitted me or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgement,
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleased his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislike, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glou. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.
[*Aside.*

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?

Post. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters? 91

Post. At my depart, these were his very words:
'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride.'

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
'Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.' 100

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

Post. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.'

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Post. He, more incensed against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:
'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong, 110
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud
words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Post. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*

Glou. [*Aside*] Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*
But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me;
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.
Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!
Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
Glou. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
K. Edw. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French soldiers.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where Somerset and Clarence come!
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings: 11
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,

And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.
[*They all cry, 'Henry!'*
Why then, let 's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Edward's camp, near Warwick.

Enter three watchmen, to guard the King's tent.

First Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The king by this is set him down to sleep.

Second Watch. What, will he not to bed?

First Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

Second Watch. To-morrow then belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

Third Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

First Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiefest friend.

Third Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?
Second Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.
Third Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
First Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
Second Watch. Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French soldiers, silent all.

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
First Watch. Who goes there?
Second Watch. Stay, or thou diest!

[*Warwick and the rest cry all, 'Warwick! Warwick!' and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying, 'Arm! arm!' Warwick and the rest following them.*

The drum playing and trumpet sounding, re-enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in his gown, sitting in a chair. Richard and Hastings fly over the stage.

Som. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is
The duke.
K. Edw. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted,
Thou call'dst me king.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgraced me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:
[*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I 'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.
[*They lead him out forcibly.*

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit, guarded.*

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that 's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?
Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?
Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surprised at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe,
Riv. These news I must confess are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Q. Eliz. Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.
Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
Q. Eliz. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—
I 'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, Sir William Stanley, and others.

Glou. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And, often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertised him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with horse and men
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.
Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

Glou. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord,
And ship from thence to Flanders.

Glou. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glou. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glou. Come then, away; let 's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

London. The Tower.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,

And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure I 'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee:
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous:
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,

As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands:
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent,
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though loath, yet must I be content:
We 'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determined.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat, for I command no more,
That Margaret your queen and my son Edward
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. [*Lays his hand on his head*] If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend?

Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?

Post. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloucester
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.
[*Exeunt all but Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.*

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts

What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let 's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arrived
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glou. The gates made fast! Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man, abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I 'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward at least is Duke of York.
May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.
Glou. [*Aside*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He 'll soon find means to make the body follow.
Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.
May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*They descend.*
Glou. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!
Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with drum and soldiers.

Glou. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?
Montg. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.
Montg. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*The drum begins to march.*
K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while, and we 'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
Montg. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you 'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I 'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glou. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we 'll make our claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
Glou. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Montg. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hast. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Flourish.*

Sold. Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king
of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.

Montg. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks unto
you all:
If fortune serve me, I 'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let 's harbour here in York;
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We 'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we 'll meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day,
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

London. The palace.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Exeter, and Oxford.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Hen. Let 's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;

Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st:
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let 's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt all but King Henry and Exeter.*

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That 's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame:

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within, 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'*

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize upon the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence;
And once again proclaim us king of England.
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with King Henry.*

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

Glou. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Coventry.

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others upon the walls.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
First Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?
Second Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*
War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.
Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.
Glou. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!
War. O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,

That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.
War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.
Glou. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
Glou. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I 'll do thee service for so good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this:
What is the body when the head is off?
Glou. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace.
And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.
Glou. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glou. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they no doubt
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We 'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glou. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glou. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love!
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*Taking his red rose out of his hat.*
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee—
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends:
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,

For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.
Glou. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.
War. O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.
K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.
Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!
[*Exeunt King Edward and his company. March. Warwick and his company follow.*

Scene II.

A field of battle near Barnet.

Alarum and excursions. Enter King Edward, bringing forth Warwick wounded.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.
Now, Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.
[*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth
And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun.
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again:
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed his last;

And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said 'Commend me to my valiant brother.'
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That mought not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
'O, farewell, Warwick!'

War. Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.
[*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[*Here they bear away his body. Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
The very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glou. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assured
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertised by our loving friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.
Strike up the drum; cry 'Courage!' and away.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is 't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while!
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that 's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there 's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.

If any such be here—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he 's deceived; we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and March. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,

Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.
[*Alarum: Retreat: Excursions. Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Soldiers; with Queen Margaret, Oxford, and Somerset, prisoners.

K. Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I 'll not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*
Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glou. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

Glou. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glou. By heaven, brat, I 'll plague ye for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glou. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are:
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.
[*Stabs him.*

Glou. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[*Stabs him.*

Clar. And there 's for twitting me with perjury.
[*Stabs him.*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glou. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.

Glou. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glou. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I 'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glou. The Tower, the Tower. [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child:
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What 's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;
Here sheathe thy sword, I 'll pardon thee my death:
What, wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.
Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?
Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.
K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.
Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince!
[*Exit, led out forcibly.*
K. Edw. Where 's Richard gone?
Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He 's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let 's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

London. The Tower.

Enter King Henry and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant, on the walls.

Glou. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?
K. Hen. Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter; 'good' was little better:
'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not 'good lord.'

Glou. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glou. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was limed, was caught and kill'd.

Glou. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy
Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?

Glou. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glou. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth,—an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou camest to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou camest—

Glou. I 'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech:
[*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Glou. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be alway shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither:
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word 'love,' which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buz abroad such prophecies
That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
And then, to purge his fear, I 'll be thy death.
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting myself but bad till I be best.
I 'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.
[*Exit, with the body.*

Scene VII.

London. The palace.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Queen Elizabeth, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, a Nurse with the young Prince, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace:
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glou. [*Aside*] I 'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:

Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.
K. Edw. Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.
Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.
Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.
Glou. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.
[*Aside*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried, 'all hail!' when as he meant all harm.
K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.
Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.
K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abodements, bad omens; IV. vii. 13.
Aboding, boding; V. vi. 45.
Adventure, enterprise; IV. ii. 18.
Advertised, informed; II. i. 116.
Æsop; an allusion to the belief that he was humpbacked (hence the application of the name to Richard Crookback); V. v. 25.
Aims at, (1) endeavours to obtain, III. ii. 68; (2) aim, guess, III. ii. 68.
Alms-deed, act of charity; V. v. 79.
Apparent, heir-apparent; II. ii. 64.
Appointed; "well a.," well equipped; II. i. 113.
Argosy, merchant ship; II. vi. 36.
Arrived, reached, arrived at; V. iii. 8.
As, that; I. i. 234.
Assay, try, essay (Collier, "*essay*"); I. iv. 118.
Attended, waited for; IV. vi. 82.
Awful, awe-inspiring; II. i. 154.

Balm, consecrated oil; III. i. 17.
Bands, bonds; I. i. 186.
Bandy, beat to and fro; I. iv. 49.
Basilisk, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; III. ii. 187.

From an illuminated MS. of XIVth century.

Battle, army, body of troops; I. i. 8, 15.
Beaver, helmet; I. i. 12.
Belgia, Belgium; IV. viii. 1.
Belike, I suppose; I. i. 51.
Bells, "shake his bells," an allusion to the small bells attached to hawks, to frighten the birds hawked at; I. i. 47.
Betimes, in good time, before it is too late; V. iv. 45.
Bewray, betray; I. i 211.
Bishop's Palace, the Palace of the Bishop of London; V. i. 45.

Blaze, burn; V. iv. 71.
Blood-sucking sighs, referring to the old belief that with each sigh the heart lost a drop of blood; IV. iv. 22.
Bloody, blood-thirsty, cruel; I. iii. 2.
Blunt, rough; IV. viii. 2.
Bodged, yielded, gave way, budged (Johnson conj. "*budged*," Collier conj. "*botch'd*"); I. iv. 19.
Bootless, useless; I. iv. 20.
Boots, avails; I. iv. 125.
Broach'd, begun; II. ii. 159.
Bruit, rumour, report; IV. vii. 64.
Buckle, join in close fight (Theobald's correction [from Quartos] of Folios, "*buckler*"); I. iv. 50.
Buckler, shield; III. iii. 99.
Bug, bugbear; V. ii. 2.
But, except; IV. vii. 36.
Buy, aby, pay for (Grant White, "*by*," from "*abie*" Quarto 1); V. i. 68.

Callet, a woman of bad character; II. ii. 145.
Captivates, makes captive; I. iv. 115.
Case; "if c.," if it be the case, if it happen (Folio 4, "*In case*"); V. iv. 34.
Chafed, infuriated; II. v. 126.
Challenge, claim; IV. vi. 6.
Chameleon, a kind of lizard whose colour changes; III. ii. 191.
Channel, gutter (Roderick conj. "*kennel*"); II. ii 141.
Charm, silence, as by a charm; V. v. 31.
Chase, pursuit, game; II. iv. 12.
Cheerly, cheerfully; V. iv. 2.
Chid, driven by scolding; II. v. 17.
Close, secret; IV. v. 17.
Colours, standards, ensigns; I. i. 91.
Conveyance, trickery; III. iii. 160.
Convey'd, carried off; IV. vi. 81.
Cony, rabbit (Folio 1, "*Connie*," Folio 2, "*Conny*"); I. iv. 62.
Coverture, covert, shelter (Warburton, "*overture*"); IV. ii. 13.

Darraign, range; II. ii. 72.
Dazzle, "d. mine eyes," are my eyes dazzled?; II. i. 25.
Dearest, best, most precious; V. i. 69.
Deck, pack of cards; V. i. 44.
Delicates, delicacies; II. v. 51.
Demean'd, behaved; I. iv. 7.
Depart, death, II. i. 110; departure, going away, IV. i. 92.
Departing, parting; II. vi. 43.
Despite, spite, malice; II. i. 59.
Detect, betray; II. ii. 143.
Disannuals, annuls, cancels; III. iii. 81.
Done, done with, finished with; IV. i. 104.
Done his shrift, heard the confession and granted absolution; III. ii. 107.
Doubt, fear; IV. viii. 37.

Doubted, feared; IV. iii. 19.
Downright, straight dawn; I. i. 12.

Eager, bitter; II. vi. 68.
Ean, bring forth young (Folios 1, 2, "*Eane*"; Theobald, "*yean*"); II. v. 36.
Effuse, effusion; II. vi. 28.
Embassade, embassy (Capell, from Quartos, "*embassage*"); IV. iii. 32.
Empty, hungry; I. i. 268.
Encounter, fight, combat; V. iii. 5.
Enlargement, release from confinement; IV. vi. 5.
Extraught, extracted, derived; II. ii. 142.

Falchion, scimitar, sword; I. iv. 12.
Fear, affright, terrify; III. iii. 226.
Fear'd, affrighted, frightened (Rowe, "*scar'd*"); V. ii. 2.
Fearful, timorous, I. i. 25; II. ii. 30; terrible, dreadful, II. ii. 27.
Fence, defend, guard; II. vi. 75.
Figures, reveals; II. i. 32.
Fires, dissyllabic; II. i. 83.
Foil, defeat; V. iv. 42.
Fondly, foolishly; II. ii. 38.
For, as regards; IV. iii. 48.
Forfend, forbid; II. i. 191.
Forgery, lie, deception; III. iii. 175.
Forlorn; "a f.," an outcast (Collier MS., "*all forlorn*"); III. iii. 26.
Forslow, delay (Folios 1, 2, "*Foreslow*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Fore-slow*"); II. iii. 56.
Forspent, exhausted (Folios, "*Forespent*"; Rann (from Quartos), "*Sore spent*"); II. iii. 1.
Forward of, eager for; IV. viii. 46.
Fretting, violently agitating; II. vi. 35.

Gallant, spruce fellow, used ironically; V. v. 12.
Gallia, Gaul; V. iii. 8.
Ghostly, spiritual; III. ii. 107.
Gin, snare; I. iv. 61.
Government, self-control; I. iv. 132.
Grant, granting, bestowing; III. iii. 130.

Hand; "out of h.," at once; IV. vii. 63.
Haply, fortunately; II. v. 58.
Hard-favour'd, hard-featured, ugly; V. v. 78.
Hasty, rash, passionate (Walker conj. "*lusty*"; Cartwright conj. "*hardy*"); IV. viii. 2.
Haught, haughty; II. i. 169.
Have at thee, take care, be warned; II. iv. 11.
He, man; I. i. 46.
Head, making, raising an army; II. i. 141.
Heir, heiress; IV. i. 48.
Henry, trisyllabic; I. i. 107.
Hold, stronghold; I. ii. 52.
Homely, humble; II. v. 22.
Honesty, chastity; III. ii. 72.

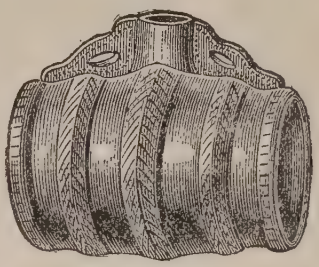
Hour (dissyllabic); II. v. 26, 31, 32, 33, etc.
Hyrcania, a country on the Caspian Sea; I. iv. 155.

Icarus, the son of Dædalus, who, attempting to imitate the example of his father and fly on wings, was drowned (Ovid, *Meta.* viii.); V. vi. 21.
Impale, encircle; III. iii. 189.
Impeach, reproach; I. iv. 60.
Indigested, shapeless; V. vi. 51.
Inferring, bringing forward; II. ii. 44.
Injurious, insulting, III. iii. 78; unjust, III. iii. 101.
Inly, inward; I. iv. 171.
Inviolable, not to be broken; II. i. 30.
Irks; "it i.," it pains; II. ii. 6.

Keeper with cross-bow; III. i. *Cp.* illustration.

From an illuminated MS. of the XVth century, in the National Library, Paris.

Lade, ladle, bale out; III. ii. 139.
Lane, passage; I. iv. 9.
Laund, lawn, glade (Capell, "*lawn*"); III. i. 2.
Level, aim; II. ii. 19.
Leather bottle; II. v. 48. (*Cp.* annexed illustration, from a specimen in the Roach-Smith collection.)



Leather bottle.

Lime, join, cement; V. i. 84.
Limed, caught by bird-lime; V. vi. 13.
'Long, along of, owing to; (Folios, "*long*"); IV. vii. 32.

Machiavel, used proverbially for a crafty politician; III. ii. 193.
Magnanimity, heroic bravery; V. iv. 41.
Malapert, pert, saucy; V. v. 32.
Male, male-parent; V. vi. 15.
Man at arms, armed knight; V. iv. 42.
Manhood, bravery, courage; IV. ii. 20.
Marches, country-borders; II. i. 140.

Masquers; III. iii. 224. *Cp.* illustration.

From an illumination in the Harl. MS. of Froissart.

Meeds, deserts, merits; II. i. 36.
Mermaid, siren; III. ii. 186.
Mess, set of four, "as at great dinners the company was usually arranged into fours" (Nares); I. iv. 73.
Mind, mean, have a mind; IV. i. 8.
Misdoubteth, distrusts; V. vi. 14.
Misthink, misjudge; II. v. 108.
Moe, more; II. i. 170.
Motion, proposal; III. iii. 244.
Mought, the reading of the Folios; might, could (Capell [Quartos], *"could"*; Pope, *"might"*); V. ii. 45.
Muse, marvel, wonder; III. ii. 109.

Naked, unarmed; V. iv. 42.
Napkin, handkerchief; I. iv. 79.
Narrow seas, English Channel; IV. viii. 3.
Neat, horned cattle; II. i. 14.
Nestor, the oldest and wisest hero before Troy; III. ii. 188.
Nice, subtile, sophistical; IV. vii. 58.

Obsequious, lavish of obsequies; II. v. 118.
Of, instead of, from being; III. iii. 25.
Only, alone (Pope, *"alone"*); IV. i. 45.
Overgone, overcome; II. v. 123.
Overpeer'd, looked down upon, towered above; V. ii. 14.

Pale, enclose, encompass; I. iv. 103.
Parcel, part; V. vi. 38.
Passing, surpassing; V. i. 106.
Passion, violent sorrow; I. iv. 150.
Period, end, finish; V. v. 1.
Pies, magpies; V. vi. 48.
Pinch'd, bitten; II. i. 16.
Pitiful, merciful; III. ii. 32.
Place; "in p.," present; IV. i. 103.
Pleaseth; "him p.," it pleases him; II. vi. 105.
Pleasure, give pleasure (Folios 2, 3, 4, *"please"*; Collier MS., *"please you too"*); III. ii. 22.
Poltroons, cowards (Folios, *"Poultroones"*); I. i. 62.
Post, messenger; V. i. 1.

From a tract entitled *A speedy Post, with a Packet of Letters and Compliments*, n.d.

Post, haste; I. ii. 48.
Post, hasten; I. ii. 55.
Posted off, put off carelessly; IV. viii. 40.
Power, force, army; II. i. 177.
Prancing, bounding; II. i. 24.
Preachment, high-flown discourse; I. iv. 72.
Prepare, preparation; IV. i. 131.
Prescription, right derived from immemorial custom; III. iii. 94.
Presenteth, represents (Steevens, "*present*"); II. v. 100.
Presently, immediately; I. ii. 36.
Pretend, assert; IV. vii. 57.
Prick, mark, dial-point; I. iv. 34.
Prize, privilege (Warburton [from Quartos], "*pride*"; Walker conj. "*praise*"); II. i. 20.
Proteus, the marine god, who had the faculty of assuming whatever shape he pleased; III. ii. 192.

Quaintly, pleasantly; II. v. 24.
Quit, requite, reward; III. iii. 128.

Racking, moving as clouds; II. i. 27.
Ragged, rugged (Folios, "*raged*"); V. iv. 27.
Ramping, rampant; V. ii. 13.
Raught, reached (Folios 3, 4, "*caught*"); I. iv. 68.
Remorse, pity, compassion; III. i. 40.
Rends, tears asunder (Folios, "*rents*"); III. ii. 175.
Repair, repairing hither (Folios 1, 2, "*repayre*"; Folios 3, 4, "*repair*"); V. i. 20.
Resolve, come to a determination; I. i. 49.
Respect; "in r.," in comparison; V. v. 56.
Rest, remain; V. ii. 8.
Resteth, remaineth; I. ii. 44.
Retire, retreat flight; II. i. 150.
Revolt, fall off; I. i. 151.
Rhesus, the Thracian King, who came to the assistance of Troy, but was slaughtered at night by Ulysses and Diomede; IV. ii. 20.
Rids; "r. way," *i.e.* gets rid of distance; V. iii. 21.
Rook'd, squatted; V. vi. 47.
Roscius, the most celebrated actor of ancient Rome (Pope's emendation; Folios, "*Rossius*"; Hanmer [Warburton], "*Richard*"); V. vi. 10.
Ruinate, ruin; V. i. 83.
Ruthful, piteous (Folios 3, 4, "*rueful*"); II. v. 95.

Sadness, seriousness; III. ii. 77.
Sanctuary, the sanctuary at Westminster, which afforded protection from any persecution; IV. iv. 31.
Scrupulous, "too nice in determinations of conscience"; IV. vii. 61.
Self-place, self-same place, very place; III. i. 11.

Selfsame, the selfsame (Hanmer, "*th'* self-*same*"); II. i. 82.
Sennet, a particular set of notes on the cornet or trumpet; I. i. 206.
Septentrion, the North; I. iv. 136.
Service; "do thee s.," become thy servitor; V. i. 33.
Shame-faced, bashful; IV. viii. 52.
Ship, take ship (Folio 1, "*shipt*"; Vaughan conj. "*shipp'd*"); IV. v. 21.
Shoot, shot; III. i. 7.
Shriver, confessor; III. ii. 108.
Shrouds, sail-ropes; V. iv. 18.
Sicils, Sicilies; I. iv. 122.
Silly, innocent, helpless, II. v. 43; petty, poor; used contemptuously, III. iii. 93.
Sinew together, knit in strength (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*sinow t.*"); II. vi. 91.
Sinon, the Greek who persuaded the Trojans to carry the wooden horse into Troy; III. ii. 190.
Sith, since; I. i. 110.
Slaughter-man, slayer, butcher; I. iv. 169.
Sleight, artifice, trickery (Rowe, "*slight*"); IV. ii. 20.
Sometime, sometimes; II. ii. 30.
Soothe, to assent to as being true, to humour (Folios, "*sooth*"; Rann, Heath conj. "*smooth*"); III. iii. 175.
Sort, crew, set; II. ii. 97.
Sorts, turns out well; II. i. 209.
Spite, vexation, mortification; V. i. 18.
Spite of spite, come the worst that may; II. iii. 5.
Spleen; "heated s.," fiery impetuosity, heat (Warburton, "*hated spleen*"); II. i. 124.
Sport, disport, amuse; II. v. 34.
Stale, laughing-stock, dupe; III. iii. 260.
State, station, rank; III. ii. 93.
Stay, linger; III. iii. 40.
Stigmatic, one branded by nature with deformity; II. ii. 136.
Stout, brave; IV. ii. 19.
Strategems, dreadful deeds Folios 1, 2, "*stragems*"); II. v. 89.
Strike; "to s.," to lower sail; V. i. 52.
Strike sail, lower, let down sail; III. iii. 5.
Success, result, issue; II. ii. 46.
Suddenly, quickly; IV. ii. 4.
Suffer'd, allowed to have way; IV. viii. 8.
Suspect, suspicion; IV. i. 142.

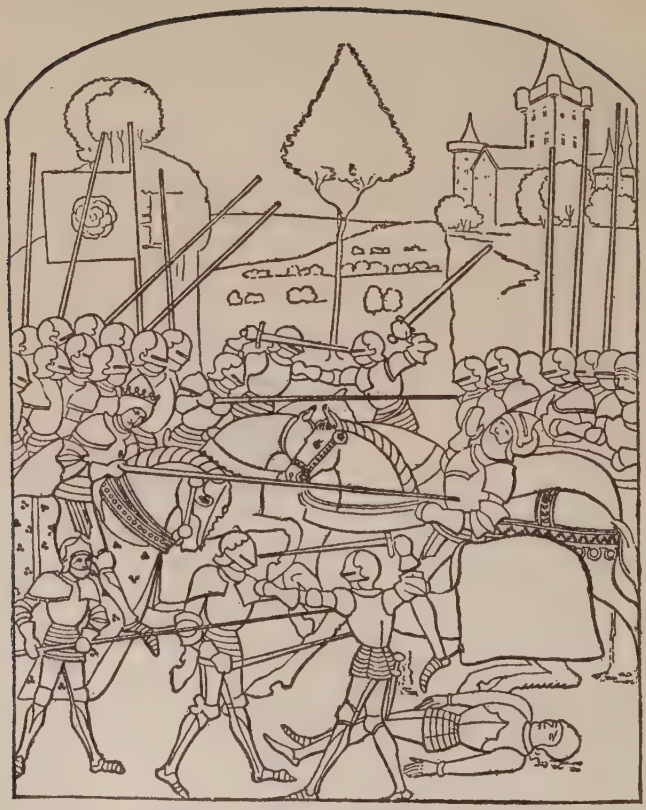
Tacklings, cordage, rigging (trisyllabic); V. iv. 18.
Tainted, touched, moved; III. i. 40.
Take on, be furious; II. v. 104.
Temper with the stars, act and think in conformity with fate; IV. vi. 29.
Time; "take the t.," improve the opportunity; V. i. 48.
Tire on, seize and feed on ravenously; I. i. 269.

Title, claim, right (Grey conj. "*tale*"); III. i. 48.
Toward, bold; II. ii. 66.
Trow'st, thinkest (Folios, "*trowest*"); V. i. 85.
Troy; "the hope of T.," *i.e.* Hector; II. i. 51.
Trull, harlot; I. iv. 114.
Trumpet, trumpeter; V. i. 16.
Type, sign, badge (*i.e.* the crown), (Lloyd conj. "*style*"); I. iv. 121.

Ulysses, the famous king of Ithaca; III. ii. 189.
Unbid, unbidden, unwelcome; V. i. 18.
Unconstant, inconstant; V. i. 102.
Undoubted, fearless (Capell conj. "*redoubted*"); V. vii. 6.
Unreasonable, not endowed with reason; II. ii. 26.
Untutor'd, uninstructed, raw; V. v. 32.
Unwares, unawares; (Folio 4, "*unawares*"; Hanmer, "*un'wares*"; Vaughan conj. "*unware*"); II. v. 62.
Usest, art accustomed; V. v. 75.
Valued, rated, estimated; V. iii. 14.
Vantages, advantages; III. ii. 25.
Venom, venomous, poisonous (Capell [from Quarto 3], "*venom'd*"); II. ii. 138.
Via, away! an interjection of encouragement; II. i. 182.
Visard-like, like a mask; I. iv. 116.
Vowed, sworn; III. iii. 50.

Waft over, carry over the sea; III. iii. 253.
Waned, declined (Folios, "*wained*"); IV. vii. 4.
Water-flowing, flowing like water, copious; IV. viii. 43.
Wean me, alienate myself (Folios 1, 2, "*waine*"; Folios 3, 4, "*wain*"); IV. iv. 17.
Weeping-ripe, ready to weep; Folios, "*weeping ripe*"); I. iv. 172.
When? an exclamation of impatience; V. i. 49.
Willow garland, the emblem of unhappy love; III. iii. 228.
Wind, scent; III. ii. 14.
Wisp of straw, a mark of disgrace placed on the heads of scolds; II. ii. 144.
Wit, wisdom; IV. vii. 61.
Witch, bewitch; (Folios, "*'witch*"); III. ii. 150.
Withal, with; III. ii. 91.
Witty, full of wit, intelligent; I. ii. 43.

Younker, stripling; II. i. 24.



The Battle of Barnet.
From a contemporary MS. preserved in the Public Library at Ghent.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 11. '*dangerously*,' Theobald's correction (from Quartos); Folios, '*dangerous*.'

I. i. 18. '*But is your grace*'; Pope, '*Is his grace*'; Capell, '*Is your grace*'; Malone (from Quartos), '*What, is your grace*'; Steevens, '*What, 's your grace*'; Lettsom, '*What, Is your grace*.'

I. i. 19. '*hope*'; Capell, '*end*'; Dyce (Anon. conj.), '*hap*.'

I. i. 34. '*thrust you out perforce*'; Rowe, '*thrust you out by force*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*put us out by force*.'

I. i. 36. '*council*'; Pope's emendation of Folios 1, 2, '*counsaile*'; Folio 3, '*counsell*'; Folio 4, '*counsel*.'

I. i. 41. '*And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice*'; Quartos, '*be deposde*'; as the line stands in the Folios 'Henry' must be either dissyllabic or monosyllabic.

I. i. 55. '*You both have vow'd*'; Folio 4, '*you have both vow'd*'; Pope, '*you vow'd*'; Collier MS., '*you have vow'd*'; Collier conj. '*both have vow'd*'; Vaughan conj. '*you both vow'd*.'

I. i. 56. '*favourites*'; Capell, '*favourers*.'

I. i. 62. '*poltroons, such as he*'; Folio 1, '*Poultroones, such as he*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Poultroones, and such is he*'; Folio 4, '*Poltroons, and such is he*'; Capell, '*poltroons, and such as he*.'

I. i. 70. '*Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*Far be it from the thoughts of Henry's heart*.'

I. i. 76. '*I am thine*'; Rowe, '*Henry, I am thine*'; Theobald (from Quartos), '*Thou 'rt deceiv'd, I 'm thine*.'

I. i. 78. '*The earldom was*,' *i.e.* the earldom of March, by which he claimed the throne; Theobald (from Quartos), '*The kingdom is*.'

I. i. 83. '*and that's*'; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*that's*'; Quartos, '*and that is*'; Collier, '*that is*.'

I. i. 105. '*Thy father*'; '*Thy*,' Rowe's correction (from Quartos) of Folios, '*My*'; '*father*'; Capell conj. '*uncle*.'

I. i. 144. *'his crown'*; Johnson, *'his son'*; Dr. Percy pointed out that Richard II. had no son; Capell (from Quartos), *'tne crown'*; Vaughan, *'his line'*; Wordsworth, *'the throne.'*

I. i. 171. *'for this my life-time reign as king,'* the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'for this time,'* etc.: Theobald (from Quartos), *'but reign in quiet, while I live.'*

I. i. 261. *'from,'* the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4, and Quartos; Folio 1, *'to.'*

I. i. 268. *'cost,'* so Folios; Hanmer, *'truss'*; Warburton, *'coast,' i.e.* 'watch and follow, or hover round'; Steevens, *'cote'*; Jackson, *'court'*; Dyce, *'souse.'* Warburton's emendation is generally adopted by modern editors.

I. ii. 16. *'any'*; Dyce, *'an.'* (?) *'But for a kingdom may an oath be broken.'*

I. ii. 38. *'shalt to the Duke of Norfolk'*; the reading of Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4, *'shalt be D. of N.'*; Rowe, *'shall go to the D. of N.'*; Pope, *'shalt to th' D. of N. go'*; Steevens, *'shalt unto the D. of N.'*; Vaughan, *'shalt straight to the D. of N.'*

I. ii. 40. *'Lord Cobham'*; Hanmer, *'Lord of Cobham.'*

I. iii. 48. *'Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ'*; *i.e.* 'The gods grant that this be the sum of thy glory' (Ovid, *Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon*).

I. iv. 109. *'sake'*; Capell (from Quartos), *'death.'*

I. iv. 150. *'passion moves'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'passions move'*; Folio 1, *'passions moues.'*

I. iv. 152, 153. *'That face of his the hungry cannibals Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood'*; Warburton's arrangement (from Quartos); printed as three lines in Folios, ending *his . . . toucht . . . blood.* For *'with blood'* Folios 2, 3, 4 read *'the roses just with blood'*; Theobald, *'the roses juic'd with blood'*; Hanmer, *'the roses just i' th' bud'*; Collier MS., *'the rose's hues with blood.'*

I. iv. 169. *'to all'*; Capell (from Quartos), *'of all.'*

II. i. 20. *'Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son'*; so Folios; Warburton (from Quartos), *'pride.'*

II. i. 113. Omitted in Folios, added by Steevens (from Quartos).

II. i. 131. *'idle,'* Capell's emendation (from Quartos) of Folios, *'lazy.'*

II. i. 146. *'Your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,' i.e.* Isabel, daughter of John I. King of Portugal, by Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt; she was, therefore, really third cousin to Edward, and not aunt.

II. i. 182. *'to London will we march amain'*; Theobald's emendation (from Quartos); Folios read *'to London will we march'*; Hanmer, *'straight to London will we march.'*

II. i. 190. *'fail'st'*; Steevens, *'fall'st'*; Quartos, *'faints.'*

II. ii. 47-48. *cp.* Greene's *Royal Exchange*:—"It hath been an old proverb, that happy is that son whose father goes to the devil," etc.

II. ii. 147. *'Although thy husband may be Menelaus,' cp. Troilus and Cressida*, V. i. 61, where Thersites calls Menelaus "the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds."

II. ii. 172. *'deniest,'* Warburton's correction (from Quartos); Folios 1, 2, *'denied'st'*; Folios 3, 4, *'deni'dst.'*

II. ii. 177. *'these'*; Capell (from Quartos), *'thy.'*

II. iii. 37. *'Thou setter up and plucker down of kings*; *cp. Daniel* ii. 21, "He removeth kings and setteth up kings."

II. iii. 43. *'in earth'*; the reading of Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'in the earth'*; Pope, *'on earth.'*

II. iii. 49. *'all together,'* Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'altogether.'*

II. iii. 53. *'wear'*; Collier MS., *'wore'*; Collier (ed. 2), *'ware.'*

II. v. 26. *'make'*; Folios, *'makes.'*

II. v. 38. *'months'*; Rowe, *'weeks, months.'*

II. v. 44. *'rich embroidered canopy'*; embroidery was a favourite occupation in this period, as is illustrated by the accompanying drawing from the MS. *Bibl. Reg.* 2 B. vii.

Embroidery (see note on II. v. 44).

II. v. 60. *'as this dead man doth me'*; Hanmer, *'as this dead man to me'*; Wordsworth, *'as this dead doth to me.'*

II. v. 80. *'hast,'* the reading of Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, *'hath.'*

II. v. 87. *'kill,'* Rowe's correction of Folios, *'kills.'*

II. v. 92, 93. *'O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon, And hath bereft thee of thy life too late'*; much has been written on these lines, the difficulty being in the words *'too late'*; the simplest meaning of the phrase seems to be *'when too late'*; others explain *'too late'* = 'too recently.' The Quartos read *'too late'* in the first line, and *'too soon'* in the second.

The force of the crude couplet seems to be:—O boy, too soon thy father gave thee life (better thou had'st never been born!); too late he discovers that the fatal blow was aimed at *thee*.

II. v. 119. '*Even*,' Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*Men*'; Folio 4, '*Man*'; Rowe, '*Sad*'; Mitford, '*Mere*'; Delius (Mitford conj.) '*Son*'; Collier MS., '*E'en*'; Keightley conj. ''*Fore men*' or '*To men*'; Anon. conj., '*Main*,' etc.

II. vi. 6. '*And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts*,' Rowe's reading; Folios, '*fall. Thy*'; Rann, '*fall, that*'; Johnson conjectured '*fall, the*'; '*commixture melts*,' Steevens' correction (from Quartos); Folio 1, '*Commixtures melts*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Commixtures melt*.'

II. vi. 8. Omitted in Folios. Restored by Theobald (from Quartos).

II. vi. 17. Omitted by Capell, following Quartos.

II. vi. 42-45. The assignment to the speakers is due to Capell, following Quartos, which here are more correct than Folios.

II. vi. 80. '*If this right hand would buy two hours' life*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*would this right hand buy but an hour's life*'; Folio 1, '*two hours*''; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*but two hours*'.'

II. vi. 82. '*This hand should*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*I'd*.'

II. vi. 100. '*in thy shoulder*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*on thy s*.'

III. i. '*Enter two keepers*'; Folios, '*Enter Sinklo and Humfrey*'; "as Sinklo is certainly the name of an Actor who is mentioned in the stage directions in *The Taming of the Shrew* (Ind. i. 86), and in *Henry IV*., Part II. (Act v. Sc. 4), there is a great probability that Humphrey is the name of another Actor; perhaps, as Malone suggests, Humfrey Jeaffes. Neither of these is mentioned in the list of 'Principall Actors' prefixed to the first Folio" (Camb. Editors).

III. i. 13. '*Enter King Henry, disguised, with a Prayer-book*,' Malone's emendation; Folios, '*Enter the King with a Prayer booke*'; Collier MS., adds, '*disguised as a Churchman*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*Enter King Henrie disguisde*.'

III. i. 14. '*To greet mine own land with my wishful sight*'; Rann (from Quartos), '*and thus disguis'd to greet my native land*.'

III. i. 17. '*wast*,' the reading of Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, '*was*.'

III. i. 24. '*thee, sour adversity*'; Dyce's emendation; Folios, '*the sower Adversaries*'; Pope, '*these sour adversities*'; Clarke's Concordance, '*these sour adversaries*'; Delius, '*the sour adversities*.'

III. i. 55. *'thou that talk'st,'* etc.; Rowe's emendation; Quartos, *'thou that talkes,'* etc.; Folios, *'thou talk'st,'* etc.; Collier, *'thou talkest,'* etc.

III. i. 60. *'and that's enough'*; Rann (from Quartos), *'though not in shew.'*

III. i. 97. *'We charge you, in God's name, and the king's'*; *'You'*; Anon. conj., *'you now'* or *'you then'*; *'and the king's'*; Rowe, *'and in the king's.'*

III. ii. 2. *'Richard'*; the reading of Folios and Quartos; Pope (from Hall), *'John.'*

III. ii. 3. *'lands'*; Capell's correction (from Quartos); Folios, *'land.'*

III. ii. 6-7. *'In quarrel of the House of York,'* etc.; but in reality Sir John Grey fell in the second battle of St. Albans, fighting on the side of King Henry.

III. ii. 32. *'then'*; Quartos, *'them.'*

III. ii. 108. *''twas for shift'*; so Folios 1, 2; Folio 3 reads, *''twas for a shift'*; Folio 4, *'it was for a shift.'*

III. ii. 110. *'very sad'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'sad.'*

III. ii. 119. *'your prisoner'*; the reading of Folios; Capell (from Quartos), *'as prisoner'*; Id. conj., *'a prisoner.'*

III. ii. 143. *'Flattering me with impossibilities'*; Pope, *'Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible'*; (*'me'* = 'myself').

III. ii. 156. *'shrub'*; Quartos, *'shrimpe.'*

III. ii. 170. *'Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head'*; the reading of Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'Until this . . . head'*; Pope, *'Until the . . . head'*; Thirlby, *'Until the head of this mis-shapen trunk'*; Hanmer, *'Until the head this mis-shap'd trunk doth bear,'* etc.

III. ii. 193. *'the murderous Machiavel'*; Warburton (from Quartos), *'th' aspiring Catiline'*; Folios 1, 2, *'Macheuill'*; Folio 4, *'Matchevil.'*

III. iii. 3. *'while Lewis doth sit'*; Rowe, *'whiles Lewis sits'*; Pope, *'while Lewis sits.'*

III. iii. 11. *'seat'*; Walker conj. *'state.'*

III. iii. 42. *'waiteth on true sorrow'*; Warburton, *'waiting rues to-morrow.'*

III. iii. 45. *'Our'*; Collier MS., *'The'*; Vaughan conj. *'Proud.'*

III. iii. 75. *'thy'*; Johnson, *'thee.'*

III. iii. 96. *'thirty and six years'*; Quartos, *'thirtie and eight'*; the correct number, according to Malone.

III. iii. 124. *'an eternal plant'*; Warburton's emendation (from

Quartos); Folios read *'an externall p.'*; Hanmer, *'a perennial p.'*

III. iii. 127. *'Exempt from envy, but not from disdain'*; *i.e.* not liable to malice or hatred, altho' not secured from female disdain.

III. iii. 133. *'tempted'*; Vaughan, *'temper'd.'*

III. iii. 156. *'Warwick, peace'*; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'Warwick.'*

III. iii. 228. *'I'll,'* Capell (from Quartos); Folios read *'I.'*

III. iii. 233, 234. *'But, Warwick, Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men'*; Theobald, *'But, Warwick, Thyself and . . . men'*; Hanmer, *'But Warwick, thou Thyself and . . . men'*; Steevens, *'But Warwick, thou And . . . men'*; Collier MS., *'But, Warwick, thou And . . . warlike men'*; Keightley, *'But, Warwick, Thou and Lord . . . men'*; Anon. conj., *'But, Warwick, thou And . . . men of mine.'* Perhaps, as an anonymous scholar has suggested, the line should be read as an Alexandrine.

III. iii. 242. *'Mine eldest daughter'*; the reading of Folios (following Quartos); Theobald (from Holinshed), *'my younger d.'* It was, however, Anne, Warwick's second daughter, whom Edward married.

III. iii. 253. *'Shalt,'* the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'Shall.'*

IV. i. 13. *'our'*; Capell, *'your.'*

IV. i. 17. *'And shall'*; Rowe, *'And you shall'*; Walker, *'Ay and shall,'* or *'Marry, and shall.'*

IV. i. 41. *'But the safer'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Yes, but the safer'*; S. Walker conj. *'But then the safer'*; Keightley, *'Ay, but the safer'*; Anon. conj., *'But yet the safer'*; Vaughan, *'But all the safer'*; Folio 2, *'safter.'*

IV. i. 42. *'using'*; Vaughan, *'losing.'*

IV. i. 66. *'brother's'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'Brothers'*; Anon. conj., *'brothers'.'*

IV. i. 73, 74. *'dislike . . . Doth'*; Folios, *'dislikes . . . Doth'*; Rowe, *'dislikes . . . Do.'*

IV. i. 89, 90. *'therefore, in brief, Tell me'*; Folio 1, *'Therefore, in briefe, tell me'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Therefore, in briefe, tell'*; Pope, *'So tell.'*

IV. i. 93. *'thy'*; Rowe (from Quartos); Folios, *'the.'*

IV. i. 118. *'elder . . . younger'*; Folios (from Quartos); Theobald, *'younger . . . elder.'*

IV. i. 126. *'the love'*; Pope, *'love.'*

IV. i. 128. *'Yet am I arm'd'*; Vaughan, *'Yet am I warn'd.'*

IV. ii. 12. *'Sweet Clarence'*; Pope, *'friend'*; Capell, *'Clarence.'* Many modern editions omit *'but.'*

IV. ii. 15. *'towns'*; Theobald (Thirlby conj.); Folios, *'town.'*

IV. ii. 21. It had been prophesied that if the horses of the Thracian Rhesus drank of the Xanthus and grazed on the Trojan plains, the Greeks would never take Troy. Wherefore Diomede and Ulysses killed him at night, and carried off his horses. *Vide* Iliad, x.; Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* xiii. 98-108, 249-252; Virgil, *Æneid,* i. 469-473.

IV. iii. 14. *'keeps'*; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, *'keepes'*; Theobald, *'keepeth'*; Hanmer, *'keeps here'*; Vaughan, *'keeps out'*; Keightley, *'field here.'*

IV. iii. 15. *'more dangerous'*; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'the more d.'*; Hanmer, *'dangerous.'*

IV. iii. 41. *'Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?'*; Pope, *'Brother of C., and art thou here too?'*; Capell, *'Yea, brother of C., and art thou here too?'*

IV. iii. 55. *'tell what answer'*; Pope, *'tell you what reply'*; Capell, *'tell his grace what answer'*; Keightley, *'tell him what answer'*; Anon. conj., *'tell the duke what answer'*; Dyce, *'tell him there what answer.'*

IV. iv. 11. *'new committed'*; Rowe, *'now committed.'*

IV. iv. 19. *'is it that makes me bridle passion'*; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, *'is it . . . my passion'*; Folio 4, *'is . . . my passion"*; Rowe, *'is it . . . in my passion'*; Pope, *'is't . . . in my passion'*; Vaughan, *'is it, makes . . . passion.'*

IV. v. 16. *'brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings'*; Pope, *'brother Glo'ster, Hastings'*; Collier MS., *'brother of Gloster, Hastings.'*

IV. v. 21. *'Flanders'*; Vaughan suggests the addition of the words, *'as I guess.'*

IV. vi. 55. *'be confiscate'*; Malone's emendation; Folio 1, *'confiscate'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'confiscated.'*

IV. vii. 8. *Ravenspurgh,* the name of a sea-port in Yorkshire; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'Rauenspurre'*; Quartos 1, 3, *'Raunspur'*; *'Ravenspurgh haven before'*; Pope omits *'haven'*; Steevens conj. *'fore.'*

IV. vii. 30. *'A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded'*; *'captain'* probably trisyllabic; Keightley, *'I' faith, a wise'*; Collier MS., *'captain he'*; Delius (Lettsom conj.), *'capitain'*; Cartwright, *'captain, faith'*; Pope, *'persuaded soon.'*

IV. vii. 57. *'shall'*; Capell (from Quartos), *'should.'*

IV. viii. In the Folios, Somerset is named in the stage direction, though he had gone with young Richmond into Brittany. The mistake arose, as the Cambridge Eds. point out, from the Quartos, in which Scenes vi. and viii. form but one.

IV. viii. 2. '*hasty Germans*'; S. Walker, '*lusty*'; Cartwright, '*hardy.*'

IV. viii. 43. '*water-flowing tears*'; Capell, '*water-flowing eyes*'; Collier MS., '*bitter-flowing tears*'; Vaughan, '*wet o'er-flowing tears.*'

IV. viii. 61. '*hoped-for hay*'; Quartos, '*hope for haie*'; Malone proposed, altogether unnecessarily, to change the words to '*hope for aye.*'

V. i. 6. '*Daintry,*' popular pronunciation of Daventry.

V. i. 50. '*I had*'; Pope, '*I'd.*'

V. i. 73. '*Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset*'; "Edmund, slain at the battle of St. Alban's, 1455; and Henry, his son, beheaded after the battle of Hexham, 1463" (Ritson).

V. i. 78. '*whom an*'; Rowe's emendation; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*whom, an*'; Folio 1, '*whom, in.*'

V. i. 86. '*That Clarence is*'; Steevens conj. '*Clarence, so harsh, so blunt*'; Quartos, '*so harsh*' (*so blunt* omitted); Collier conj. '*so harsh, so blind*'; Mitford, '*so harsh*' or '*so blunt*'; S. Walker, '*blunt-unnatural*'; Anon. conj., '*brute-unnatural.*'

V. i. 91. '*Jephthah's*'; Rowe, '*Jepthah's*'; Folios 1, 2, '*Iephah*'; Folios 3, 4, '*Jepthah.*'

V. ii. 44. '*clamour,*' Warburton's reading from Quartos; Folios, '*cannon.*'

V. ii. 47-49. The arrangement of the lines in the Quartos; they form three lines in Folios, and have been variously arranged by editors.

V. iii. 5. '*our glorious sun,*' alluding to the cognizance of Edward.

V. iv. 18. '*The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings*'; S. Walker, '*Our . . . our,*' or '*These . . . our,*' etc.; Cartwright, '*Our . . . the,*' etc.; Pope, '*tacklings still*'; Johnson, '*tackling still*'; '*tacklings*' is evidently trisyllabic in this passage.

V. iv. 75. '*mine eyes*'; Capell (from Quartos); Folios, '*my eye.*'

V. v. 1. '*Now here*'; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Now here's*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*Lo, here.*'

V. v. 2. '*Hames*'; the reading of Quartos and Folios; '*Ham*' in Picardy; Rowe reads '*Hammes*'; Hanmer, '*Holmes*'; Capell, '*Hammes*'; Delius, '*Ham's.*'

V. v. 38. *'thou'*; Rowe (from Quarto 3); Folios (Quartos 1, 2), *'the.'*

V. v. 50. *'The Tower, the Tower'*; Capell's reading; Folios, *'Tower, the Tower'*; Theobald (from Quartos), *'The Tower, man, the Tower!—I'll root 'em out'*; Steevens, *'The Tower, man, Tower!'*

V. v. 77, 78. Steevens' reading, which is nearest to Quartos; Folio 1, *'Where is that devil's butcher, Richard? Hard favor'd Richard,'* etc.

V. vi. 20. *'fool'*; Seymour conj. (from Quartos) *'fowl.'*

V. vi. 41. *'Men for their sons, wives for their husbands'*; Anon. conj. (from Quartos), *'Wives for their husbands, fathers for their sons'*; Folio 1, *'sonnes, . . . husbands'*; Folio 2, *'sonnes, . . . husbands fate'*; Folios 3, 4, *'sons . . . husbands fate'*; Warburton, *'sons . . . husbands' fate'*; Knight, *'sons' . . . husbands,'* etc.

V. vi. 45. *'aboding luckless time'*; Quartos, *'aboding . . . tune'*; Theobald, *'a boding . . . tune.'*

V. vi. 48. *'discords'*; Grant White (from Quartos), *'discord.'*

V. vi. 51. *'To wit, an indigested and deformed lump'*; Capell (from Quartos), *'to wit an indigest deformed lump'*; Dyce (Capell conj.) omits *'to wit.'*

V. vi. 79. After this line, Theobald inserts from Quartos, *"I had no father, I am like no father.'*

V. vii. 30. The Camb. editor quotes from Steevens:—"In my copy of the second Folio, which had belonged to King Charles the First, his Majesty has erased *Cla.* and written *King* in its stead. Shakespeare, therefore, in the catalogue of his restorers, may boast a Royal name."

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

9. The circumstances of old Clifford's death are here stated as they really were. The historical discrepancies in these plays have already been frequently pointed out. Of course the personal fight of York and Clifford in the former play was for dramatic effect; and here the author probably fell back upon the historical facts without thinking of his preceding fiction.

14. *brother*:—In this play York and Montague are made to address each other several times as *brothers*. Perhaps the dramatist thought that John Neville, Marquess of Montague, was brother to York's wife, whereas he was her nephew. Montague was brother to the Earl of Warwick; and the Duchess of York was half-sister to their father, the Earl of Salisbury.

105. *Thy father was . . . Duke of York*:—His father was *not* Duke of York, but Earl of Cambridge, and even that title was forfeited, leaving this duke plain Richard Plantagenet, until he was advanced by the King. Accordingly, Exeter has said, a few lines before, "He *made* thee Duke of York." So that here we have another discrepancy, and that in the same Scene.

190. They go away, not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been conquered, and seek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but passion.

204. *reconciled*:—The terms of this compromise are thus given in Hall and Holinshed: "After long debating of the matter

amongest the peeres, prelats, and commons, upon the vigill of Allsaints it was condescended, for so much as King Henrie had beene taken as king by the space of thirtie and eight yeares and more, that he should injoy the name and title of king, and have possession of the realme during his naturall life. And if he either died, or resigned, or forfeited the same by breaking or going against anie point of this concord, then the said crowne and authoritie roiall should immediately be devoluted and come to the Duke of Yorke, if he then lived; or else to the next heire of his linage. And that the Duke of Yorke from thense foorth should be protectour and regent of the land."

239. *Falconbridge*:—This was Thomas, natural son of William Neville Lord Falconbridge, who was uncle to Warwick and Montague. He had been appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends should escape untaken or undrowned.

272. *cousin*:—Henry Holland, this Duke of Exeter, was cousin german to the King, his grandfather, John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon and Duke of Exeter in the time of Richard II., having married Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter to John of Ghent by his first wife. The earldom of Huntingdon was his inheritance, and he was created Duke of Exeter in 1444.

Scene II.

22, 23. "The obligation of an oath is here avoided," says Johnson, "by a very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain a usurper (taken from the unlawfulness of the oath itself), in the foregoing play, was rational and just."

59. From the hollow reconciliation signified in the foregoing Scene, both parties went directly to preparing for war. The battle of Wakefield followed soon after.

Scene III.

39. *ere I was born*:—Edmund, Earl of Rutland, was born May 17, 1443; the battle of Saint Alban's, where Clifford's father was killed, took place May 22, 1455. At that time, therefore, Rutland

was in his thirteenth year, and in his eighteenth at the time of his death, December 30, 1460. However, Hall and Holinshed make him to have been seven at the former time and twelve at the latter. The *one son* of the Lord Clifford here was named Henry, and, says Holinshed, "was brought up with a sheepheard in poore habit, ever in feare to be knowne, till King Henrie the seventh obteined the crowne, by whom he was restored to his name and possessions." He is the subject of Wordsworth's *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.* This grand lyric closes thus:—

> "Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
> The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more;
> And, ages after he was laid in earth,
> 'The good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

47. *therefore, die*:—This savage slaughter of Rutland is thus related by Hall: "Whilst this battle was in fighting, a priest called Sir Robert Aspall, chaplain and schoolmaster to the young Earl of Rutland, perceiving that flight was more safeguard than tarrying, both for himself and his master, secretly conveyed the earl out of the field, by the Lord Clifford's band, towards the town: but ere he could enter into a house he was by the said Lord Clifford espied, followed, and taken, and by reason of his apparel demanded what he was. The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees imploring mercy, and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and making dolorous countenance; for his speech was gone for fear. Save him, said his chaplain, for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the Lord Clifford marked him, and said, By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so I will do thee and all thy kin: and with that word he struck the earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade his chaplain bear the earl's mother and brother word what he had said and done."

Scene IV.

1 *et seq.* The story of the battle here described by York is thus told by the chronicler: "The Duke of Summerset and the Queenes part appointed the Lord Clifford to lie in one stale, and the Earle of Wiltshire in another, and the duke with the other to keepe the maine battell. The Duke of Yorke descended downe the hill in good order and arraie; but when he was in the plaine betweene his castell and the towne of Wakefield, he was in-

vironed on everie side, like fish in a net, so that, though he fought manfullie, yet was he within halfe an houre slaine, and his whole armie discomfited."

108. *do him dead*:—The piece of exquisite inhumanity, which furnished the basis of this scene, is thus narrated by the chroniclers: "The same Lord Clifford came to the place where the dead corpse of the Duke of Yorke laie, caused his head to be striken off, and set on it a crowne of paper, fixed it on a pole, and presented it to the Queene, not lieng farre from the field, in great despite; at which great rejoising was showed: but they laughed then that shortlie after lamented, and were glad then of other mens deaths, that knew not their owne to be so neere at hand." Thus far Holinshed copies Hall, and then adds the following: "Some write that the duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a molehill; on whose head they put a garland in steed of a crowne, which they had fashioned and made of serges or bulrushes; and, having so crowned him, they kneeled downe afore him, as the Jewes did unto Christ, in scorne, saieng to him, 'Haile, king without rule, haile, king without heritage, haile, duke and prince without people or possessions.' And at length, having thus scorned him with these and diverse other the like despiteful words, they stroke off his head, which they presented to the Queene."

180. "After this victorie," says Holinshed, "the Earle of Salisburie and all the prisoners were sent to Pomfret, and there beheaded; whose heads, togither with the Duke of Yorkes head, were conveied to Yorke, and there set on poles over the gate of the city."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

25. *three suns*:—The battle of Mortimer's Cross took place February 2, 1461, and the event of the text is spoken of by the chroniclers as having happened on the morning of that day: "At which time the sunne, as some write, appeared to the Earle of March like three sunnes, and suddenlie joined altogither in one. Upon which sight he tooke such courage, that he fiercelie setting on his enimies put them to flight: and for this cause men imagined, that he gave the sunne in his full brightnesse for his badge or cognizance."

27. *racking*:—The original of this word is *reek*. *Rack*, noun, however, formerly meant the highest and therefore lightest clouds; and perhaps the verb is here used in the sense of the noun. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. xiv. 9, 10: "That which is now a horse, even with a thought the *rack* dislimns and makes it indistinct."

48, 49. *O, speak no more*, etc.:—The generous tenderness of Edward, and savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their different reception of their father's death.

141. The second battle of Saint Alban's, of which Warwick here tells the story, took place February 17, 1461. The account is for the most part historically true. Of course it will be understood that the king was at that time in the keeping of those who were really fighting against him, though nominally with his sanction; and the effect of the battle was to release him from their hands, and restore him to his friends, who under the leading of the Queen were seeking to break up the compromise that had been forced through in the late Parliament.

142 *et seq.* This is slightly at variance with fact. The dramatist anticipates. York's sons, George and Richard, the one being then in his twelfth year, the other in his ninth, were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return till Edward had taken the crown. And the Duchess of Burgundy was not their *aunt*, but their third cousin.

Scene II.

73, 74. *I would your highness*, etc.:—Hall tells us that the Queen was "fortunate in hir two battels, but unfortunate was the King in all his enterprises; for where his person was present the victorie fled ever from him to the other part."

Scene III.

[*A field of battle*, etc.] Soon after the second battle of Saint Alban's, Edward, coming fresh from his victory at Mortimer's Cross, united his forces with those under Warwick and Montague, and marched straight to London, which he knew was altogether of his faction. A few days later, a great council being held, it was resolved that Henry, by joining the Queen's forces, had broken the late compact, and forfeited the crown to Edward, the heir to

Richard late Duke of York. Edward then made harangues to the people, who with shouts and acclamations, ratified the sentence of the council; whereupon he was proclaimed King. This was done March 4, 1461. The 12th of the same month he started northward with a large army, intending to finish the war at one stroke. "King Henrie," says Holinshed, "having his armie in readinesse, committed the governance thereof to the Duke of Summerset, the Earle of Northumberland, and the Lord Clifford, as men desiring to revenge the death of their parents, slaine at the first battell at saint Albons."

15. *Thy brother's blood*:—"The Lord Clifford," according to Holinshed, "determined to make a charge upon them that kept the passage of Ferrybridge; and so he departed with his light horsemen, and earlie, yer his enimies were aware, slue the keepers, and wan the bridge. The lord Fitz Walter, hearing the noise, suddenlie rose out of his bed, and, thinking it had been a fraie amongst his men, came downe to appease the same; but yer he knew what the matter meant was slaine, and with him *the bastard of Salisburie, brother to the Earle of Warwicke*."

24. *I'll kill my horse*, etc.:—Holinshed says that "when the Earle of Warwicke was informed" of the affair treated in the preceding note, "like a man desperat, he mounted on his hacknie, and hasted puffing and blowing to King Edward, saieng, 'Sir, I praie God have mercie of their soules, which in the beginning of your enterprise have lost their lives.' With that he lighted downe, and slue his horse with his sword, saieng, 'Let him flee that will, for surelie I will tarrie with him that will tarrie with me.'"

Scene V.

3. *blowing of his nails*:—This seems to have been a mode of whiling away one's time, when one could do nothing else or had nothing else to do.

5 *et seq.* So in Holinshed: "This deadlie conflict continued ten houres in doubtfull state of victorie, uncertainlie heaving and setting on both sides."

21 *et seq.* "This speech," says Johnson, "is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the King, and makes a pleasing interchange by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity." There are preserved some verses attributed to King

Henry VI. which are in a strain of the same pensive moralizing character. They are here subjoined, that the reader may compare them with the congenial thoughts the dramatist has attributed to him:—

"Kingdoms are but cares;
State is devoid of stay;
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.

Pleasure is a privy game,
Which vice doth still provoke;
Pomp unprompt; and fame a flame;
Power a smouldering smoke.

Who meaneth to remove the rock
Out of his slimy mud,
Shall mire himself, and hardly scape
The swelling of the flood."

77, 78. *let our hearts,* etc.:—Johnson's interpretation of this is probably right: "The state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be like that of the kingdom in a civil war; all shall be destroyed by a power formed within themselves." Of course these instances of unwitting parricide and filicide are meant to illustrate generally the horrors of this civil war. They were suggested, no doubt, by a passage in Hall concerning the battle of Towton: "This conflict was in manner unnatural, for in it the son fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew against the uncle, and the tenant against his lord."

139. The great battle of Towton was fought March 29, 1461, the day after the action at Ferrybridge. Its effect was to fix the crown on the brow of Edward. Holinshed's account of it is mainly copied from Hall: "This battell was sore foughten, for hope of life was set aside on either part, and taking of prisoners proclaimed a great offense; so everie man determined to vanquish or die in the field. But in the end King Edward so couragiouslie comforted his men, that the other part was discomfitted and overcome; who, like men amazed, fled toward Tadcaster bridge to save themselves, where in the mid waie is a little brooke called Cocke, not verie broad, but of great deepnesse, in which, what for hast to escape, and what for feare of their followers, a great number was drowned. It was reported that men alive passed the river upon dead carcasses, and that the great river of Wharfe whereinto

that brooke dooth run, and all the water comming from Towton, was coloured with bloud. The chase continued all night and the most part of the next daie, and ever the northerne men, as they saw anie advantage, returned againe, and fought with their enimies, to the great losse of both parts. For in these two daies were slaine, as they that knew it wrote, on both parts six and thirtie thousand seven hundred threescore and sixteene persons, all Englishmen and of one nation."

Scene VI.

[*Enter Clifford, wounded.*] In the old play the stage direction adds, *with an arrow in his neck.* It is thought that Beaumont and Fletcher ridiculed this by introducing Ralph, the grocer's prentice, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle,* with *a forked arrow through his head.* The circumstance is related by Holinshed: "The lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget, suddenlie with an arrow (as some saie) without a head, was striken into the *throte,* and immediately rendered his spirit."

56-59. *Bring forth . . . speak*:—In the Quarto this speech stands thus:—

> "Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
> That nothing sung to us but blood and death:
> Now his evil-boding tongue no more shall speak."

So in *Richard III.,* IV. iv. 509: "Out on you, *owls! nothing but songs of death?*"

77-84. *What, not an oath,* etc.:—This most characteristic speech is but slightly altered from the Quarto: "Could such a union of sarcastic humour and bloody-thoughtedness," asks Hudson, "have sprung from any but the author of Richard's character as developed in the play which bears his name?"

85, 86. *off with the traitor's head,* etc.:—So the chroniclers: "After this great victorie, King Edward rode to Yorke; and first he caused the heads of his father, the Earle of Salisburie, and other his freends, to be taken from the gates, and to be buried with their bodies, and there he caused the Earle of Devonshire and three other to be beheaded, and set their heads in the same place."

107. *Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous*:—Holinshed, after

Hall, winds up the story of "the good Duke Humphrey's" death with the following: "Some thinke that the name and title of Glocester hath beene unluckie to diverse, as Hugh Spenser, Thomas of Woodstoke, and this Duke Humfrie; which three persons by miserable death finished their daies, and after them King Richard the Third also. So that this name is taken for an unhappie stile, as the proverb speaketh of Sejans horsse, whose rider was ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

9. *for the time . . . tedious*:—That—or in order that—the time may not seem tedious: a mode of expression often found in the old writers.

13. [*Enter King Henry,* etc.] The dramatist here leaps over something more than four years of military and parliamentary slaughter. After the battle of Towton the King fled into Scotland, and from thence sent the Queen and the Prince to France. In October, 1463, the Queen returned to Scotland with a small power of men, and soon after, having obtained a great company of Scots, she entered England with the King. At first the Lancastrian cause had a gleam of success, but was again crushed at the battle of Hexham, in April, 1464. After this overthrow the King escaped a second time into Scotland; and it was upon his second return in June, 1465, that he was taken, somewhat as is represented in this Scene. Such, at least, is the account given by Hall and Holinshed.

23. *let's seize upon him*:—We have already mentioned the taking of King Henry. Lingard probably has the truth of the matter. His account differs from that of the chroniclers. He tells us that after the battle of Hexham the King "sought an asylum among the natives of Lancashire and Westmoreland, a people sincerely devoted to his interests. Their fidelity enabled him for more than a year to elude the vigilance and researches of the government; but he was at last betrayed by the perfidy of a monk of Abingdon, and taken by the servants of Sir James Harrington, as he sat at dinner in Waddington hall in Yorkshire. At Islington he was met by Warwick, who ordered that no one should show him any respect, tied his feet to the stirrups as a

prisoner, led him thrice round the pillory, and conducted him to the Tower. There he was treated with humanity, but kept in the most rigorous confinement for some years."

53, 54. *O Margaret,* etc.:—"The piety of Henry," observes Steevens, "scarce interests us more for his misfortunes than this his constant solicitude for the welfare of his deceitful Queen."

Scene II.

1-7. This seems a very needless departure from fact. Grey's lands were not seized by the Queen, who conquered in the second battle of Saint Alban's, where he fell, but by King Edward after the victory at Towton. Shakespeare has the matter correctly in *Richard III.,* I. iii.:—

> "In all which time you and your husband Grey
> Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
> And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
> In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?"

117. *Her suit is granted*:—The first meeting of Edward with the lady Elizabeth is thus noted in the *Chronicles*: "The King, being on hunting in the forest of Wichwood beside Stonistratford, came for his recreation to the manor of Grafton, where the Duchesse of Bedford then sojourned, wife to Sir Richard Woodvile Lord Rivers, on whome was then attendant a daughter of hirs, called the Ladie Elizabeth Graie, widow of Sir John Graie knight, slaine at the last battell of saint Albons. This widow, having a sute to the King for such lands as hir husband had given hir in jointure, so kindled the Kings affections, that he not onelie favoured hir sute, but more hir person. For she was a woman of a more formall countenance, than of excellent beautie; and yet both of such beautie and favour, that with hir sober demeanour, sweete looks, and comelie smiling, neither too wanton nor too bashfull, besides hir pleasant toong and trim wit, she so alured and made subject unto hir the heart of that great prince, that, after she had denied him to be his paramour, with so good maner, and words so well set as better could not be devised, he finallie resolved with himselfe to marrie hir, not asking counsell of anie man, till they might perceive it was no bootie to advise him to the contrarie of that his purpose."

124 *et seq.* This speech of Gloucester's is a great enlargement

and improvement upon the Quarto. Nevertheless, the most characteristic parts are found there, insomuch that no one, it should seem, can well avoid the conclusion, that the original form of the speech could have come from none other than the delineator of the full-grown Richard. But the reader may judge for himself:—

> Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
> Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
> That from his loins no issue might succeed,
> To hinder me from the golden time I look for:
> For I am not yet look'd on in the world.
> First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry,
> And his son, and all they look for issue
> Of their loins, ere I can plant myself:
> A cold premeditation for my purpose!
> What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
> I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
> And lull myself within a lady's lap,
> And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
> O, monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!
> Why, love did scorn me in my mother's womb;
> And, for I should not deal in her affairs,
> She did corrupt frail nature in the flesh,
> And plac'd an envious mountain on my back,
> Where sits deformity to mock my body;
> To dry mine arm up like a wither'd shrimp;
> To make my legs of an unequal size.
> And am I, then, a man to be belov'd?
> Easier for me to compass twenty crowns.
> But! I can smile, and murder when I smile;
> I cry, content, to that which grieves me most,
> I can add colours to the chameleon;
> And for a need change shapes with Proteus,
> And set the aspiring Catiline to school.
> Can I do this, and cannot get the crown?
> Tush! were it ten times higher, I 'll pull it down."

161. *an unlick'd bear-whelp*:—Johnson tells us that "it was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of flesh, which she licks into the form of bears."

166, 167. *to o'erbear*, etc.:—"Richard," says Johnson, "speaks here the language of nature. . . . The truth is, that the de-

formed, like all other men, are displeased with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt."

193. *Machiavel*:—The anachronism is repeated here which occurs in 1 *Henry VI.*, V. iv. 74. The writers of Shakespeare's time frequently had this allusion.

Scene III.

44. [*Enter Warwick.*] The part which Warwick is made to act in this Scene, though amply justified by the *Chronicles*, seems to have little or no foundation in fact. The king was privately married to the Lady Elizabeth Grey, May 1, 1464, and there was no open rupture between him and Warwick till the fall of 1468, though the elements had long been secretly preparing for a storm. The causes that finally set the earl so fiercely against his royal creature are clouded in mystery; perhaps, as has been said, "we need seek no further than that jealousy and ingratitude which is too often experienced in those who are under obligations too great to be discharged."

103. *done to death*:—This was during Edward's first Parliament, in 1461, and is thus mentioned in the *Chronicles*: "The Earle of Oxford, far striken in age, and his sonne and heire, the Lord Awbreie Veer, either through malice of their enimies, or for that they had offended the King, were both, with diverse of their counsellors, attainted and put to execution; which caused John Earle of Oxford ever after to rebell."

105. *door of death*:—This passage brings to mind that fine image of old age in Sackville's *Mirror for Magistrates*: "His withered fist still knocking at death's door."

187. *his death*:—This is erroneous. Salisbury was wounded and taken prisoner by the Lancastrians in the battle of Wakefield; was soon after beheaded, and his head, along with York's, set upon the gates of York.

188. *the abuse done to my niece*:—"King Edward," says Holinshed, "did attempt a thing once in the earles house, which was much against the earles honestie, (whether he would have deflowred his daughter or his *neece*, the certaintie was not for both their honours revealed,) for surely such a thing was attempted by King Edward."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

56, 57. *you would not have bestowed the heir,* etc.:—Formerly minors coming into possession of great estates were in the wardship of the King, who often *bestowed* them on his favourites, or in other words gave them up to plunder, and afterwards disposed of them in marriage as he pleased.

58. *your brothers*:—The King's advancement of his wife's family is thus mentioned by Holinshed: "Hir father was created earle Rivers, and made high constable of England: hir brother, Lord Anthonie, was married to the sole heire of Thomas Lord Scales: Sir Thomas Graie, sonne to Sir John Graie, the Queens first husband, was created Marquesse of Dorset, and married to Cicelie, heire to the Lord Bonville." In fact, however, the Queen's son Thomas was married to Anne, the King's niece, daughter and heiress to the Duke of Exeter. These things were done in the spring of 1465, the King's marriage having been publicly acknowledged a short time before, and the Queen having been introduced at court and crowned.

70. *not ignoble*:—Her father was Sir Richard Woodville, afterwards Earl of Rivers; her mother Jaquetta, Duchess Dowager of Bedford, who was daughter of Peter of Luxemburg, earl of St. Paul, and widow of John Duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V.

118-123. *Belike the elder,* etc.:—Johnson has remarked upon the actual improbability of Clarence making this speech in the King's hearing. When the Earl of Essex attempted to raise a rebellion in the city, with a design, as was supposed, to storm the Queen's palace, he ran about the streets with his sword drawn, crying out, "They that love me follow me."

Scene III.

51 *et seq.* This capture of Edward is related by the chroniclers as having taken place in the latter part of 1469. Thus Holinshed: "After the battell at Hedgecote, commonlie called Banberie field, the northerne men resorted toward Warwike, where the earle had gathered a great multitude of people. The King in this meane time had assembled his power, and was comming toward the earle, who, being advertised thereof, sent to the Duke of Clarence, requiring him to come and joine with him. The duke being not

farre off, with all speed repaired to the earle, and so they joined their powers together, upon secret knowledge had, that the King tooke small heed to himselfe, nothing doubting anie outward attempt of his enimies. The earle, intending not to leese such opportunitie, in the dead of the night, with an elect companie of men, set on the Kings field, killing them that kept the watch, and yer the King was ware, at a place called Wolnie, he was taken prisoner and brought to the castell of Warwike. And, to the intent his friends should not know what was become of him, the earle caused him by secret journies in the night to be conveied to Middleham castell in Yorkeshire, and there to be kept under the custodie of the Archbishop of Yorke, and other his freends in those parties."

Scene V.

13. *set him free*:—So in Holinshed: "King Edward, being thus in captivitie, spake ever faire to the archbishop, and to his other keepers, so that he had leave diverse daies to go hunt. Now on a daie, when he was thus abrode, there met with him Sir William Stanlie and diverse other of his friends, with such a great band of men, that neither his keepers would nor once durst move him to returne unto prison againe. After that he was once at libertie, he came to Yorke, where he was joifullie received, and taried there two daies; but when he perceived he could get no armie togither in that countrie, he turned to Lancaster, where he found his chamberlaine the Lord Hastings well accompanied, by whose aid he came safelie to London." "By modern writers," says Lingard, "the captivity of Edward has been scornfully rejected. But they should have accounted for the mention which is made of it by almost every writer of the age, whether foreigner or native. There is a record which places the imprisonment beyond a doubt, the attainder of Clarence, in which the King enumerates it among his offences: 'as in jupartyng the King's royall estate, persone and life *in straite warde*, putting him thereby from all his libertie, aftre procurying grete commocions.'"

Scene VI.

67. *young Henry*:—This "young Henry," then in his tenth year, was son to Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter and heir to John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset. The groundwork of the present representation was furnished by the chroniclers.

Scene VII.

[*King Edward.*] In October, 1470, about a year after his escape from York, Edward, having failed in several schemes for recovering his power, embarked from Lynn, and sought refuge with the Duke of Burgundy, who had lately been married to his sister. Being there fitted out with a fleet and fifteen hundred men, he returned to England, and landed at Ravenspurgh, the same place where Bolingbroke had come on a similar errand in 1399. In less than two months after his landing, Edward was again on the throne: but his course was one of inexpressible perfidy; "still bruiting that his comming was not to chalenge the crowne, but onelie the duchie of Yorke"; and when at last, on this ground, he was let into the city of York, he "received the sacrament, and there solemnlie sware to keepe and observe two speciall articles—the one, that he should use the citizens after a gentle and courteous maner, the other, that he should be faithfull and obedient unto King Henries commandments."

Scene VIII.

52. *Henry*:—On this occasion Henry was betrayed into the hands of Edward by the Archbishop of York, in whose care he had been left by Warwick. On the morning of April 11th, 1471, the archbishop, who was brother to Warwick, had Henry out to an official ride through the streets of London, and in the evening he gave orders for Edward to be admitted by a postern. The excuse which he alleged was, that he found the city bent on having Edward for their king. Henry, however, was not remanded to the Tower till after his cause was again crushed in the battle of Barnet.

60, 61. *The sun shines hot*, etc.:—The allusion is to the proverb "Make hay while the sun shines."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

28. *Duke of York*:—Hudson says that in this play and in the one preceding "the character of Richard is set forth in the processes of development and formation; whereas in *Richard III.* we

have little else than the working-out of his character as already formed. In Shakespeare's time the prevailing idea of Richard was derived from the history of his life and reign, put forth by Sir Thomas More, but supposed to have been partly written by Dr. John Morton, himself a part of the subject. More's *History*, as it is commonly called, was adopted by both Hall and Holinshed."

Scene II.

11-13. *cedar . . . slept*:—These lines bring to mind the well-known words of Ezekiel, xxxi. 6: "All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young."

28. *die we must*:—The great Earl of Warwick fell in the battle of Barnet, April 14, 1471. The chroniclers relate that "the Earle of Warwike, when his souldiers were all wearied with long fight, and sore weakened with woundes and hurts, rushed into the middest of his enimies, whereas he, adventuring so farre from his companie to slea his adversaries, that he could not be rescued, was amongst the preasse of his enimies striken downe and slaine."

44. *clamour in a vault*:—Steevens remarks that the indistinct gabble of undertakers, while they adjust a coffin in a family vault, will abundantly illustrate this simile; and he adds that such a peculiar hubbub of inarticulate sounds might have attracted the author's notice.

Scene IV.

9. *to that which hath too much*:—So Jaques moralizing upon the weeping stag, as told in *As You Like It*, II. i.:—

> "Thou makest a testament
> As worldlings do, *giving thy sum of more*
> *To that which had too much.*"

Scene V.

3. *Somerset*:—The battle of Tewksbury was fought May 4, 1471. Two days after, the Duke of Somerset, with other fugitives, was dragged from sanctuary and beheaded. The Queen and the Prince had been in France for some time, seeking aid, and landed in England the very day of the battle of Barnet. We are

told that when the Queen got news of that disaster, "all her hopes were instantly broken: she sank to the ground in despair; and, as soon as she came to herself, hastened with her son to the sanctuary of Beaulieu. But the Lancastrian lords who still remained faithful to her cause induced her to quit her asylum, and raised a considerable body of troops to fight under her banner." While these were on the march to join another army in Wales, they were intercepted by Edward at Tewksbury, and there finished.

25. *Æsop*:—He calls Richard Æsop on account of his crookedness; and Richard here betrays the same morbid sensitiveness touching his person which afterwards makes him "descant on his own deformity." This passage, being the same in the Quarto, is aptly cited as inferring an identity of authorship running through the whole delineation of Richard.

40. Prince Edward was born October 13, 1453; so that he was in his eighteenth year when killed. The *Chronicles* give the following account of his death: "After the field was ended, proclamation was made, that whosoever could bring foorth Prince Edward, alive or dead, should have an annuitie of a hundred pounds during his life, and the Princes life to be saved, if he were brought foorth alive. Sir Richard Crofts, nothing mistrusting the Kings promise, brought foorth his prisoner Prince Edward, being a faire and well proportioned yoong gentleman; whom when King Edward had well advised, he demanded of him how he durst so presumptuouslie enter into his realme with banner displayed. Whereunto the Prince boldlie answered, saieng, 'To recover my fathers kingdome and heritage, from his father and grandfather to him, and from him after him to me lineallie descended.' At which words King Edward said nothing, but with his hand thrust him from him, or, as some saie, stroke him with his gauntlet; whome, incontinentlie, George Duke of Clarence, Richard Duke of Glocester, Thomas Greie Marquesse Dorcet, and William Lord Hastings, that stood by, suddenlie murthered; for the which cruell act the more part of the dooers in their latter daies dranke of the like cup, by the righteous justice and due punishment of God."

Scene VI.

[*King Henry and Gloucester.*] This Scene, whether considered in itself or in reference to the play of *Richard III.*, affords a most important test of the probabilities of authorship. It is acknowledged to be the most Shakespearian in style of anything in the

whole play; while, in characterization, its identity with what nobody doubts to be Shakespeare's is, in the opinion of able commentators, too manifest to be shirked or dodged. In short, if in this play there be any one thing more than another, which nobody but Shakespeare could have written, this undoubtedly is that thing. Comparison with the Quarto shows that no material change or addition was made in the Folio.

60. [*Dies.*] The following is Holinshed's account of Henry's death: "Here is to be remembered, that poore King Henrie the sixt, a little before deprived of his realme and imperiall crowne, was now in the Tower spoiled of his life by Richard Duke of Glocester, as the constant fame ran; who, to the intent that his brother King Edward might reigne in more suretie, murthered the said King Henrie with a dagger. Howbeit, some writers of that time, favouring altogither the house of Yorke, have recorded that after he understood what losses had chanced unto his freends, and how not onelie his sonne, but also all other his cheefe partakers were dead and despatched, he tooke it so to hart, that of pure displeasure, indignation, and melancholie, he died the three and twentith of Maie."

85. *sort a pitchy day*:—Pick out or select a dark or fateful day.

Scene VII.

25. *Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute*:—Gloucester must be understood to touch his head at the first phrase, and to look significantly at his hand as he utters the second.

Questions on 3 Henry VI.

ACT FIRST.

1. What is significant in Richard Plantagenet's part in Sc. i.?

2. What power does Warwick here assert that gave him the title of King-maker?

3. What place does York occupy in the Parliament-house when the King enters?

4. Does the King's weakness inspire pity? How does he defend his title to the crown? Was his vacillation foreshadowed in the characters of his father and grandfather?

5. What is his compact with York for securing peace? What is the consequent effect upon his adherents?

6. Why does Exeter not join in the indignation of the others?

7. How does Henry behave at the approach of the Queen? Does the tide of sympathy turn in her favour? What effect does her indignation produce?

8. Had she been a woman of higher character, are there not here materials for a splendid tragic figure?

9. What early indications does Richard Plantagenet give of his unmoral nature? What mental qualities does he show in Sc. ii.?

10. What event gives York color of excuse for breaking his oath?

11. Do you note any resemblance between Rutland and the King? What æsthetic fitness do you see in the death of Rutland?

12. How is the battle described in Sc. iv.? What is foreshadowed in lines 35-39?

13. Characterize Margaret's speech to the captured York. How nearly right was York in estimating her character?

14. How does the hardness of Margaret's nature show in comparison of her with Northumberland?

ACT SECOND.

15. Show the difference between the mental traits of Edward and Richard Plantagenet as exhibited in their seeing of the por-

tent; in their reception of the messenger; in their determination after receiving news of their father's death.

16. What further news does Warwick bring? How does Richard comment on the tale of Warwick?

17. How does Henry receive the news of the death of York? What is the effect upon him of Clifford's long address in Sc. ii.? What does Clifford need to make him a tragic figure?

18. How and when does Edward demand the crown of Henry?

19. How is Richard always addressed by his enemies? Was it his personal deformity only that made him odious?

20. With what do Edward and George taunt Margaret at the close of Sc. ii.? Are their protestations sincere?

21. What tide in the fortunes of the Plantagenets does Sc. iii. exhibit? What state of mind does it induce in Richard?

22. What is the effect of the mournful speech of the King (Sc. v.) set amidst the scenes of battle and ferocious quarrelling of the barons? Does it secure for the King feelings of sympathy as well as of pity?

23. Show how the two special instances exhibited in Sc. v. illustrate the horrors of civil war.

24. Does the last hope of the King's party perish with Clifford?

25. To what does Warwick next address himself?

26. Why does Richard object to being Duke of Gloucester?

ACT THIRD.

27. Where in other plays has Shakespeare used a touch of reality similar to that in Sc. i. 10: *I'll tell thee what befel me on a day*?

28. What brings Henry out of Scotland, where he had been confined? What line of *Richard II.* does line 17 recall?

29. How does the King express solicitude for his queen?

30. How does Henry argue his rights as king with the Keepers?

31. What can you argue for the new king's rule from Sc. ii., the first in which he is represented as king?

32. Has Richard, before his soliloquy in Sc. ii., given indications of his desire for the crown? Why is a full-length portrait given of him and none of Edward?

33. Comment on Richard's intellectual qualities; his imagination; his ambition.

34. What is Margaret's errand (Sc. iii.) at the court of France?

35. On what mission does Warwick come?

36. How does Margaret oppose the suit of King Edward?

37. How and why does King Lewis decide between Margaret and Warwick?

38. Does the entrance of the Post make an effective dramatic situation? Aside from this, does the play contain anything essentially dramatic?

39. Is the act of Edward sufficient to cause the direful consequences of foreign and civil strife? What is implied of moral degeneration that makes possible such conditions?

ACT FOURTH.

40. What disaffection begins to develop in the court of Edward?

41. Upon him what is the effect of the French king's enmity and of Warwick's foresworn allegiance?

42. What alliance brings Clarence over to the side of Henry?

43. What ebb in the fortunes of King Edward does Sc. iii. present? Are his shortcomings accurately estimated by Warwick?

44. What contrasts in maternal affection are presented in the case of the two queens, Margaret and Elizabeth?

45. How is King Edward rescued from imprisonment?

46. In Sc. vi. how does Henry report concerning his imprisonment? Whom does he designate protectors after his abdication?

47. What does he say of Richmond? What does Richmond afterward become?

48. Where is he sent for safety after the news of Edward's escape reaches the King's party?

49. What is the presage of Edward's hesitation (Sc. vii.) in reassuming the kingship at York? Who is the strong man of his party?

50. How (Sc. viii.) are Henry's suggestions regarded by the council? Does Henry show himself to have been taught anything by his hard experiences?

ACT FIFTH.

51. What leads to the defection of Clarence from Warwick? How does Warwick end his life?

52. What traits does Prince Edward display in Sc. v.? Does

his fate awaken pity? Is there felt to be any chance that the fortunes of the house of Lancaster could be revived through him?

53. Does Margaret become noble in her grief?

54. Does Henry ever exceed the pitch of powerful expression to which he rises in Sc. vi.?

55. How is the succeeding play foreshadowed in the speeches of Henry and of Gloucester?

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56. Is King Henry VI., as presented in this trilogy, to be judged as one morally responsible for the evils of civil war with which his reign was filled?

57. Contrast Henry VI. with the two weak kings that Shakespeare has drawn—John and Richard II. Are they not distinct in their characterization?

58. In more favourable times could Henry have been an efficient king? Was his weakness congenital?

59. Is he more to be admired, as Hazlitt says, than his queen?

60. Who of all that time was most suitable to be king? Wherein lay the incapacity of Gloucester?

61. Was Warwick ruled so much by patriotic as by personal feeling?

62. Does the growing personality of Richard Duke of Gloucester serve to point to a means of salvation for the kingdom?

63. Do the Cade scenes indicate that the dramatist wishes to state the case of democracy as an alternative?